





Elaine Scholz





The Riverside Literature Series

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# THE ILIAD OF HOMER

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

ABRIDGED EDITION

WITH INTRODUCTION, SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY  
AND PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF  
PROPER NAMES

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS abridgment of Bryant's *Iliad* is designed especially for the use of students in the secondary schools and conforms to the college entrance requirements. The omissions have been made only after a very careful study and comprise matter which is unnecessary to the continuity of the story and which does not in any way affect the spirit of the poem. As specified in the college entrance requirements, Books XI, XIII, XIV, XV, XVII, and XXI have been excluded from this edition; and from the books included, certain irrelevant matter, objectionable expressions, tedious lists of names, long explanations, and unimportant details have been dropped. Because of the reduced bulk, it is hoped that a school public far wider than ever before will come to know Homer.

The book is equipped with a map of Homer's world, a *Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names*, an *Introduction*, and detailed suggestions for the study of the *Iliad*. No apology is necessary for the absence of annotations. Many of the allusions are explained in the text itself; others can be found by consulting a good mythology or a good dictionary. Indeed a dictionary and a mythology should be in constant use by the student of Homer. Furnished with these, however, he may well dispense with "notes."

The omissions are indicated by periods and the numbers of the pages and lines are made to correspond, as far as possible, with those of the unabridged text.





# INTRODUCTION

## THE AUTHORSHIP

MODERN criticism throws doubt upon the old theory that the blind poet Homer was the author of the *Iliad*. It is generally conceded, however, that Homer began the story of "the wrath of Achilles." But later bards probably added song after song in praise of the heroes of the Trojan War, until, about the eighth century B.C., the *Iliad* finally assumed its present proportion and content. It gives us a stirring picture of the life of the times and offers an excellent exposition of the civilization of the ancient Greeks. Every line of this poem is instinct with the directness, simplicity, and freedom of the primitive people concerned in the tale. As we read, we breathe the freshness of that early world, we enter into the spirit of the age, we live and move and have our being with the heroes on the shore before the city or within the walls of Troy. Such is the power of the poetic genius that inspired the Homeric "tale of Troy divine."

## THE TRANSLATION

"Homer, in truth," says Andrew Lang, "is to be matched only with Shakespeare. . . . He is a poet of gold universal as humanity, simple as childhood, musical now as the flow of his own rivers, now as the heavy plunging wave of his own Ocean." Homer is, indeed, "not of an age, but for all time." The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been read in all ages by all peoples and in all languages. They are a permanent world-possession,

irrespective of nation or race, because of their universal human interest. Each age in each country has produced its translation of Homer, reflecting somewhat the spirit of the particular epoch which produced it.

Among the many English poetic versions of the *Iliad*, the most important are those of George Chapman (1559-1634), the earliest; Alexander Pope (1688-1744); William Cowper (1731-1800); Edward, Earl of Derby (1799-1869); and William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878). Of all these, Bryant's is surpassed by none in fidelity to the spirit of the original. In the following excerpt from Bryant's *Preface* to his translation, the student can learn all that it is necessary for him to know about the version which he is to study.

"Having now nearly completed my translation of the *Iliad* of Homer, I sit down to write the Preface, that it may be prefixed to the first volume. To this task of translation, which I began in 1865, I afterwards gave myself the more willingly because it helped in some measure to divert my mind from a great domestic sorrow. I am not sure that, when it shall be concluded, it may not cost me some regret to part with so interesting a companion as the old Greek poet, with whose thoughts I have, for four years past, been occupied, though with interruptions, in the endeavor to transfer from his own grand and musical Greek to our less sonorous but still manly and flexible tongue.

"In what I shall say of my own translation I do not mean to speak in disparagement of any of the previous English versions of the *Iliad*, nor to extenuate my obligations to some of them. I acknowledge that although Homer is, as Cowper has well observed, the most perspicuous of poets, I have been sometimes, perhaps often, guided by the labors of my predecessors to a better mode of dealing with certain refractory passages of my author

than I should otherwise have found. Let me, without detracting from their merits, state what I have endeavored to do. I have endeavored to be strictly faithful in my rendering; to add nothing of my own, and to give the reader, so far as our language would allow, all that I found in the original. There are, however, in Homer, frequently recurring, certain expressions which are merely a kind of poetical finery, introduced when they are convenient to fill out a line or to give it a sonorous termination, and omitted when they are not needed for this purpose. The Greeks, for example, almost whenever they are spoken of, are magnanimous, or valiant, or warlike, or skilled in taming steeds: the Trojans are magnanimous also, and valiant, and warlike, and equally eminent in horsemanship. The warriors of the *Iliad* are all sons of some magnanimous or warlike parent. Achilles is the son of Peleus, and Peleus is magnanimous; and these epithets are repeated upon page after page throughout the poem. Achilles is spoken of as swift-footed or godlike almost whenever he appears, and sometimes is honored by both epithets. Hector is illustrious, and knightly, and distinguished by his beamy crest. Even the coxcomb Paris, for whom Homer seems to entertain a proper contempt, is godlike. These complimentary additions to the name of the warrior, are, however, dispensed with whenever the hexameter is rounded to a well-sounding conclusion without them. Where they appear in the Greek, I have in nearly all instances retained them, making Achilles swift-footed and Ulysses fertile in resources, to the end of the poem; but in a very few cases, where they embarrassed the versification, I have used the liberty taken by Homer himself, and left them out. Everywhere else it has been my rule not to exclude from the translation anything which I found in the text of my author.

“There is another point in regard to which I have taken equal pains, and which seems to me equally important. I have endeavored to preserve the simplicity of style which distinguishes the old Greek poet, who wrote for the popular ear and according to the genius of his language, and I have chosen such English as offers no violence to the ordinary usages and structure of our own. I have sought to attain what belongs to the original, — a fluent narrative style, which shall carry the reader forward without the impediment of unexpected inversions and capricious phrases, and in which, if he find nothing to stop at and admire, there will at least be nothing to divert his attention from the story and the characters of the poem, from the events related and the objects described. I think that not many readers of the present day would agree with Pope, who, as Spence relates, after remarking that he had nothing to say for rhyme, went on to observe that he doubted whether a poem could be supported without it in our language, unless it were stiffened with such strange words as would destroy our language itself. It is remarkable that this should have been said by one who had given the reading world an edition of Shakespeare, in whose dramas are to be found passages of blank-verse which might be instanced as the perfection of that form of versification, — not to be excelled in sweetness of modulation, and grace and freedom of language, — without a single harsh inversion, or any of that clumsy stiffening which Pope so disapproved, yet seemed to think so necessary. The other dramatists of the Elizabethan period also supply examples of the same noble simplicity of language and construction, suited to the highest poetry. In this translation the natural order of the words has been carefully preserved, as far as the exigencies of versification would allow, and I have ventured only upon those easy



deviations from it which form no interruptions to the sense, and at most only remind the reader that he is reading verse.

“I have chosen blank-verse for this reason among others, that it enabled me to keep more closely to the original in my rendering, without any sacrifice either of ease or of spirit in the expression. The use of rhyme in a translation is a constant temptation to petty infidelities, and to the employment of expressions which have an air of constraint, and do not the most adequately convey the thought. I had my reasons also for not adopting the ballad measure, which some have thought to allow the nearest approach to the manner of Homer. There are, it is true, certain affinities between the style of Homer and that of the old ballad poems of Great Britain. Both were the productions of a rude age; both were composed to be sung to public audiences; and this gave occasion to certain characteristics in which they resemble each other. But the Homeric poems, as it seems to me, are beyond the popular ballads of any modern nation in reach of thought and in richness of phraseology; and if I had adopted that form of poetry there would have been, besides the disadvantage of rhyme, a temptation to make the version conform in style and spirit to the old ballads of our own literature, in a degree which the original does not warrant, and which, as I think, would lead to some sacrifice of its dignity. I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rhythm of which it is difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary metres to perceive. I found that I could not possibly render the Greek hexameters line for line, like Voss in his marvellous German version, in which he has not only done this, but generally preserved the pauses in the very

part of the line in which Homer placed them. We have so many short words in English, and so few of the connective particles which are lavishly used by Homer, that often when I reached the end of the Greek line I found myself only in the middle of my line in English. This difficulty of subduing the thought—by compression or expansion of phrase—to the limits it must fill would alone have been sufficient to deter me from attempting a translation in hexameters. I therefore fell back upon blank-verse, which has been the vehicle of some of the noblest poetry in our language; both because it seemed to me by the flexibility of its construction best suited to a narrative poem, and because, while it enabled me to give the sense of my author more perfectly than any other form of verse, it allowed me also to avoid in a greater degree the appearance of constraint which is too apt to belong to a translation.

“ I make no apology for employing in my version the names Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and others of Latin origin, for Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, and other Greek names of the deities of whom Homer speaks. The names which I have adopted have been naturalized in our language for centuries, and some of them, as Mercury, Vulcan, and Dian, have even been provided with English terminations. I was translating from Greek into English, and I therefore translated the names of the gods, as well as the other parts of the poem.”







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# THE ILIAD.

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## BOOK I.

**O** GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,  
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought  
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept  
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave  
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, — 5  
For so had Jové appointed, — from the time  
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,  
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,  
That they should thus contend? Latona's son 10  
And Jove's. Incensed against the king, he bade  
A deadly pestilence appear among  
The army, and the men were perishing.  
For Atreus' son with insult had received  
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet 15  
Came to redeem his daughter, offering  
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore  
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,  
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued

To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons  
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host :—

21

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,  
Well-greaved Achaïans, may the gods who dwell  
Upon Olympus give you to o’erthrow  
The city of Priam, and in safety reach  
Your homes ; but give me my beloved child,  
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends  
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove.”

25

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade  
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts  
He offered, but the counsel did not please  
Atrides Agamemnon ; he dismissed

30

The priest with scorn, and added threatening words :—

“Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,  
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back  
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear  
And sceptre of thy god protect thee not.  
This maiden I release not till old age  
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,  
Far from her native country, where her hand  
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch  
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go.”

35

40

He spake ; the aged man in fear obeyed  
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,  
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,  
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,  
Apollo, golden-haired Latona’s son :—

45

“Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,

Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle  
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos, 5  
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck  
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned  
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats  
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts  
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed." 55

So spake he supplicating, and to him  
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,  
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,  
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow  
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang 60  
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,  
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,  
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth  
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang  
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote 65  
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man  
He turned the deadly arrow. All around  
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles.  
Nine days already had his shafts been showered  
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth, 70  
Achilles called the people of the camp  
To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,  
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld  
With sorrow that the men were perishing.  
And when the assembly met and now was full, 75  
Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said:—

"To me it seems, Atrides, that 't were well,

Since now our aim is baffled, to return  
 Homeward, if death o'ertake us not ; for war  
 And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks. 82  
 But let us first consult some seer or priest,  
 Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams  
Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause  
 Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus ;  
 If by neglected vows or hecatombs, 84  
 And whether savor of fat bulls and goats  
 May move the god to stay the pestilence.”

He spake, and took again his seat ; and next  
 Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief  
 Of augurs, one to whom were known things past 87  
 And present and to come. He, through the art  
 Of divination, which Apollo gave,  
 Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece.  
 With words well ordered courteously he spake : —

“ Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me 95  
 Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,  
 Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly  
 Will I make known the cause ; but covenant thou,  
 And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,  
 To bring me succor. For my mind misgives 100  
 That he who rules the Argives, and to whom  
 The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.  
 A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,  
 And though he keep his choler down awhile,  
 It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart. 105  
 And now consider . wilt thou hold me safe ? ”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus : —  
 “ Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate’er  
 Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.  
 For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou,  
 Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth  
 The sacred oracles to men of Greece,  
 No man, while yet I live, and see the light  
 Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee  
 Among our roomy ships ; no man of all 114  
 The Grecian armies, though thou name the name  
 Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is  
 To stand in power and rank above them all.”

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on : —  
 “ ’Tis not neglected vows or hecatombs 120  
 That move him, but the insult shown his priest,  
 Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused  
 To set his daughter free, and to receive  
 Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god  
 These woes, and still will send them on the Greeks, 125  
 Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand  
 From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid  
 Freely, and without ransom, be restored  
 To her beloved father, and with her  
 A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent. 130  
 So may we haply pacify the god.”

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.  
 And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.  
 His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes 135

Sparkled like fire ; he fixed a menacing look  
Full on the augur Calchas, and began : —

“ Prophet of evil ! never hadst thou yet  
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs  
Of coming mischief is thy great delight. 140  
Good dost thou ne’er foretell nor bring to pass.  
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,  
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god  
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take  
The costly ransom offered to redeem 145  
The virgin child of Chryses. ’T was my choice  
To keep her with me, for I prize her more  
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,  
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,  
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts. 150  
Yet will I give her back, if that be best ;  
For gladly would I see my people saved  
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,  
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,  
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize. 155  
That were not seemly. All of you perceive  
That now my share of spoil has passed from me.”

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,  
Replied : “ Renowned Atrides, greediest  
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks  
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set  
Apart, a common store ? The trophies brought  
From towns which we have sacked have all been  
shared



Among us, and we could not without shame  
Bid every warrior bring his portion back. 165  
Yield, then, the maiden to the god, and we,  
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee  
Threefold and fourfold recompense, should Jove  
Give up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus :— 170  
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,  
Godlike Achilles ; thou hast not the power  
To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.  
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,  
I shall sit idly down, deprived of mine ? 175  
Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'Tis well,  
If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring  
The worth of what I lose, and in a shape  
That pleases me. Else will I come myself,  
And seize and bear away thy prize, or that 180  
Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him  
From whom I take his share with cause for rage.  
Another time we will confer of this.  
Now come, and forth into the great salt sea  
Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck 185  
Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb  
On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,  
Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command, —  
Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine  
Ulysses ;—or thyself, Pelides, thou 190  
Most terrible of men, that with due rites  
Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles the swift-footed, with stern look,  
 Thus answered : " Ha, thou mailed in impudence  
 And bent on lucre ! Who of all the Greeks 193  
 Can willingly obey thee, on the march,  
 Or bravely battling with the enemy ?  
 I came not to this war because of wrong  
 Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.  
 No feud had I with them ; they never took 200  
 My beeves or horses, nor, in Phthia's realm,  
 Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields  
 For many a shadowy mount between us lies,  
 And waters of the wide-resounding sea.  
 Man unabashed ! we follow thee that thou 205  
 Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy  
 The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,  
 Thou shameless one ! and yet thou hast for this  
 Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take  
 From me the prize for which I bore long toils 210  
 In battle ; and the Greeks decreed it mine.  
 I never take an equal share with thee  
 Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked  
 Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform  
 The harder labors of the field in all 215  
 The tumult of the fight ; but when the spoil  
 Is shared, the largest share of all is thine,  
 While I, content with little, seek my ships,  
 Weary with combat. I shall now go home  
 To Phthia ; better were it to return 22  
 With my beaked ships ; but here, where I am held

In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,  
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men :—

"Desert, then, if thou wilt ; I ask thee not 225

To stay for me ; there will be others left

To do me honor yet, and, best of all,

The all-providing Jove is with me still.

Thee I detest the most of all the men

Ordained by him to govern ; thy delight 230

Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.

If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,

Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,

With all thy ships and men ! there domineer

Over thy Myrmidons ; I heed thee not, 235

Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,

I threaten thee ; since Phœbus takes away

Chryseis, I will send her in my ship

And with my friends, and, coming to thy tent,

Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize, 240

Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand

Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear

To measure strength with me, and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spake,

Grew fiercer ; in that shaggy breast his heart 245

Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw

The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,

Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath

And master his own spirit. While he thus

Debated with himself, and half unsheathed 250

The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,  
 Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,  
 Who loved both warriors and made both her care.  
 She came behind him, seen by him alone,  
 And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned 253  
 In wonder, and at once he knew the look  
 Of Pallas and the awful-gleaming eye,  
 And thus accosted her with winged words :—  
 “ Why com’st thou hither, daughter of the god  
 Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see 256  
 The insolence of Agamemnon, son  
 Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem  
 Will be the event. That man may lose his life,  
 And quickly too, for arrogance like this.”

Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spake :—  
 “ I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath, 256  
 If thou wilt heed my counsel. I am sent  
 By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both  
 Are dear, who ever watches o’er you both.  
 Refrain from violence ; let not thy hand 257  
 Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue  
 Reproaches, as occasion may arise,  
 For I declare what time shall bring to pass ;  
 Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,  
 In gifts of princely cost, for this day’s wrong. 258  
 Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey.”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :—  
 “ O goddess, be the word thou bring’st obeyed,  
 However fierce my anger ; for to him

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear." 281

So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed  
His strong right hand, and back into its sheath  
Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,  
Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove  
Dwells with the other gods. And now again 285  
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespoke  
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath : —

“Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog  
And a deer’s heart ! Thou never yet hast dared  
To arm thyself for battle with the rest, 290  
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie  
In ambush, — such thy craven fear of death.  
Better it suits thee, midst the mighty host  
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize  
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet 295  
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule  
A spiritless race, else this day’s insolence,  
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,  
And bind my saying with a mighty oath :  
By this my sceptre, which can never bear 300  
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem  
Among the mountains, — for the steel has pared  
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more, —  
And now the Achaian judges bear it, — they  
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter, — 305  
Such is my oath, — the time shall come when all  
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,  
While multitudes are perishing by the hand

Of Hector, the man-queller ; thou, meanwhile,  
 Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help, <sup>314</sup>  
 And thou shalt rage against thyself to think  
 That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

χ As thus he spake, Pelides to the ground  
 Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.  
 Fiercely Atrides raged ; but now uprose <sup>315</sup>  
Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,  
 The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue  
 Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen  
 Two generations that grew up and lived  
 With him on sacred Pylos pass away, <sup>320</sup>  
 And now he ruled the third. With prudent words  
 He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs :—

“Ye gods ! what new misfortunes threaten Greece!  
 How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,  
 And how would all the Trojan race rejoice, <sup>325</sup>  
 Were they to know how furiously ye strive, —  
 Ye who in council and in fight surpass  
 The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words, —  
 Ye who are younger than myself, — for I  
 Have lived with braver men than you, and yet <sup>33</sup>  
 They held me not in light esteem. Such men  
 I never saw, nor shall I see again, —  
 Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord  
 Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,  
 And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son <sup>335</sup>  
 Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods.  
 Strongest of all the earth-born race they fought —



The strongest with the strongest of their time —  
 With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,  
 And fearfully destroyed them. With these men 340  
 Did I hold converse, coming to their camp  
 From Pylos in a distant land. They sent  
 To bid me join the war, and by their side  
 I fought my best, but no man living now  
 On the wide earth would dare to fight with them. 345  
 Great as they were, they listened to my words  
 And took my counsel. ~~X~~ Hearken also ye,  
 And let my words persuade you for the best.  
 Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him  
 The maiden ; suffer him to keep the prize 35  
 Decreed him by the sons of Greece ; and thou,  
 Pelides, strive no longer with the king,  
 Since never Jove on sceptred prince bestowed  
 Like eminence to his. Though braver thou,  
 And goddess-born, yet hath he greater power 355  
 And wider sway. Atrides, calm thy wrath —  
 'T is I who ask — against the chief who stands  
 The bulwark of the Greeks in this fierce war."

To him the sovereign Agamemnon said : —  
 "The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief, 360  
 Are fitly spoken ; but this man would stand  
 Above all others ; he aspires to be  
 The master, over all to domineer,  
 And to direct in all things ; yet, I think,  
 There may be one who will not suffer this. 365  
 For if by favor of the immortal gods

He was made brave, have they for such a cause  
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?"

Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,  
Answered : " Yea, well might I deserve the name 370  
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit  
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands  
Lay thou on others, not on me ; nor think  
I shall obey thee longer. This I say, —  
And bear it well in mind, — I shall not lift 375  
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave  
And now take from me ; but whatever else  
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,  
Beware thou carry not away the least  
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now, 380  
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear."

Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain  
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.  
Pelides to his tents and well-manned ships  
Went with Patroclus and his warrior friends, 385  
While Agamemnon bade upon the sea  
Launch a swift bark with twenty chosen men  
To ply the oar, and put a hecatomb  
Upon it for the god. He thither led  
The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis ; the command 390  
He gave to wise Ulysses ; forth they went,  
Leader and crew, upon their watery path.  
Meanwhile, he bade the camp be purified ;  
And straight the warriors purified the camp,  
And, casting the pollutions to the waves, 395

They burned to Phœbus chosen hecatombs  
Of bulls and goats beside the barren main,  
From which the savor rose in smoke to heaven.

So was the host employed. But not the less  
Did Agamemnon persevere to urge 400  
His quarrel with Pelides ; and he thus  
Addressed Talthybius and Eurybates.  
His heralds and his faithful ministers : —

“ Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent,  
And take the fair Briseis by the hand, 405  
And bring her hither. If he yield her not,  
I shall come forth to claim her with a band  
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him.”

He spake, and sent them forth with added words  
Of menace. With unwilling steps they went 410  
Beside the barren deep, until they reached  
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,  
And found Achilles seated by his tent  
And his black ship ; their coming pleased him not.  
They, moved by fear and reverence of the king, 415  
Stopped, and bespake him not, nor signified  
Their errand ; he perceived their thought and said : —

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Jove and men !  
Draw near ; I blame you not. I only biame  
Atrides, who hath sent you for the maid. 420  
Noble Patroclus ! bring the damsel forth,  
And let them lead her hence. My witnesses  
Are ye, before the blessed deities,  
And mortal men, and this remorseless king,

If ever he shall need me to avert  
 The doom of utter ruin from his host.  
 Most sure it is, he madly yields himself  
 To fatal counsels, thoughtless of the past  
 And of the future, nor forecasting how  
 The Greeks may fight, unvanquished, by their fleet."

He spake. X Meantime Patroclus had obeyed 431  
 The word of his beloved friend. He brought  
 The fair-cheeked maid Briseis from the tent,  
 And she was led away. The messengers  
 Returned to where their barks were moored, and she 435  
 Unwillingly went with them. Then in tears  
 Achilles, from his friends withdrawing, sat  
 Beside the hoary ocean-marge, and gazed  
 On the black deep beyond, and stretched his hands,  
 And prayed to his dear mother, earnestly : — 440

"Mother ! since thou didst bring me forth to dwell  
 Brief space on earth, Olympian Jupiter,  
 Who thunders in the highest, should have filled  
 That space with honors, but he grants them not.  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon takes and holds 445  
 The prize I won, and thus dishonors me."

Thus, shedding tears, he spake. His mother heard,  
 Sitting within the ocean deeps, beside  
 Her aged father. Swiftly from the waves  
 Of the gray deep emerging like a cloud, 448  
 She sat before him as he wept, and smoothed  
 His brow with her soft hand, and kindly said : —

"My child, why weepest thou ? What grief is this ?

Speak, and hide nothing, so that both may know."

Achilles, swift of foot, sighed heavily, 455  
And said : " Thou know'st already. Why relate  
These things to thee, who art apprised of all ?

" To Thebè, to Eëtion's sacred town,  
We marched, and plundered it, and hither brought  
The booty, which was fairly shared among 460  
The sons of Greece, and Agamemnon took  
The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis as his prize.  
But Chryses, priest of Phœbus, to the fleet  
Of the Achaian warriors, brazen-mailed,  
Came, to redeem his daughter, offering 465  
Ransom uncounted. In his hand he bore  
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,  
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued  
To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons  
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host. 470  
Then all the other chiefs, applauding, bade  
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts  
He offered ; but the counsel did not please  
Atrides Agamemnon : he dismissed  
The priest with scorn, and added threatening  
words. 475

The aged man indignantly withdrew ;  
And Phœbus — for the priest was dear to him —  
Granted his prayer and sent among the Greeks  
A deadly shaft. The people of the camp  
Were perishing in heaps. His arrows flew 480  
Among the Grecian army, far and wide.

A seer expert in oracles revealed  
 The will of Phœbus, and I was the first  
 To counsel that the god should be appeased.  
 But Agamemnon rose in sudden wrath, 485  
 Uttering a threat, which he has since fulfilled.  
 And now the dark-eyed Greeks are taking back  
 His child to Chryses, and with her they bear  
 Gifts to the monarch-god ; while to my tent  
 Heralds have come, and borne away the maid 490  
 Briseis, given me by the sons of Greece.  
 But succor thou thy son, if thou hast power ;  
 Ascend to heaven and bring thy prayer to Jove,  
 If e'er by word or act thou gav'st him aid.  
 For I remember, in my father's halls 495  
 I often heard thee, glorying, tell how thou,  
 Alone of all the gods, didst interpose  
 To save the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son,  
 From shameful overthrow, when all the rest  
 Who dwell upon Olympus had conspired 500  
 To bind him, — Juno, Neptune, and with them  
 Pallas Athene. Thou didst come and loose  
 His bonds, and call up to the Olympian heights  
 The hundred-handed, whom the immortal gods  
 Have named Briareus, but the sons of men 505  
 Ægeon, mightier than his sire in strength ;  
 And he, rejoicing in the honor, took  
 His seat by Jove, and all the immortals shrank  
 Aghast before him, and let fall the chains.  
 Remind him of all this, and, sitting down, 510



Embrace his knees, and pray him to befriend  
 The Trojans, that the Greeks, hemmed in and slain  
 Beside their ships and by the shore, may learn  
 To glory in their king, and even he,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, may perceive 515  
 How grievous was his folly when he dared  
 To treat with scorn the bravest of the Greeks."

And Thetis answered, weeping as she spake : —  
 "Alas, my son, why did I rear thee, born  
 To sorrow as thou wert? O would that thou 520  
 Unwronged, and with no cause for tears, couldst dwell  
 Beside thy ships, since thou must die so soon.  
 I brought thee forth in an unhappy hour,  
 Short-lived and wronged beyond all other men.  
 Yet will I climb the Olympian height among 525  
 Its snows and make my suit to Jupiter  
 The Thunderer, if haply he may yield  
 To my entreaties. Thou, meanwhile, abide  
 By thy swift ships, incensed against the Greeks,  
 And take no part in all their battles more. 530  
 But yesterday did Jove depart to hold  
 A banquet far in Ocean's realm, among  
 The blameless Ethiopians, and with him  
 Went all the train of gods. Twelve days must pass  
 Ere he return to heaven, and I will then 535  
 Enter his brazen palace, clasp his knees,  
 And hope to move his purpose by my prayers."

So saying, she departed, leaving him  
 In anger for the shapely damsel's sake,

Whom forcibly they took away. Meantime 540  
Ulysses, with the sacred hecatomb,  
Arrived at Chrysa. Entering the deep port,  
They folded up the sails and laid them down  
In the black ship, and lowering the mast,  
With all its shrouds, they brought it to its place. 545  
Then to the shore they urged the bark with oars,  
And cast the anchors and secured the prow  
With fastenings. Next, they disembarked and stood  
Upon the beach and placed the hecatomb  
In sight of Phœbus, the great archer. Last, 550  
Chryseis left the deck, and, leading her  
Up to the altar, wise Ulysses gave  
The maid to her dear father, speaking thus :—

“ O Chryses ! Agamemnon, king of men,  
Sends me in haste to bring this maid to thee 555  
And offer up this hallowed hecatomb  
To Phœbus, for the Greeks ; that so the god,  
Whose wrath afflicts us sore, may be appeased.

So speaking, to her father's hands he gave  
The maiden ; joyfully the priest received 560  
The child he loved. Then did the Greeks array  
The noble hecatomb in order round  
The sculptured altar, and with washen hands  
They took the salted meal, while Chryses stood  
And spread abroad his hands and prayed aloud :— 565

“ Hear me, thou bearer of the glittering bow,  
Who guardest Chrysa and the pleasant isle  
Of Cilla and art lord in Tenedos !

Already hast thou listened to my prayer  
And honored me, and terribly hast scourged 574  
The Achaian people. Hear me yet again,  
And cause the plague that wastes the Greeks to  
cease."

So spake he, supplicating, and to him  
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. When the prayers  
Were ended, and the salted meal was flung, 575  
Backward they turned the necks of the fat bees,  
And cut their throats, and flayed the carcasses,  
And hewed away the thighs, and covered them  
With caul in double folds; and over this  
They laid raw fragments of the other parts. 580  
O'er all the aged priest poured dark red wine,  
And burned them on dry wood. A band of youths  
With five-pronged spits, beside him, thrust these  
through

The entrails, which they laid among the flames.  
And when the thighs were all consumed, and next 585  
The entrails tasted, all the rest was carved  
Into small portions and transfixed with spits  
And roasted with nice care and then withdrawn  
From the hot coals. This task performed, they made  
The banquet ready. All became its guests 590  
And all were welcome to the equal feast.  
And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,  
Boys crowned the ample urns with wreaths, and served  
The wine to all, and poured libations forth.  
Meantime the Argive youths, that whole day long, 595

Sang to appease the god ; they chanted forth  
High anthems to the archer of the skies.  
He listened to the strain, and his stern mood  
Was softened. When, at length, the sun went down  
And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep <sup>600</sup>  
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when  
Appeared the rosy-fingered Dawn, the child  
Of Morning, they returned to the great host  
Of the Achaians. Phœbus deigned to send  
A favoring breeze ; at once they reared the mast <sup>605</sup>  
And opened the white sails ; the canvas swelled  
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel  
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.  
So ran she, cutting through the sea her way.  
But when they reached the great Achaian host, <sup>610</sup>  
They drew their vessel high upon the shore  
Among the sands, and underneath its sides  
They laid long beams to prop the keel, and straight  
Dispersed themselves among the tents and ships.

The goddess-born Achilles, swift of foot, <sup>615</sup>  
Beside his ships still brooded o'er his wrath,  
Nor came to council with the illustrious chiefs,  
Nor to the war, but suffered idleness  
To eat his heart away ; for well he loved  
Clamor and combat. But when now, at length, <sup>620</sup>  
The twelfth day came, the ever-living gods  
Returned together to the Olympian mount  
With Jove, their leader. Thetis kept in mind  
Her son's desire, and, with the early morn,

Emerging from the depths of ocean, climbed 625  
To the great heaven and the high mount, and found  
All-seeing Jove, who, from the rest apart,  
Was seated on the loftiest pinnacle  
Of many-peaked Olympus.] She sat down  
Before the son of Saturn, clasped his knees 630  
With her left arm, and lifted up her right  
In supplication to the Sovereign One :—

“O Jupiter, my father, if among  
The immortals I have ever given thee aid  
By word or act, deny not my request. 635  
Honor my son, whose life is doomed to end  
So soon ; for Agamemnon, king of men,  
Hath done him shameful wrong : he takes from him  
And keeps the prize he won in war. But thou,  
Olympian Jupiter, supremely wise, 640  
Honor him thou, and give the Trojan host  
The victory, until the humbled Greeks  
Heap large increase of honors on my son.”

She spake, but cloud-compelling Jupiter  
Answered her not ; in silence long he sat. 645  
But Thetis, who had clasped his knees at first,  
Clung to them still, and prayed him yet again :—

“O promise me, and grant my suit ; or else  
Deny it, — for thou need’st not fear, — and I  
Shall know how far below the other gods 65  
Thou holdest me in honor.” As she spake,  
The Cloud-compeller, sighing heavily,  
Answered her thus : “Hard things dost thou require,

And thou wilt force me into new disputes  
 With Juno, who will anger me again 668  
 With contumelious words ; for ever thus,  
 In presence of the immortals, doth she seek  
 Cause of contention, charging that I aid  
 The Trojans in their battles. Now depart,  
 And let her not perceive thee. Leave the rest 669  
 To be by me accomplished ; and that thou  
 Mayst be assured, behold, I give the nod ;  
 For this, with me, the immortals know, portends  
 The highest certainty : no word of mine  
 Which once my nod confirms can be revoked, 670  
 Or prove untrue, or fail to be fulfilled."

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave  
 The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls  
 Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head  
 Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount 671  
 Olympus trembled. Then they parted, she  
 Plunging from bright Olympus to the deep,  
 And Jove returning to his palace home ;  
 Where all the gods, uprising from their thrones,  
 At sight of the Great Father, waited not 672  
 For his approach, but met him as he came.

And now upon his throne the Godhead took  
 His seat, but Juno knew — for she had seen —  
 That Thetis of the silver feet, and child  
 Of the gray Ancient of the Deep, had held 673  
 Close council with her consort. Therefore she  
 Bespake the son of Saturn harshly, thus :—



“O crafty one, with whom, among the gods,  
 Plottest thou now? Thus hath it ever been  
 Thy pleasure to devise, apart from me, 68  
 Thy plans in secret ; never willingly  
 Dost thou reveal to me thy purposes.”

Then thus replied the Father of the gods  
 And mortals : “Juno, do not think to know  
 All my designs, for thou wilt find the task 69  
 Too hard for thee, although thou be my spouse.  
 What fitting is to be revealed, no one  
 Of all the immortals or of men shall know  
 Sooner than thou ; but when I form designs  
 Apart from all the gods, presume thou not 69  
 To question me or pry into my plans.”

Juno, the large-eyed and august, rejoined : —  
 “What words, stern son of Saturn, hast thou said !  
 It never was my wont to question thee  
 Or pry into thy plans, and thou art left 70  
 To form them as thou wilt ; yet now I fear  
 The silver-footed Thetis has contrived —  
 That daughter of the Ancient of the Deep —  
 To o’erpersuade thee, for, at early prime,  
 She sat before thee and embraced thy knees ; 70  
 And thou hast promised her, I cannot doubt,  
 To give Achilles honor and to cause  
 Myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleet.”

Then Jove, the cloud-compeller, spake again : —  
 “Harsh-tongued ! thou ever dost suspect me thus,  
 Nor can I act unwatched ; and yet all this 71

Profits thee nothing, for it only serves  
To breed dislike, and is the worse for thee.  
But were it as thou deemest, 't is enough  
That such has been my pleasure. Sit thou down  
In silence, and obey, lest all the gods 716  
Upon Olympus, when I come and lay  
These potent hands on thee, protect thee not."

He spake, and Juno, large-eyed and august,  
O'erawed, and curbing her high spirit, sat 720  
In silence ; meanwhile all the gods of heaven  
Within the halls of Jove were inly grieved.  
But Vulcan, the renowned artificer,  
Sought to console his mother in her grief, —  
The white-armed Juno, — and thus interposed : —

"Great will the evil be and hard to bear, 726  
If, for the sake of mortals, ye are moved  
To such contention and the assembled gods  
Disturbed with discord. Even the pleasant feast  
Will lose its flavor when embittered thus. 730  
And let me warn my mother while I speak,  
Wise as she is, that she defer to Jove,  
Lest the All-Father angrily again  
Reply, and spoil the banquet of the day.  
The Thunderer of Olympus, if he choose 736  
To make a wreck of all things, wields a power  
Far greater than we all. Accost him thou  
With gentle speeches, and the Lord of heaven  
Will then regard us in a kindly mood."

As thus he spake, he gave into the hands 740

Of his beloved mother the round cup  
Of double form, and thus he spake again : —

“ Mother, be patient and submit, although  
In sadness, lest these eyes behold thee yet  
Beaten with stripes, and though I hold thee dear <sup>745</sup>  
And grieve for thee, I cannot bring thee help ;  
For hard it is to strive with Jupiter.  
Already once, when I took part with thee,  
He seized me by the foot and flung me o’er  
The battlements of heaven. All day I fell, <sup>750</sup>  
And with the setting sun I struck the earth  
In Lemnos. Little life was left in me,  
What time the Sintians took me from the ground.”

He spake, and Juno, the white-shouldered, smiled,  
And smiling took the cup her son had brought ; <sup>755</sup>  
And next he poured to all the other gods  
Sweet nectar from the jar, beginning first  
With those at the right hand. As they beheld  
Lame Vulcan laboring o’er the palace-floor,  
An inextinguishable laughter broke <sup>760</sup>  
From all the blessed gods. So feasted they  
All day till sunset. From that equal feast  
None stood aloof, nor from the pleasant sound  
Of harp, which Phœbus touched, nor from the voice  
Of Muses singing sweetly in their turn. <sup>765</sup>

But when the sun’s all-glorious light was down,  
Each to his sleeping-place betook himself ;  
For Vulcan, the lame god, with marvellous art,  
Had framed for each the chamber of his rest.

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And Jupiter, the Olympian Thunderer, 77  
Went also to his couch, where 't was his wont,  
When slumber overtook him, to recline.  
And there, beside him, slept the white-armed queen  
Juno, the mistress of the golden throne.

## BOOK II.

ALL other deities, all mortal men,  
Tamers of war-steeds, slept the whole night  
through ;

But no sweet slumber came to Jove ; his thoughts  
Were ever busy with the anxious care  
To crown with honor Peleus' son, and cause  
Myriads to perish at the Grecian fleet.

At last, this counsel seemed the best, — to send  
A treacherous dream to Agamemnon, son  
Of Atreus. Then he called a Dream, and thus  
Addressing it with winged words, he said : — 80

“Go, fatal Vision, to the Grecian fleet,  
And, entering Agamemnon's tent, declare  
Faithfully what I bid thee. Give command  
That now he arm, with all the array of war,  
The long-haired Greeks, for lo, the hour is come 85  
That gives into his hands the city of Troy  
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell  
In the celestial mansions are no more

At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all,  
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom." 20

So spake the God ; the Vision heard, and went  
At once to where the Grecian barks were moored,  
And entered Agamemnon's tent and found  
The king reposing, with the balm of sleep  
Poured all around him. At his head the Dream 25  
Took station in the form of Neleus' son,  
Nestor, whom Agamemnon honored most  
Of all the aged men. In such a shape  
The heaven-sent Dream to Agamemnon spake : —

“ O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou ? 30  
Tamer of steeds ! It ill becomes a chief,  
Who has the charge of nations and sustains  
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.  
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come  
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off, 35  
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.  
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war,  
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come  
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy  
With all its spacious streets. The powers that dwell  
In the celestial mansions are no more 40  
At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all,  
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,  
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind,  
And when thy sleep departs forget it not.” 4.

He spake, and, disappearing, left the king  
Musing on things that never were to be ;

For on that very day he thought to take  
 The city of Priam. Fool ! who little knew  
 What Jupiter designed should come to pass, 30  
 And little thought by his own act to bring  
 Great woe and grief on Greeks and Trojans both  
 In hard-fought battles. From his sleep he woke,  
 The heavenly voice still sounding in his ears,  
 And sat upright, and put his tunic on, 55  
 Soft, fair, and new, and over that he cast  
 His ample cloak, and round his shapely feet  
 Laced the becoming sandals. Next, he hung  
 Upon his shoulders and his side the sword  
 With silver studs, and took into his hand 60  
 The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed,  
 And with it turned his footsteps toward the fleet  
 Of the Achaian warriors brazen-mailed.

Now Dawn, the goddess, climbed the Olympian  
 height,  
 Foretelling Day to Jupiter and all 65  
 The immortal gods, when Agamemnon bade  
 The shrill-voiced heralds call the long-haired Greeks  
 Together ; they proclaimed his will, and straight  
 The warriors came in throngs. But first he bade  
 A council of large-minded elders meet 70  
 On Pylian Nestor's royal bark, and there  
 Laid his well-pondered thought before them thus : —

“ My friends, give ear : a Vision from above  
 Came to me sleeping in the balmy night ;  
 Most like to noble Nestor was its look, — 7

Its face, its stature. and its garb. It stood  
Beside me at my head, and thus it spake :—

“ ‘ O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou?  
Tamer of steeds! It ill becomes a chief,  
Who has the charge of nations and sustains 80  
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.  
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come  
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off,  
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.  
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war, 85  
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come  
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy  
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell  
In the celestial mansions are no more  
At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all, 90  
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,  
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind.’ ”

“ It spake and passed away, and with it fled  
My slumbers. Now must we devise a way  
To bring into the field the sons of Greece. 95  
I first will try, as best I may, with words,  
And counsel flight from Troy with all our ships.  
Ye each, with different counsels, do your part.”

He spake, and took his seat, and after him  
Nestor, the king of sandy Pylus, rose, 10  
With well-considered words. “ O friends,” he said  
“ Leaders and princes of the Grecian race,  
Had any other of the Argive host  
Related such a dream, we should have said



The tale is false, and spurned the counsel given. 105  
 But he has seen it who in rank and power  
 Transcends us all, and ours it is to see  
 How we may arm for war the sons of Greece."

He spake, and left the council, and the rest,  
 All sceptred kings, arose, prepared to obey 120  
 The shepherd of the people. All the Greeks  
 Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place.  
 As, swarming forth from cells within the rock,  
 Coming and coming still, the tribe of bees  
 Fly in a cluster o'er the flowers of spring, 115  
 And some are darting out to right and left,  
 So from the ships and tents a multitude  
 Along the spacious beach, in mighty throngs,  
 Moved toward the assembly. Rumor went with them,  
 The messenger of Jove, and urged them on. 120  
 And now, when they were met, the place was stunned  
 With clamor ; earth, as the great crowd sat down,  
 Groaned under them ; a din of mingled cries  
 Arose ; nine shouting heralds strove to hush  
 The noisy crowd to silence, that at length 125  
 The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard.

And when the crowd was seated and had paused  
 From clamor, Agamemnon rose. He held  
 The sceptre ; Vulcan's skill had fashioned it,  
 And Vulcan gave it to Saturnian Jove, 130  
 And Jove bestowed it on his messenger,  
 The Argus-queller Hermes. He in turn  
 Gave it to Pelops, great in horsemanship ;

And Pelops passed the gift to Atreus next,  
The people's shepherd. Atreus, when he died, 136  
Bequeathed it to Thyestes, rich in flocks ;  
And last, Thyestes left it to be borne  
By Agamemnon, symbol of his rule  
O'er many isles and all the Argive realm.  
Leaning on this, he spake these winged words :—

“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars, 141  
Saturnian Jove hath in an evil net  
Entangled me most cruelly. He gave  
His promise and his nod, that, having razed  
Troy with her strong defences, I should see 145  
My home again ; but now he meditates  
To wrong me, and commands me to return,  
With lessened glory and much people lost,  
To Argos. Thus hath it seemed good to Jove  
The mighty, who hath overthrown the towers 150  
Of many a city, and will yet o'erthrow.  
The ages yet to come will hear with shame  
That such a mighty army of the Greeks  
Have waged a fruitless war, and fought in vain  
A foe less numerous ; yet no end appears 155  
To this long strife. Should Greeks and Trojans make  
A treaty, faithfully to number each,  
And should the Trojans count their citizens,  
And we the Greeks, disposed in rows of tens,  
Should call the Trojans singly to pour out 160  
The wine for us, full many a company  
Of ten would lack its cup-bearer ; so far,

I judge, the sons of Greece outnumber those  
Who dwell in Troy. But they have yet allies  
From many a city, men who wield the spear, 165  
Withstanding my attempt to overthrow  
That populous town. Nine years of mighty Jove  
Have passed already, and the planks that form  
Our barks are mouldering, and the cables drop  
In pieces, and our wives within their homes, 170  
With their young children, sit expecting us ;  
Yet is the enterprise for which we came  
Still unperformed. Now let us all obey  
The mandate I reveal, and hasten hence,  
With all our fleet, to our beloved homes ; 175  
For Troy with her broad streets we cannot take."

He spake, and in the bosoms of the crowd  
Stirred every heart ; even those who heard him not  
Were moved : the assembly wavered to and fro  
Like the long billows of the Icarian Sea, 180  
Roused by the East wind and the South, that rush  
Forth from the cloudy seat of Father Jove ;  
Or like the harvest-field, when west winds stoop  
Suddenly from above, and toss the wheat.  
So was the whole assembly swayed ; they ran 185  
With tumult to the ships ; beneath their feet  
Rose clouds of dust, and each exhorted each  
To seize the ships and drag them to the deep.  
They cleared the channels mid the clamorous cries  
Of multitudes, who hastened to return, 190  
And drew the props from underneath their barks.

Then had the Greeks returned before their time  
If Juno had not to Minerva said :—

“Unconquerable child of Jove! What change  
Is this? Shall then the Argive army thus 19  
Flee to their homes across the deep and leave  
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons  
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died  
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,  
Far from the land they loved? But hasten thou 200  
To the host of Argive warriors mailed in brass,  
And with persuasive words restrain their men.  
Nor let them launch their barks upon the sea.”

She spake ; nor did the blue-eyed Pallas fail  
To heed the mandate, but with quick descent 205  
She left the Olympian height and suddenly  
Stood by the swift ships of the Grecian host.  
She found Ulysses there, the man endowed  
With wisdom like to Jove's ; he had not touched  
His well-appointed bark, for grief had seized 210  
The hero's heart. The blue-eyed goddess took  
Her place beside him, and addressed him thus :—

“Son of Laertes, nobly born and sage  
Ulysses, will ye, entering your good ships,  
Return in flight to your own land and leave 215  
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons  
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died  
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,  
Far from the land they loved? Go thou at once  
And seek the Argive warriors and restrain

With thy persuasive words the impatient men,  
Nor let them launch their well-appointed ships."

She spake ; Ulysses knew the heavenly voice,  
And hastened back, and as he ran cast by  
His cloak. Eurybates of Ithaca, 235  
The herald, caught it as he followed him.  
And now before Atrides, king of men,  
The warrior stood, and from his hand received  
The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed ;  
And bearing this, he went among the ships 230  
Which brought the Achaian army, mailed in brass ;  
And whomsoe'er he met upon his way,  
Monarch or eminent among the host,  
He stopped him, and addressed him blandly, thus : —

"Good friend, this eager haste as if from fear 235  
Befits thee not. Sit down, and cause the rest  
To sit. What Agamemnon's will may be  
Thou canst not yet be certain ; he intends  
To try the Greeks, and soon will punish those  
Who act amiss. We cannot all have heard 240  
What he has said ; beware, then, lest his wrath  
Fall heavily upon the sons of Greece.  
The monarch, foster-child of Jupiter,  
Is terrible enraged. Authority  
Is given by Jove, all-wise, who loves the king." 245

But when he found one of the lower sort  
Shouting and brawling, with the royal wand  
He smote him, and reproved him sharply, thus : —

"Friend, take thy seat in quiet, and attend

To what thy betters say ; thou art not strong 250  
 Nor valiant, and thou art of mean repute  
 In combat and in council. We, the Greeks,  
 Cannot be all supreme in power. The rule  
Of the many is not well. One must be chief  
 In war, and one the king, to whom the son 255  
 Of Saturn gives the sceptre, making him  
 The lawgiver, that he may rule the rest."

Thus did he act the chief, and make the host  
 Obey his word ; they to the council ground  
 Came rushing back from all the ships and tents 260  
 With tumult, as, on the long-stretching shore  
 Of ocean many-voiced, his billows fling  
 Themselves in fury, and the deep resounds.

All others took their seats and kept their place ;  
Thersites only, clamorous of tongue, 265  
Kept brawling. He, with many insolent words,  
 Was wont to seek unseemly strife with kings,  
 Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move  
 The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude  
 Who came to Ilium, none so base as he, — 270  
 Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back  
 A lump, and shoulders curving towards the chest ;  
 His head was sharp, and over it the hairs  
 Were thinly scattered. Hateful to the chiefs  
 Achilles and Ulysses, he would oft 275  
 Revile them. He to Agamemnon now  
 Called with shrill voice and taunting words.

. . . . .

But great Ulysses, coming quickly up,  
 Rebuked him with a frown.

. . . and with his sceptre smote the back  
 And shoulders of the scoffer, who crouched low 330  
 And shed a shower of tears. A bloody welk  
 Rose where the golden sceptre fell. He took  
 His seat, dismayed, and still in pain wiped off  
 The tears from his smutched face.

Ulysses then,  
 Holding the sceptre, rose, and by his side 345  
 The blue-eyed Pallas, in a herald's form,  
 Commanded silence, that the Argive host —  
 The mightiest and the meanest — might attend  
 To what should now be said, and calmly weigh  
 The counsel given them. With a prudent art 350  
 Ulysses framed his speech, and thus he spake:—

“The Greeks, O Atreus' son, would bring on thee  
 Dishonor in the eyes and speech of men,  
 Breaking the promise made when first they came  
 From Argos, famed for steeds, that, having spoiled  
 This well-defended Troy, thou shouldst return 355  
 A conqueror. And now, like tender boys  
 Or widowed women, all give way to grief  
 And languish to return. 'T were hard to bear  
 If, after all our sufferings and our toils, 360  
 We go back now. And yet, whoe'er remains  
 A single month away from wife and home  
 Chafes if the winter storms and angry sea



Detain him still on board his well-oared bark ;  
And we have seen the ninth full year roll round 365  
Since we came hither. Therefore blame I not  
The Greeks if they in their beaked ships repine  
At this delay. But then it were disgrace  
To linger here so long and journey home  
With empty hands. Bear with us yet, and wait 370  
Till it be certain whether Calchas speaks  
Truly or not. For we remember well,  
And all of you whom cruel death has spared  
Are witnesses with me, that when the ships  
Of Greece — it seems as if but yesterday — 375  
Mustered in Aulis on their way to bring  
Woe upon Priam and the town of Troy,  
And we, beside a fountain, offered up  
On sacred altars chosen hecatombs,  
Under a shapely plane-tree, from whose root 380  
Flowed the clear water, there appeared to us  
A wondrous sign. A frightful serpent, marked  
With crimson spots, which Jupiter sent forth  
To daylight from beneath the altar-stone,  
Came swiftly gliding toward the tree, whereon 385  
A sparrow had her young — eight unfledged birds —  
Upon the topmost bough and screened by leaves ;  
The mother was the ninth. The serpent seized  
The helpless brood and midst their piteous cries  
Devoured them, while the mother fluttered round,  
Lamenting, till he caught her by the wing ; 39  
And when he had destroyed the parent bird

And all her brood, the god who sent him forth  
 Made him a greater marvel still. The son  
 Of crafty Saturn changed the snake to stone ; 393  
 And we who stood around were sore amazed.  
 Such was the awful portent which the gods  
 Showed at that sacrifice. But Calchas thus  
 Instantly spake, interpreting the sign :—

“ ‘ O long-haired Greeks,’ he said, ‘ why stand ye  
 thus 400

In silence? All-foreseeing Jupiter  
 Hath sent this mighty omen ; late it comes  
 And late will be fulfilled, yet gloriously,  
 And with a fame that never shall decay.  
 For as the snake devoured the sparrow’s brood, 405  
 Eight nestlings, and the mother-bird the ninth, —  
 So many years the war shall last ; the tenth  
 Shall give into our hands the stately Troy.’

“ So spake the seer ; thus far his words are true.  
 Bide ye then here, ye well-greaved sons of Greece,  
 Until the city of Priam shall be ours.” 413

He spake, and loud applause thereon ensued  
 From all the Greeks, and fearfully the ships  
 Rang with the clamorous voices uttering  
 The praises of Ulysses and his words. 419  
 Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, arose  
 And thus addressed them : “ Strangely ye behave,  
 Like boys unwonted to the tasks of war.  
 Where now are all your promises and oaths?  
 Shall all our counsellings and all our cares, 420

Leagues made with wine, religiously outpoured,  
And plightings of the strong right hand, be cast  
Into the flames? Idly we keep alive  
A strife of words, which serves no end though long  
We loiter here! But thou, Atrides, firm 425  
Of purpose, give command that now the Greeks  
Move to the war, and leave to meet their fate  
Those — one or more — who, parting from our host,  
Meditate — but I deem in vain — to flee  
Homeward to Argos ere they are assured 430  
Whether the word of Jove omnipotent  
Be false or true. For when the Greeks embarked  
In their swift ships, to carry death and fate  
To Ilium's sons, almighty Jupiter  
Flung down his lightnings on the right and gave 435  
Propitious omens. Therefore let no Greek  
Go home till he possess a Trojan wife  
And ye have signally avenged the wrongs  
And griefs of Helen. Yet, if one be here  
Who longs to go, let him but lay his hand 440  
On his black ship, prepared to cross the deep,  
And he shall die before the rest. But thou,  
O king, be wisely counselled, lend an ear  
To others, nor neglect what I propose.  
Marshal the Greeks by tribes and brotherhoods, 445  
That tribe may stand by tribe, and brotherhoods  
Succor each other; if thou thus command  
And they obey, thou shalt discern which chief  
Or soldier is faint-hearted, which is brave,

For each will fight his best, and thou shalt know 450  
Whether through favor of the gods to Troy,  
Or our own cowardice and shameful lack  
Of skill in war, the town is not o'erthrown."

In turn the monarch Agamemnon spake : —  
" O aged warrior, thou excellest all 455  
The Greeks in council. Would to Jupiter,  
To Pallas and Apollo, that with me  
There were but ten such comrades. Priam's town  
Would quickly fall before us and be made  
A desolation. But the god who bears 460  
The ægis, Saturn's son, hath cast on me  
Much grief, entangling me in idle strifes  
And angry broils. Achilles and myself  
Have quarrelled for a maid with bitter words,  
And I was first incensed. But if again 465  
We meet and act as friends, the overthrow  
That threatens Ilium will not be delayed, —  
Not for an hour. Now all to your repast !  
And then prepare for battle. First let each  
See that his spear be sharp, and put his shield 470  
In order, give to his swift-footed steeds  
Their ample forage, and o'erlook his car  
That it be strong for war ; for all the day  
Shall we maintain the stubborn fight, nor cease  
Even for a moment, till the night come down 475  
To part the wrathful combatants. The band  
Of each broad buckler shall be moist with sweat  
On every breast, and weary every arm

That wields the spear, and every horse that drags  
The polished chariot o'er the field shall smoke 480  
With sweat. But whosoever shall be found  
By the beaked ships and skulking from the fray  
Shall be the feast of birds of prey and dogs ! ”

He spake ; the Argives raised a mighty shout,  
Loud as when billows lash the beetling shore, 485  
Rolled by the south-wind toward some jutting rock  
On which the waves, whatever wind may blow,  
Beat ceaselessly. In haste the people rose  
And went among the ships, and kindled fires  
Within their tents and took their meal. And one  
Made offerings to one god ; another paid 490  
Vows to another of the immortal race ;  
And all implored deliverance from death  
And danger. Agamemnon, king of men,  
Offered a fatted ox of five years old 495  
To Jupiter Almighty, summoning  
The elder princes of the Grecian host, —  
Nestor the first, the king Idomeneus,  
And then the warriors Ajax and the son  
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses, like to Jove 500  
In council, sixth and last. Unbidden came  
The valiant Menelaus, for he knew  
The cares that weighed upon his brother's heart.  
Then, as they stood around the fatted ox  
And took in hand the salted barley-meal, 505  
King Agamemnon in the circle prayed : —

“ O Jove, most great and glorious ! who dost rule

The tempest, — dweller of the ethereal space !  
Let not the sun go down and night come on  
Ere I shall lay the halls of Priam waste 516  
With fire, and give their portals to the flames,  
And hew away the coat of mail that shields  
The breast of Hector, splitting it with steel.  
And may his fellow-warriors, many a one,  
Fall round him to the earth and bite the dust.” 515

He spake ; the son of Saturn hearkened not,  
But took the sacrifice and made more hard  
The toils of war. And now when they had prayed,  
And strown the salted meal, they drew the neck  
Of the victim back and cut the throat and flayed 520  
The carcass, hewed away the thighs and laid  
The fat upon them in a double fold,  
On which they placed raw strips of flesh, and these  
They burned with leafless billets. Then they fixed  
The entrails on the spits and held them forth 525  
Above the flames, and when the thighs were burned  
And entrails tasted, all the rest was carved  
Into small portions and transfixed with spits  
And roasted carefully and drawn away.  
And when these tasks were finished and the board  
Was spread, they feasted ; from that equal feast 531  
None went unsated. When they had appeased  
Their thirst and hunger, the Gerenian knight  
Nestor stood forth and spake : “ Most glorious son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men ! 536  
Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay

The work appointed by the gods, but send  
The heralds of the Achaians, brazen-mailed,  
To call the people to the fleet, while we  
Pass in a body through their vast array 540  
And wake the martial spirit in their breasts.”

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,  
Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade  
The loud-voiced herald summon to the war  
The long-haired Argives. At the call they came, 545  
Quickly they came together, and the kings,  
Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside  
Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form  
The army into ranks. Among them walked  
The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm 550  
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,  
And undecaying ; from its edge there hung  
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,  
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.  
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed 555  
Through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts  
Impatient for the march and strong to endure  
The combat without pause, — for now the war  
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,  
In their good galleys, to the land they loved. 560

As when a forest on the mountain-top  
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame  
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,  
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed  
On every side and upward to the sky. 565



And as when water-fowl of many tribes —  
Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans — disport  
themselves

In Asia's fields beside Cayster's streams,  
And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,  
Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ; 570  
So poured, from ships and tents, the swarming tribes  
Into Scamander's plain, where fearfully  
Earth echoed to the tramp of steeds and men ;  
And there they mustered on the river's side,  
Numberless as the flowers and leaves of spring. 575  
And as when flies in swarming myriads haunt  
The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new milk  
Has filled the pails, — in such vast multitudes  
Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,  
Impatient to destroy the Trojan race. 580

Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled flocks  
Are in the pastures, know and set apart  
Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs,  
Moving among them, marshal each his men.  
There walked King Agamemnon, like to Jove 585  
In eye and forehead, with the loins of Mars,  
And ample chest like him who rules the sea.  
And as a bull amid the hornèd herd  
Stands eminent and nobler than the rest,  
So Jove to Agamemnon on that day 590  
Gave to surpass the chiefs in port and mien.

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Say, Muse, who most excelled among the kings,  
And which the noblest steeds, of all that came  
With the two sons of Atreus to the war? 955

The noblest steeds were those in Pheræ bred,  
That, guided by Eumelus, flew like birds, —  
Alike in hue and age ; the plummet showed  
Their height the same, and both were mares, and,  
reared

By Phœbus of the silver bow among 960  
The meadows of Pieria, they became  
The terror of the bloody battle-field.

The mightiest of the chiefs, while yet in wrath  
Achilles kept aloof, was Ajax, son  
Of Telamon ; yet was Pelides far 965

The greater warrior, and the steeds which bore  
That perfect hero were of noblest breed.

In his beaked galleys, swift to cut the sea,  
Achilles lay, meanwhile, and nursed the wrath  
He bore to Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 970

The shepherd of the people. On the beach  
His warriors took their sport with javelins  
And quoits and bows, while near the chariots tied  
The horses, standing, browsed on lotus-leaves  
And parsley from the marshes. But beneath 975

The tents the closely covered chariots stood,  
While idly through the camp the charioteers,  
Hither and thither sauntering, missed the sight  
Of their brave lord and went not to the field.

The army swept the earth as when a fire 980

Devours the herbage of the plains. The ground  
 Groaned under them as when the Thunderer Jove  
 In anger with his lightnings smites the earth  
 About Typhœus — where they say he lies —  
 In Arimi. So fearfully the ground 985  
 Groaned under that swift army as it moved.

Now to the Trojans the swift Iris came  
 A messenger from ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Tidings of bale she brought. They all had met —  
 Old men and youths — in council at the gates 990  
 Of Priam's mansion. There did Iris take  
 Her station near the multitude, and spake,  
 In voice and gesture like Polites, son  
 Of Priam, who, confiding in his speed,  
 Had stood a watcher for the sons of Troy 995  
 On aged Æsyeta's lofty tomb,  
 To give them warning when the Achaian host  
 Should issue from their galleys. Thus disguised,  
 Swift Iris spake her message from the skies : —

“Father! thou art delighted with much speech,  
 As once in time of peace, but now't is war, 1005  
 Inevitable war, and close at hand.  
 I have seen many battles, yet have ne'er  
 Beheld such armies, and so vast as these, —  
 In number like the sands and summer leaves. 1007  
 They march across the plain, prepared to give  
 Battle beneath the city walls. To thee,  
 O Hector, it belongs to heed my voice  
 And counsel. Many are the allies within

The walls of this great town of Priam, men      1010  
 Of diverse race and speech. Let every chief  
 Of these array his countrymen for war,  
 And give them orders for the coming fight."

She spake, and Hector heeded and obeyed  
 The counsel of the goddess; he dismissed      1015  
 The assembly; all the Trojans rushed to arms,  
 And all the gates were opened. Horse and foot  
 Poured forth together in tumultuous haste.

In the great plain before the city stands  
 A mount of steep ascent on every side;      1020  
 Men named it Batiea, but the gods  
 Called it the swift Myrinna's tomb; and here  
 Mustered the sons of Troy and their allies.

Great Hector of the beamy helm, the son  
 Of Priam, led the Trojan race. The host      1025  
 Of greatest multitude was marshalled there,  
 And there the bravest, mighty with the spear.

Æneas marshalled the Dardanian troops,—  
 The brave son of Anchises. Venus bore  
 The warrior to Anchises on the heights      1030  
 Of Ida, where the mortal lover met  
 The goddess. Yet he ruled them not alone;  
 Two chiefs, Antenor's sons Archelochus  
 And Acamas, were with him in command,  
 Expert in all the many arts of war.      1035

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## BOOK III.

NOW when both armies were arrayed for war,  
 Each with its chiefs, the Trojan host moved on  
 With shouts and clang of arms, as when the cry  
 Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south  
 From winter and its mighty breadth of rain, 5  
 Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn  
 Bring fearful battle to the pygmy race,  
 Bloodshed and death. But silently the Greeks  
 Went forward, breathing valor, mindful still  
 To aid each other in the coming fray. 10

As when the south wind shrouds a mountain-top  
 In vapors that awake the shepherd's fear, —  
 A surer covert for the thief than night, —  
 And round him one can only see as far  
 As one can hurl a stone, — such was the cloud 15  
 Of dust that from the warriors' trampling feet  
 Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

Now drew they near each other, face to face,  
And Paris in the Trojan van pressed on,  
 In presence like a god. A leopard's hide 20  
 Was thrown across his shoulders, and he bore  
 A crooked bow and falchion. Brandishing  
 Two brazen-pointed javelins, he defied  
 To mortal fight the bravest of the Greeks.

Him, Menelaus, loved of Mars, beheld 25  
 Advancing with large strides before the rest ;

And as a hungry lion who has made  
 A prey of some large beast — a hornèd stag  
 Or mountain goat — rejoices, and with speed  
 Devours it, though swift hounds and sturdy youths <sup>30</sup>  
 Press on his flank, so Menelaus felt  
 Great joy when Paris, of the godlike form,  
 Appeared in sight, for now he thought to wreak  
 His vengeance on the guilty one, and straight  
 Sprang from his car to earth with all his arms. <sup>35</sup>

But when the graceful Paris saw the chief  
 Come toward him from the foremost ranks, his heart  
 Was troubled, and he turned and passed among  
 His fellow-warriors and avoided death.

As one, who meets within a mountain glade <sup>40</sup>  
 A serpent, starts aside with sudden fright,  
 And takes the backward way with trembling limbs  
 And cheeks all white, — the graceful Paris thus  
 Before the son of Atreus shrank in fear,

And mingled with the high-souled sons of Troy. <sup>45</sup>  
 Hector beheld and thus upbraided him  
 Harshly: "O luckless Paris! . . . .

. . . . . Thou  
 Shouldst never have been born, or else at best  
 Have died unwedded ; better were it far,  
 Than thus to be a scandal and a scorn  
 To all who look on thee. The long-haired Greeks,  
 How they will laugh, who for thy gallant looks  
 Deemed thee a hero, when there dwells in thee  
 No spirit and no courage? Wast thou such <sup>50</sup>



When, crossing the great deep in thy stanch ships  
With chosen comrades, thou didst make thy way  
Among a stranger-people and bear off  
A beautiful woman from that distant land,  
Allied by marriage-ties to warrior-men, — 60  
A mischief to thy father and to us  
And all the people, to our foes a joy,  
And a disgrace to thee? Why couldst thou not  
Await Atrides? 'Then hadst thou been taught  
From what a valiant warrior thou didst take 63  
His blooming spouse. Thy harp will not avail,  
Nor all the gifts of Venus, nor thy locks,  
Nor thy fair form, when thou art laid in dust.  
Surely the sons of Troy are faint of heart,  
Else hadst thou, for the evil thou hast wrought, 70  
Been laid beneath a coverlet of stone."

Then Paris, of the godlike presence, spake  
In answer: "Hector, thy rebuke is just;  
Thou dost not wrong me. Dauntless is thy heart;  
'Tis like an axe when, wielded by the hand 75  
That hews the shipwright's plank, it cuts right  
through,

Doubling the wielder's force. Such tameless heart  
Dwells in thy bosom. Yet reproach me not  
With the fair gifts which golden Venus gave.  
Whatever in their grace the gods bestow 80  
Is not to be rejected: 't is not ours  
To choose what they shall give us. But if thou  
Desirest to behold my prowess shown

In combat, cause the Trojans and the Greeks  
 To pause from battle, while, between the hosts, 85  
 I and the warlike Menelaus strive  
 In single fight for Helen and her wealth.  
 Whoever shall prevail and prove himself  
 The better warrior, let him take with him  
 The treasure and the woman, and depart ; 90  
 While all the other Trojans, having made  
 A faithful league of amity, shall dwell  
 On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks  
 Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,  
 And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames." 95

He spake, and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,  
 And went between the hosts, and with his spear,  
 Held by the middle, pressed the phalanxes  
 Of Trojans back, and made them all sit down.  
 The long-haired Greeks meanwhile, with bended  
                     bows, 100

Took aim against him, just about to send  
 Arrows and stones ; but Agamemnon, king  
 Of men, beheld, and thus he cried aloud :—

“ Restrain yourselves, ye Argives ; let not fly  
 Your arrows, ye Achaians ; Hector asks — 105  
 He of the beamy helmet asks to speak.”

He spake, and they refrained, and all, at once,  
 Were silent. Hector then stood forth and said :—

“ Hearken, ye Trojans and ye nobly-armed  
 Achaians, to what Paris says by me. 110  
 He bids the Trojans and the Greeks lay down

Their shining arms upon the teeming earth,  
 And he and Menelaus, loved of Mars,  
 Will strive in single combat, on the ground  
 Between the hosts, for Helen and her wealth ; 111  
 And he who shall o'ercome, and prove himself  
 The better warrior, to his home shall bear  
 The treasure and the woman, while the rest  
 Shall frame a solemn covenant of peace."

He spake, and both the hosts in silence heard, 121  
 Then Menelaus, great in battle, said : —

"Now hear me also, — me whose spirit feels  
 The wrong most keenly. I propose that now  
 The Greeks and Trojans separate reconciled,  
 For greatly have ye suffered for the sake 125  
 Of this my quarrel, and the original fault  
 Of Paris. Whomsoever fate ordains  
 To perish, let him die ; but let the rest  
 Be from this moment reconciled, and part.  
 And bring an offering of two lambs — one white, 130  
 The other black — to Earth and to the Sun,  
 And we ourselves will offer one to Jove.  
 And be the mighty Priam here, that he  
 May sanction this our compact, — for his sons  
 Are arrogant and faithless, — lest some hand 135  
 Wickedly break the covenant of Jove.  
 The younger men are of a fickle mood ;  
 But when an elder shares the act he looks  
Both to the past and future, and provides  
What is most fitting and the best for all." 140

He spake, and both the Greeks and Trojans heard  
 His words with joy, and hoped the hour was come  
 To end the hard-fought war. They reined their  
 steeds

Back to the ranks, alighted, and put off  
 Their armor, which they laid upon the ground 544  
 Near them in piles, with little space between.

Then Hector sent two heralds forth with speed  
 Into the town, to bring the lambs and call  
 King Priam. Meanwhile Agamemnon bade  
 Talthybius seek the hollow ships and find 150  
 A lamb for the altar. He obeyed the words  
 Of noble Agamemnon, king of men.

Meanwhile to white-armed Helen Iris came  
 A messenger. She took a form that seemed  
 Laodice, the sister of Paris, whom 204  
 Antenor's son, King Helicaon, wed, —  
 Fairest of Priam's daughters. She drew near  
 To Helen, in the palace, weaving there  
 An ample web, a shining double-robe,  
 Whereon were many conflicts fairly wrought, 206  
 Endured by the horse-taming sons of Troy  
 And brazen-mailed Achaïans for her sake  
 Upon the field of Mars. Beside her stood  
 Swift-footed Iris, and addressed her thus : —

“Dear lady, come and see the Trojan knights 10  
 And brazen-mailed Achaïans doing things  
 To wonder at. They who, in this sad war,  
 Eager to slay each other, lately met

In murderous combat on the field, are now  
Seated in silence, and the war hath ceased. 170

They lean upon their shields, their massive spears  
Are near them, planted in the ground upright.

Paris, and Menelaus, loved of Mars,  
With their long lances will contend for thee,  
And thou wilt be declared the victor's spouse." 175

She said, and in the heart of Helen woke  
Dear recollections of her former spouse  
And of her home and kindred. Instantly  
She left her chamber, robed and veiled in white,  
And shedding tender tears; yet not alone, 180  
For with her went two maidens, — Æthra, child  
Of Pitheus, and the large-eyed Clymene.

Straight to the Scæan gates they walked, by which  
Panthoüs, Priam, and Thymœtes sat,  
Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon sprung 185  
From Mars, Antenor and Ucalegon,  
Two sages, — elders of the people all.

Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,  
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,  
Like the cicadas that within the wood 190  
Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds.

Such were the nobles of the Trojan race  
Who sat upon the tower. But when they marked  
The approach of Helen, to each other thus  
With winged words, but in low tones, they said: — 195

"Small blame is theirs, if both the Trojan knights  
And brazen-mailed Achæians have endured

So long so many evils for the sake  
 Of that one woman. She is wholly like  
 In feature to the deathless goddesses. 206  
 So be it : let her, peerless as she is,  
 Return on board the fleet, nor stay to bring  
 Disaster upon us and all our race."

So spake the elders. Priam meantime called  
 To Helen : " Come, dear daughter, sit by me. 208  
 Thou canst behold thy former husband hence,  
 Thy kindred and thy friends. I blame thee not ;  
 The blame is with the immortals who have sent  
 These pestilent Greeks against me. Sit and name  
 For me this mighty man, the Grecian chief, 210  
 Gallant and tall. True, there are taller men ;  
 But of such noble form and dignity  
 I never saw : in truth, a kingly man."

And Helen, fairest among women, thus  
 Answered : " Dear second father, whom at once 215  
 I fear and honor, would that cruel death  
 Had overtaken me before I left,  
 To wander with thy son, . . . . .  
 . . . . . the company  
 Of friends I loved. But that was not to be ; 220  
 And now I pine and weep. Yet will I tell  
 What thou dost ask. The hero whom thou seest  
 Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son  
 Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king  
 And a most dreaded warrior. He was once 225  
 Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak —

Lost as I am to shame — of such a tie.”

She said, the aged man admired, and then  
 He spake again : “ O son of Atreus, born  
 Under a happy fate, and fortunate 230  
 Among the sons of men ! A mighty host  
 Of Grecian youths obey thy rule. I went  
 To Phrygia once, — that land of vines, — and there  
 Saw many Phrygians, heroes on fleet steeds,  
 The troops of Otreus, and of Mygdon, shaped 235  
 Like one of the immortals. They encamped  
 By the Sangarius. I was an ally ;  
 My troops were ranked with theirs upon the day  
 When came the unsexed Amazons to war.  
 Yet even there I saw not such a host 240  
 As this of black-eyed Greeks who muster here.”

Then Priam saw Ulysses, and inquired : —  
 “ Dear daughter, tell me also who is that,  
 Less tall than Agamemnon, yet more broad  
 In chest and shoulders. On the teeming earth 245  
 His armor lies, but he, from place to place,  
 Walks round among the ranks of soldiery,  
 As when the thick-fleeced father of the flocks  
 Moves through the multitude of his white sheep.”

And Jove-descended Helen answered thus : — 25  
 “ That is Ulysses, man of many arts,  
 Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,  
 That rugged isle, and skilled in every form  
 Of shrewd device and action wisely planned.”

Then spake the sage Antenor : “ Thou hast said 251



The truth, O lady. This Ulysses once  
Came on an embassy, concerning thee,  
To Troy with Menelaus, great in war ;  
And I received them as my guests, and they  
Were lodged within my palace, and I learned 266  
The temper and the qualities of both.  
When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,  
I marked that Menelaus's broad chest  
Made him the more conspicuous, but when both  
Were seated, greater was the dignity 265  
Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed  
The council. Menelaus briefly spake  
In pleasing tones, though with few words, — as one  
Not given to loose and wandering speech, — although  
The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose, 270  
He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth,  
And neither swayed his sceptre to the right  
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,  
Like one unused to public speech. He seemed  
An idiot out of humor. But when forth 275  
He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice,  
And words came like a fall of winter snow,  
No mortal then would dare to strive with him  
For mastery in speech. We less admired  
The aspect of Ulysses than his words." 28

Beholding Ajax then, the aged king  
Asked yet again : " Who is that other chief  
Of the Achaians, tall, and large of limb, —  
Taller and broader-chested than the rest ? "

Helen, the beautiful and richly-robed, 285  
 Answered : " Thou seest the mighty Ajax there,  
 The bulwark of the Greeks. On the other side,  
 Among his Cretans, stands Idomeneus,  
 Of godlike aspect, near to whom are grouped  
 The leaders of the Cretans. Oftentimes 290  
 The warlike Menelaus welcomed him  
 Within our palace, when he came from Crete.  
 I could point out and name the other chiefs  
 Of the dark-eyed Achaians. Two alone,  
 Princes among their people, are not seen, — 295  
 Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled  
 In boxing, Pollux, — twins ; one mother bore  
 Both them and me. Came they not with the rest  
 From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war ?  
 Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships, 300  
 Shun they to fight among the valiant ones  
 Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame ? "

She spake ; but they already lay in earth  
 In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

And now the heralds through the city bore 305  
 The sacred pledges of the gods, — two lambs,  
 And joyous wine, the fruit of Earth, within  
 A goat-skin. One of them — Idæus — brought  
 A glistening vase and golden drinking-cups,  
 And summoned, in these words, the aged king : — 310

" Son of Laomedon, arise ! The chiefs  
 Who lead the Trojan knights and brazen-mailed  
 Achaians pray thee to descend at once

Into the plain, that thou mayst ratify  
A faithful compact. Alexander now 324  
And warlike Menelaus will contend  
With their long spears for Helen. She and all  
Her treasures are to be the conqueror's prize ;  
While all the other Trojans, having made  
A faithful league of amity, shall dwell 329  
On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks  
Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,  
And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames."

He spake, and Priam, shuddering, heard and bade  
The attendants yoke the horses to his car. 325  
Soon were they yoked ; he mounted first and drew  
The reins ; Antenor took a place within  
The sumptuous car, and through the Scaean gates  
They guided the fleet coursers toward the field.

Now when the twain had come where lay the  
                  hosts 330  
Of Trojans and Achaians, down they stepped  
Upon the teeming earth, and went among  
The assembled armies. Quickly, as they came,  
Rose Agamemnon, king of men, and next  
Uprose the wise Ulysses. To the spot 335  
The illustrious heralds brought the sacred things  
That bind a treaty, and with mingled wine  
They filled a chalice, and upon the hands  
Of all the kings poured water. Then the son  
Of Atreus drew a dagger which he wore 340  
Slung by his sword's huge sheath, and clipped away

The forelocks of the lambs, and parted them  
Among the Trojan and Achaian chiefs,  
And stood with lifted hands and prayed aloud : —

“O Father Jupiter, who rulest all 345  
From Ida, mightiest, most august ! and thou,  
O all-beholding and all-hearing Sun !  
Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye who dwell  
Beneath the earth and punish after death  
Those who have sworn false oaths, bear witness ye, 350  
And keep unbroken this day's promises.  
If Alexander in the combat slay  
My brother Menelaus, he shall keep  
Helen and all her wealth, while we return  
Homeward in our good ships. If, otherwise, 355  
The bright-haired Menelaus take the life  
Of Alexander, Helen and her wealth  
Shall be restored, and they of Troy shall pay  
Such fine as may be meet, and may be long  
Remembered in the ages yet to come. 360  
And then if, after Alexander's fall,  
Priam and Priam's sons refuse the fine,  
I shall make war for it, and keep my place  
By Troy until I gain the end I seek.”

So spake the king, and with the cruel steel 365  
Cut the lambs' throats, and laid them on the ground,  
Panting and powerless, for the dagger took  
Their lives away. Then over them they poured  
Wine from the chalice, drawn in golden cups,  
And prayed to the ever-living gods ; and thus 370

Were Trojans and Achaians heard to say :—

“O Jupiter most mighty and august !

Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths,  
So may their brains flow down upon the earth,—  
Theirs and their children's,—like the wine we pour,  
And be their wives the wives of other men.” 376

Such was the people's vow. Saturnian Jove  
Confirmed it not. Then Priam, of the line  
Of Dardanus, addressed the armies thus :—

“Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved  
Greeks ! 380

For me I must return to wind-swept Troy.  
I cannot bear, with these old eyes, to look  
On my dear son engaged in desperate fight  
With Menelaus, the beloved of Mars.

Jove and the ever-living gods alone 385  
Know which of them shall meet the doom of death.”

So spake the godlike man, and placed the lambs  
Within his chariot, mounted, and drew up  
The reins. Antenor by him took his place  
Within the sumptuous chariot. Then they turned  
The horses and retraced their way to Troy. 39

But Hector, son of Priam, and the great  
Ulysses measured off a fitting space,  
And in a brazen helmet, to decide  
Which warrior first should hurl the brazen spear,  
They shook the lots, while all the people round  
Lifted their hands to heaven and prayed the gods;  
And thus the Trojans and Achaians said :—

“O Father Jove, who rulest from the top  
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august! 400  
Whichever of these twain has done the wrong,  
Grant that he pass to Pluto’s dwelling, slain,  
While friendship and a faithful league are ours.”

So spake they. Hector of the beamy helm  
Looked back and shook the lots. Forth leaped at  
once 405

The lot of Paris. Then they took their seats  
In ranks beside their rapid steeds, and where  
Lay their rich armor. Paris the divine,  
Husband of bright-haired Helen, there put on  
His shining panoply, — upon his legs 410  
Fair greaves, with silver clasps, and on his breast  
His brother’s mail, Lycaon’s, fitting well  
His form. Around his shoulders then he hung  
His silver-studded sword, and stout, broad shield,  
And gave his glorious brows the dreadful helm, 415  
Dark with its horse-hair plume. A massive spear  
Filled his right hand. Meantime the warlike son  
Of Atreus clad himself in like array.

And now when both were armed for fight, and each  
Had left his host, and, coming forward, walked 420  
Between the Trojans and the Greeks, and frowned  
Upon the other, a mute wonder held  
The Trojan cavaliers and well-greaved Greeks.  
There near each other in the measured space  
They stood in wrathful mood with lifted spears. 425

First Paris hurled his massive spear ; it smote

The round shield of Atrides, but the brass  
Broke not beneath the blow ; the weapon's point  
Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault  
Atrides Menelaus made, but first

439

Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter : —

“ O sovereign Jove ! vouchsafe that I avenge  
On guilty Paris wrongs which he was first  
To offer ; let him fall beneath my hand,  
That men may dread hereafter to requite  
The friendship of a host with injury.”

435

He spake, and flung his brandished spear ; it  
smote

The round shield of Priamides ; right through  
The shining buckler went the rapid steel,  
And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank,  
Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent  
Sideways before it and escaped his death.

440

Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,  
Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.

The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell.  
He looked to the broad heaven, and thus ex-  
claimed : —

445

“ O Father Jove ! thou art of all the gods  
The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge  
The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword  
Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand  
The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound.”

450

He spake, and, rushing forward, seized the helm  
Of Paris by its horse-hair crest, and turned

And dragged him toward the well-armed Greeks.  
 Beneath

His tender throat the embroidered band that held <sup>455</sup>  
 The helmet to the chin was choking him.

And now had Menelaus dragged him thence,  
 And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,  
 Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.

She broke the ox-hide band ; an empty helm <sup>460</sup>  
 Followed the powerful hand ; the hero saw,  
 Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks,  
 And there his comrades seized it. He again  
 Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.

But Venus — for a goddess easily <sup>465</sup>

Can work such marvels — rescued him, and, wrapped  
 In a thick shadow, bore him from the field

And placed him in his chamber, where the air  
 Was sweet with perfumes. Then she took her way  
 To summon Helen. On the lofty tower <sup>470</sup>

She found her, midst a throng of Trojan dames,  
 And plucked her perfumed robe. She took the form  
 And features of a spinner of the fleece,

An aged dame, who used to comb for her  
 The fair white wool in Lacedæmon's halls, <sup>47'</sup>  
 And loved her much. In such an humble guise

The goddess Venus thus to Helen spake : —

“ Come hither, Alexander sends for thee ;  
 He now is in his chamber and at rest  
 On his carved couch ; in beauty and attire <sup>48x</sup>  
 Resplendent, not like one who just returns



From combat with a hero, but like one  
 Who goes to mingle in the choral dance,  
 Or, when the dance is ended, takes his seat."

She spake, and Helen heard her, deeply moved;  
 Yet when she marked the goddess's fair neck, 486  
 Beautiful bosom, and soft, lustrous eyes,  
 Her heart was touched with awe, and thus she said :—

"Strange being! why wilt thou delude me still?  
 Wouldst thou decoy me further on among 490  
 The populous Phrygian towns, or those that stud  
 Pleasant Mæonia, where there haply dwells  
 Some one of mortal race whom thou dost deign  
 To make thy favorite. Hast thou seen, perhaps,  
 That Menelaus, having overpowered 495  
 The noble Alexander, seeks to bear  
 Me, hated as I must be, to his home?  
 And hast thou therefore fallen on this device?  
 Go to him, sit by him, renounce for him  
 The company of gods, and never more 500  
 Return to heaven, but suffer with him; watch  
 Beside him till he take thee for his wife  
 Or handmaid. Thither I shall never go,  
 To adorn his couch and to disgrace myself.  
 The Trojan dames would taunt me. O, the griefs 505  
 That press upon my soul are infinite!"

Displeased, the goddess Venus answered: "Wretch,  
 Incense me not, lest I abandon thee  
 In anger, and detest thee with a zeal  
 As great as is my love, and lest I cause 509

Trojans and Greeks to hate thee, so that thou  
 Shalt miserably perish." Thus she spake ;  
 And Helen, Jove-begotten, struck with awe,  
 Wrapped in a robe of shining white, went forth  
 In silence from amidst the Trojan dames, 515  
 Unheeded, for the goddess led the way.

When now they stood beneath the sumptuous roof  
 Of Alexander, straightway did the maids  
 Turn to their wonted tasks, while she went up,  
 Fairest of women, to her chamber. There 520  
 The laughing Venus brought and placed a seat  
 Right opposite to Paris. Helen sat,  
 Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, with eyes  
 Averted, and reproached her husband thus :—

"Com'st thou from battle? Rather would that  
 thou 525

Hadst perished by the mighty hand of him  
 Who was my husband. It was once, I know,  
 Thy boast that thou wert more than peer in strength  
 And power of hand, and practice with the spear,  
 To warlike Menelaus. Go then now, 530  
 Defy him to the combat once again.

And yet I counsel thee to stand aloof,  
 Nor rashly seek a combat, hand to hand,  
 With fair haired Menelaus, lest perchance  
 He smite thee with his spear and thou be slain." 535

Then Paris answered : "Woman, chide me not  
 Thus harshly. True it is, that, with the aid  
 Of Pallas, Menelaus hath obtained

The victory ; but I may vanquish him  
 In turn, for we have also gods with us. 540  
 Give we the hour to dalliance ; never yet  
 Have I so strongly proved the power of love, --  
 Not even when I bore thee from thy home  
 In pleasant Lacedæmon, traversing  
 The deep in my good ships, and in the isle 545  
 Of Cranaë made thee mine.

. . . . .  
 Meantime Atrides, like a beast of prey, 550  
 Went fiercely ranging through the crowd in search  
 Of godlike Alexander. None of all  
 The Trojans, or of their renowned allies,  
 Could point him out to Menelaus, loved  
 Of Mars ; and had they known his lurking-place 555  
 They would not for his sake have kept him hid,  
 For like black death they hated him. Then stood  
 Among them Agamemnon, king of men,  
 And spake : " Ye Trojans and Achaïans, hear,  
 And ye allies. The victory belongs 560  
 To warlike Menelaus. Ye will then  
 Restore the Argive Helen and her wealth,  
 And pay the fitting fine, which shall remain  
 A memory to men in future times."

Thus spake the son of Atreus, and the rest 565  
 Of the Achaïan host approved his words.

## BOOK IV.

MEANTIME the immortal gods with Jupiter  
 Upon his golden pavement sat and held  
 A council. Hebe, honored of them all,  
 Ministered nectar, and from cups of gold  
 They pledged each other, looking down on Troy. 5  
 When, purposely to kindle Juno's mood  
 To anger, Saturn's son, with biting words  
 That well betrayed his covert meaning, spake :—

“ Two goddesses — the Argive Juno one,  
 The other Pallas, her invincible friend — 10  
 Take part with Menelaus, yet they sit  
 Aloof, content with looking on, while still  
 Venus, the laughter-loving one, protects  
 Her Paris, ever near him, warding off  
 The stroke of fate. Just now she rescued him 15  
 When he was near his death. The victory  
 Belongs to Menelaus, loved of Mars.  
 Now let us all consider what shall be  
 The issue, — whether we allow the war,  
 With all its waste of life, to be renewed, 20  
 Or cause the warring nations to sit down  
 In amity. If haply it shall be  
 The pleasure and the will of all the gods,  
 Let Priam's city keep its dwellers still,  
 And Menelaus lead his Helen home.”

He spake, but Juno and Minerva sat,

And with closed lips repined, for secretly  
 They plotted evil for the Trojan race.  
 Minerva held her peace in bitterness  
 Of heart and sore displeased with Father Jove. 30  
 But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“ What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said ;  
 Wilt thou then render vain the toils I bear,  
 And all my sweat ? My very steeds even now  
 Are weary with the mustering of the host 35  
 That threaten woe to Priam and his sons.  
 Yet do thy will ; but be at least assured  
 That all the other gods approve it not.”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied  
 In anger : “ Pestilent one ! what grievous wrong 40  
 Hath Priam done to thee, or Priam’s sons,  
 That thou shouldst persevere to overthrow  
 His noble city ? Shouldst thou through the gates  
 Of Ilium make thy way, and there devour,  
 Within the ramparts, Priam and his sons 45  
 And all the men of Troy alive, thy rage  
 Haply might be appeased. Do as thou wilt,  
 So that this difference breed no lasting strife  
 Between us. Yet I tell thee this, — and thou  
 Bear what I say in mind : In time to come, 5  
 Should I design to level in the dust  
 Some city where men dear to thee are born,  
 Seek not to thwart my vengeance, but submit.  
 For now I fully yield me to thy wish,  
 Though with unwilling mind. Wherever dwell 55

The race of humankind beneath the sun  
And starry heaven, of all their cities Troy  
Has been by me most honored, — sacred Troy, —  
And Priam, and the people who obey  
Priam, the wielder of the ashen spear; 60  
For there my altars never lacked their rites, —  
Feasts, incense, and libations duly paid.”

Then Juno, the majestic, with large eyes,  
Rejoined : “ The cities most beloved by me  
Are three, — Mycenæ, with her spacious streets, 65  
Argos, and Sparta. Raze them to the ground,  
If they be hateful to thee. I shall ne’er  
Contend to save them, nor repine to see  
Their fall ; for, earnestly as I might seek  
To rescue them from ruin, all my aid 70  
Would not avail, so much the mightier thou.  
Yet doth it ill become thee thus to make  
My efforts vain. I am a goddess, sprung  
From the same stock with thee ; I am the child  
Of crafty Saturn, and am twice revered, — 75  
Both for my birth and that I am the spouse  
Of thee who rulest over all the gods.  
Now let us each yield somewhat, — I to thee  
And thou to me ; the other deathless gods  
Will follow us. Let Pallas be despatched 80  
To that dread battle-field on which are ranged  
The Trojans and Achaïans, and stir up  
The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands  
Against the elated Greeks and break the league.”

She ended, and the Father of the gods  
 And mortals instantly complied, and called  
 Minerva, and in wingèd accents said : —  
 “Haste to the battle-field, and there, among  
 The Trojan and Achaian armies, cause  
 The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands 90  
 Against the elated Greeks and break the league.”

So saying, Jupiter to Pallas gave  
 The charge she wished already. She in haste  
 Shot from the Olympian summits, like a star  
 Sent by the crafty Saturn’s son to warn 95  
 The seamen or some mighty host in arms, —  
 A radiant meteor scattering sparkles round.  
 So came and lighted Pallas on the earth  
 Amidst the armies. All who saw were seized  
 With wonder, — Trojan knights and well-armed  
 Greeks ; 100

And many a one addressed his comrade thus : —  
 “Sure we shall have the wasting war again,  
 And stubborn combats ; or, it may be, Jove,  
 The arbiter of wars among mankind,  
 Decrees that the two nations dwell in peace.” 105

So Greeks and Trojans said. The goddess went  
 Among the Trojan multitude disguised ;  
 She seemed Laodocus, Antenor’s son,  
 A valiant warrior, seeking through the ranks  
 For godlike Pandarus. At length she found 110  
 Lycaon’s gallant and illustrious son,  
 Standing with bucklered warriors ranged around,

Who followed him from where Æsepus flows ;  
And, standing near, she spake these wingèd words :—

“ Son of Lycaon ! wilt thou hear my words, 115  
Brave as thou art ? Then wilt thou aim a shaft  
At Menelaus ; thus wilt thou have earned  
Great thanks and praise from all the men of Troy,  
And chiefly from Prince Paris, who will fill,  
Foremost of all, thy hands with lavish gifts, 120  
When he shall look on Menelaus slain —  
The warlike son of Atreus — by thy hand,  
And laid upon his lofty funeral pile.  
Aim now at Menelaus the renowned  
An arrow, while thou offerest a vow 125  
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,  
That thou wilt bring to him a hecatomb  
Of firstling lambs, when thou again shalt come  
Within thine own Zeleia's sacred walls.”

So spake Minerva, and her words o'ercame 130  
The weak one's purpose. He uncovered straight  
His polished bow, made of the elastic horns  
Of a wild goat, which, from his lurking-place,  
As once it left its cavern lair, he smote,  
And pierced its breast, and stretched it on the rock.  
Full sixteen palms in length the horns had grown 135  
From the goat's forehead. These an artisan  
Had smoothed, and, aptly fitting each to each,  
Polished the whole and tipped the work with gold.  
To bend that bow, the warrior lowered it 140  
And pressed an end against the earth. His friends



Held up, meanwhile, their shields before his face,  
Lest the brave sons of Greece should lift their spears  
Against him ere the champion of their host,  
The warlike Menelaus, should have felt 145  
The arrow. Then the Lycian drew aside  
The cover from his quiver, taking out  
A well-fledged arrow that had never flown, —  
A cause of future sorrows. On the string  
He laid that fatal arrow, while he made 150  
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,  
A vow to sacrifice before his shrine  
A noble hecatomb of firstling lambs  
When he should come again to his abode  
Within his own Zeleia's sacred walls. 155  
Grasping the bowstring and the arrow's notch,  
He drew them back, and forced the string to meet  
His breast, the arrow-head to meet the bow,  
Till the bow formed a circle. Then it twanged.  
The cord gave out a shrilly sound ; the shaft 160  
Leaped forth in eager haste to reach the host.

Yet, Menelaus, then the blessed gods,  
The deathless ones, forgot thee not ; and first,  
Jove's daughter, gatherer of spoil, who stood  
Before thee, turned aside the deadly shaft. 165  
As when a mother, while her child is wrapped  
In a sweet slumber, scares away the fly,  
So Pallas turned the weapon from thy breast,  
And guided it to where the golden clasps  
Made fast the belt, and where the corselet's mail 170

Was doubled. There the bitter arrow struck  
The belt, and through its close contexture passed,  
And fixed within the well-wrought corselet stood,  
Yet reached the plated quilt which next his skin  
The hero wore, — his surest guard against 175  
The weapon's force, — and broke through that  
alike ;

And there the arrow gashed the part below,  
And the dark blood came gushing from the wound.  
As when some Carian or Mæonian dame  
Tinges with purple the white ivory, 180  
To form a trapping for the cheeks of steeds, —  
And many a horseman covets it, yet still  
It lies within her chamber, to become  
The ornament of some great monarch's steed  
And make its rider proud, — thy shapely thighs, 185  
Thy legs, and thy fair ankles thus were stained,  
O Menelaus ! with thy purple blood.

When Agamemnon, king of men, beheld  
The dark blood flowing from his brother's wound,  
He shuddered. Menelaus, great in war, 190  
Felt the like horror ; yet, when he perceived  
That still the arrow, neck and barb, remained  
Without the mail, the courage rose again  
That filled his bosom. Agamemnon, then,  
The monarch, sighing deeply, took the hand 195  
Of Menelaus, — while his comrades round  
Like him lamented, — sighing as he spake : —  
“ Dear brother, when I sent thee forth alone

To combat with the Trojans for the Greeks,  
I ratified a treaty for thy death, — 200  
Since now the Trojans smite and under foot  
Trample the league. Yet not in vain shall be  
The treaty, nor the blood of lambs, nor wine  
Poured to the gods, nor right hands firmly pledged ;  
For though it please not now Olympian Jove 205  
To make the treaty good, he will in time  
Cause it to be fulfilled, and they shall pay  
Dearly with their own heads and with their wives  
And children for this wrong. And this I know  
In my undoubting mind, — a day will come 210  
When sacred Troy and Priam and the race  
Governed by Priam, mighty with the spear,  
Shall perish all. Saturnian Jove, who sits  
On high, a dweller of the upper air,  
Shall shake his dreadful ægis in the sight 215  
Of all, indignant at this treachery.  
Such the event will be ; but I shall grieve  
Bitterly, Menelaus, if thou die,  
Thy term of life cut short. I shall go back  
To my dear Argos with a brand of shame 220  
Upon me. For the Greeks will soon again  
Bethink them of their country ; we shall then  
Leave Argive Helen to remain the boast  
Of Priam and the Trojans, — while thy bones  
Shall moulder, mingling with the earth of Troy, — 224  
Our great design abandoned. Then shall say  
Some haughty Trojan, leaping on the tomb

Of Menelaus : ‘ So in time to come  
May Agamemnon wreak his wrath, as here  
He wreaked it, whither he had vainly led  
An army, and now hastens to his home  
And his own land, with ships that bear no spoil,  
And the brave Menelaus left behind.’

30

So shall some Trojan say ; but, ere that time,  
May the earth open to receive my bones ! ”

235

The fair-haired Menelaus cheerfully  
Replied : “ Grieve not, nor be the Greeks alarmed  
For me, since this sharp arrow has not found  
A vital part, but, ere it reached so far,  
The embroidered belt, the quilt beneath, and plate  
Wrought by the armorer’s cunning, broke its force.”

240

King Agamemnon took the word and said : —

“ Dear Menelaus ! would that it were so,  
Yet the physician must explore thy wound,  
And with his balsams soothe the bitter pain.”

245

Then turning to Talthybius, he addressed  
The sacred herald : “ Hasten with all speed,  
Talthybius ; call Machaon, warrior-son  
Of Æsculapius, that much-honored leech,  
And bring him to the Achaian general,  
The warlike Menelaus, whom some hand  
Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend  
The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed  
For him to exult in, but a grief to us.”

250

He spake ; nor failed the herald to obey,  
But hastened at the word and passed among

255

The squadrons of Achaia, mailed in brass,  
 In search of great Machaon. Him he found  
 As midst the valiant ranks of bucklered men  
 He stood, — the troops who followed him to war 26  
 From Triccæ, nurse of steeds. Then, drawing near,  
 The herald spake to him in wingèd words : —

“O son of Æsculapius, come in haste.  
 King Agamemnon calls thee to the aid  
 Of warlike Menelaus, whom some hand 263  
 Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend  
 The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed  
 For him to exult in, but a grief to us.”

Machaon's heart was touched, and forth they went  
 Through the great throng, the army of the Greeks. 270  
 And when they came where Atreus' warlike son  
 Was wounded, they perceived the godlike man  
 Standing amid a circle of the chiefs,  
 The bravest of the Achaians, who at once  
 Had gathered round. Without delay he drew 273  
 The arrow from the fairly-fitted belt.  
 The barbs were bent in drawing. Then he loosed  
 The embroidered belt, the quilted vest beneath,  
 And plate, — the armorer's work, — and carefully  
 O'erlooked the wound where fell the bitter shaft, 28  
 Cleansed it from blood, and sprinkled over it  
 With skill the soothing balsams which of yore  
 The friendly Chiron to his father gave.

While round the warlike Menelaus thus  
 The chiefs were busy, all the Trojans moved 283

Into array of battle ; they put on  
 Their armor, and were eager for the fight.  
 Then wouldst thou not have seen, hadst thou been  
     there,

King Agamemnon slumbering, or in fear,  
 And skulking from the combat, but alert, 270  
 Preparing for the glorious tasks of war.  
 His horses, and his chariot bright with brass,  
 He left, and bade Eurymedon, his groom,  
 The son of Ptolemy Piraides,  
 Hold them apart still panting, yet with charge 295  
 To keep them near their master, till the hour  
 When he should need them, weary with the toil  
 Of such a vast command. Meantime he went  
 On foot among his files of soldiery,  
 And whomsoe'er he found with fiery steeds 300  
 Hasting to battle, thus he cheered them on : —

“ O Argives ! let not your hot courage cool,  
 For Father Jove will never take the part  
 Of treachery. Whosoe'er have been the first  
 To break the league, upon their lifeless limbs 305  
 Shall vultures feast ; and doubt not we shall bear  
 Away in our good ships the wives they love  
 And their young children, when we take their town.”

But whomsoe'er he saw that kept afar  
 From the dread field, he angrily rebuked : — 310

“ O Argives ! who with arrows only fight,  
 Base as ye are, have ye no sense of shame ?  
 Why stand ye stupefied, like fawns, that, tired

With coursing the wide pastures, stop at last,  
 Their strength exhausted ! Thus ye stand amazed,  
 Nor think of combat. Wait ye for the hour 316  
 When to your ships, with their fair-sculptured prows,  
 Moored on the borders of the hoary deep,  
 The Trojans come, that haply ye may see  
 If the great hand of Jove will shield you then ? " 320

Thus Agamemnon, as supreme in power,  
 Threaded the warrior-files, until he came  
 Where stood the Cretans. All in arms they stood  
 Around Idomeneus, the great in war.  
 Like a wild boar in strength, he led the van, 325  
 And, in the rear, Meriones urged on  
 His phalanxes. The king of men rejoiced,  
 And blandly thus bespoke Idomeneus : —

“ Idomeneus ! I honor thee above  
 The other knights of Greece, as well in war 330  
 As in all other labors, and no less  
 In banquets, when the Achaian nobles charge  
 Their goblets with the dark-red mingled wine  
 In sign of honor. All the other Greeks  
 Drink by a certain measure, but thy cup 335  
 Stands ever full, like mine, that thou mayst drink  
 When thou desirest. Hasten to the war  
 With all the valor thou dost glory in.”

The Cretan chief, Idomeneus, replied : —

“ Atrides, I remain thy true ally, 340  
 As I have pledged my faith. But thou exhort  
 The other long-haired Greeks, and bid them rush

To combat, since the Trojans break their oath  
For woe and death must be the lot of those  
Who broke the peace they vowed so solemnly.” 345

He spake. The son of Atreus, glad at heart,  
Passed on among the squadrons, till he came  
To where the warriors Ajax formed their ranks  
For battle, with a cloud of infantry.

As when some goatherd from the hill-top sees 350  
A cloud that traverses the deep before  
A strong west wind, — beholding it afar,  
Pitch-black it seems, and bringing o'er the waves  
A whirlwind with it ; he is seized with fear,  
And drives his flock to shelter in a cave, — 355  
So with the warriors Ajax to the war

Moved, dense and dark, the phalanxes of youths  
Trained for the combat, and their serried files  
Bristling with spears and shields. The king of men  
Saw with delight, and spake these wingèd words :—

“ O warriors Ajax, leaders of the Greeks 361  
In brazen armor, I enjoin you not  
To rouse the courage of your soldiery.  
Such word would ill become me, for yourselves  
Have made your followers eager to engage 365  
In manful combat. Would to Jupiter,  
To Pallas, and Apollo, that there dwelt  
In every bosom such a soul as yours !  
Then would the city of King Priam fall  
At once, o'erthrown and levelled by our hands.” 371

Thus having said, he left them and went on



To others. There he found the smooth of speech,  
 Nestor, the Pylian orator, employed  
 In marshalling his squadrons. Near to him  
 Alastor and the large-limbed Pelagon, 375  
 Chromius, and Hæmon, prince among his tribe,  
 And Bias, shepherd of the people, stood.  
 The cavalry with steeds and cars he placed  
 In front. A vast and valiant multitude  
 Of infantry he stationed in the rear, 380  
 To be the bulwark of the war. Between  
 He made the faint of spirit take their place,  
 That, though unwillingly, they might be forced  
 To combat with the rest. And first he gave  
 His orders to the horsemen, bidding them 385  
 To keep their coursers reined, nor let them range  
 At random through the tumult of the crowd : —

“ And let no man, too vain of horsemanship,  
 And trusting in his valor, dare advance  
 Beyond the rest to attack the men of Troy, 390  
 Nor let him fall behind the rest, to make  
 Our ranks the weaker. Whoso from his car  
 Can reach an enemy's, let him stand and strike  
 With his long spear, for 't is the shrewder way.  
 By rules like these, which their brave hearts obeyed,  
 The men of yore laid level towns and towers.” 396

The aged man, long versed in tasks of war,  
 Counsell'd them thus. King Agamemnon heard,  
 Delighted, and in wingèd words he said : —

“ O aged man, would that thy knees were firm 400

As is thy purpose, and thy strength as great !  
But age, the common fate of all, has worn  
Thy frame : would that some others had thy age,  
And thou wert of the number of our youths ! ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : —  
“ O son of Atreus, I myself could wish 406  
That I were now as when of yore I struck  
The high-born Ereuthalion down. The gods  
Bestow not all their gifts on man at once.  
If I were then a youth, old age in turn 410  
Is creeping o’er me. Still I keep among  
The knights, and counsel and admonish them, —  
The office of the aged. Younger men,  
They who can trust their strength, must wield the  
spear.”

He spake. The son of Atreus passed him by, 415  
Pleased with his words, and, moving onward, came  
Where — with the Athenians, ever prompt to raise  
The war-cry, grouped around him — stood the  
knight

Menestheus, son of Peteus. Near to these  
Was wise Ulysses, with his sturdy band 420  
Of Cephalonians. None of these had heard  
The clamor of the battle, for the hosts  
Of Trojan knights and Greeks had just begun  
To move, and there they waited for the advance  
Of other squadrons marching on to charge 425  
The Trojans and begin the war anew.  
The king of men, Atrides, was displeased,

And spake, and chid them thus with wingèd words :—

“ O son of Peteus, foster-child of Jove,  
And thou, the man of craft and evil wiles ! 430  
Why stand ye here aloof, irresolute,  
And wait for others ? Ye should be the first  
To meet the foe and stem the battle's rage.  
I bid you first to banquets which the Greeks  
Give to their leaders, where ye feast at will 435  
On roasted meats and bowls of pleasant wine.  
Now, ere ye move, ye willingly would see  
Ten Grecian squadrons join the deadly strife.”

The man of many arts, Ulysses, spake, 437  
And frowned : “ O Atreus' son ! what words are these  
Which pass thy lips ? How canst thou say that we  
Avoid the battle ? Ever when the Greeks  
Seek bloody conflict with the Trojan knights,  
Thou, if thou wilt, and if thou givest heed  
To things like these, shalt with thine eyes behold 445  
The father of Telemachus engaged  
In combat with the foremost knights that form  
The Trojan van. Thou utterest empty words.”

King Agamemnon, when he saw the chief  
Offended, changed his tone, and, smiling, said : — 450

“ Son of Laertes, nobly-born and wise  
Ulysses ! It is not for me to chide  
Nor to exhort thee, for thy heart, I know,  
Counsels thee kindly toward me, and thy thought  
Agrees with mine. We will discuss all this 455  
Hereafter. If just now too harsh a word

Was uttered, may the immortals make it vain !”

So saying, he departed, and went on  
To others. By his steeds and by his car,  
That shone with fastenings of brass, he found 46  
The son of Tydeus, large-souled Diomed,  
And Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus,  
Standing beside him. Looking at them both,  
King Agamemnon to Tydides spake  
In wingèd words, and thus reproved the chief :— 46½

“ O son of Tydeus, that undaunted knight !  
What is there to appall thee ? Why look through  
The spaces that divide the warlike ranks ?  
Not thus did Tydeus feel the touch of fear,  
But ever foremost of his warriors fought. 470  
So they declare who saw his deeds, for I  
Was never with him, nor have ever seen  
The hero. Yet they say that he excelled  
All others. Certain is it that he once  
Entered Mycenæ as a friendly guest, 475  
With no array of soldiery, but came  
With godlike Polynices. ’T was the time  
When warrior-bands were gathered to besiege  
The sacred walls of Thebes, and earnestly  
They prayed that from Mycenæ they might lead 48  
Renowned auxiliars to the war, and we  
Would willingly have given the aid they asked, —  
For we approved the prayer, — but Jove, with signs  
Of angry omen, changed our purposes.  
The chiefs departed, journeying on to where /

Asopus flows through reeds and grass, and thence  
 The Achæians sent an embassy to Thebes  
 By Tydeus. There he met the many sons  
 Of Cadmus at the banquets in the hall  
 Of valiant Eteocles. Though alone 490  
 Among so many, and a stranger-guest,  
 The hero feared them not, but challenged them  
 To vie with him in games ; and easily  
 He won the victory, such aid was given  
 By Pallas. Then the sons of Cadmus, skilled 493  
 In horsemanship, were wroth, and privily  
 Sent fifty armed youths to lie in wait  
 For his return. Two leaders had the band, —  
 Maion, the son of Hæmon, like a god  
 In form, and Lycophontes, brave in war, 500  
 Son of Autophonos. A bloody death  
 Did Tydeus give the youths. He slew them all  
 Save Maion, whom he suffered to return,  
 Obedient to an omen from the gods.  
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus ; but his son, 505  
 A better speaker, is less brave in war.”

He spake ; and valiant Diomed, who heard  
 The king's reproof with reverence, answered not.  
 Then spake the son of honored Capaneus : —

“ Atrides, speak not falsely, when thou know'st 510  
 The truth so well. Assuredly we claim  
 To be far braver than our fathers were.  
 We took seven-gated Thebes with fewer troops  
 Than theirs, when, trusting in the omens sent

From heaven, and in the aid of Jupiter, 515  
We led our men beneath the city walls  
Sacred to Mars. Our fathers perished there  
Through their own folly. Therefore never seek  
To place them in the same degree with us."

The brave Tydides with a frown replied : — 520  
" Nay, hold thy peace, my friend, and heed my words.  
Of Agamemnon I will not complain, —  
The shepherd of the people ; it is his  
To exhort the well-armed Greeks to gallant deeds.  
Great glory will attend him if the Greeks 525  
Shall overcome the Trojans, and shall take  
The sacred Ilium ; but his grief will be  
Bitter if we shall fail and be destroyed.  
Hence think we only of the furious charge !"

He spake, and from his chariot leaped to earth 530  
All armed ; the mail upon the monarch's breast  
Rang terribly as he marched swiftly on.  
The boldest might have heard that sound with fear.

As when the ocean-billows, surge on surge,  
Are pushed along to the resounding shore 535  
Before the western wind, and first a wave  
Uplifts itself, and then against the land  
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks  
Tosses on high and spouts its spray afar,  
So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece 540  
To battle, rank succeeding rank, each chief  
Giving command to his own troops ; the rest  
Marched noiselessly : you might have thought no  
voice

Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,  
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs, 54½  
Their showy armor glittering as they moved  
In firm array. But, as the numerous flock  
Of some rich man, while the white milk is drawn  
Within his sheepfold, hear the plaintive call  
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly, — 550  
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host  
Arose ; nor was the war-cry one, nor one  
The voice, but words of mingled languages,  
For they were called from many different climes.  
These Mars encouraged to the fight ; but those 555  
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,  
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased, —  
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars, —  
Who rises small at first, but grows, and lifts  
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth. 560  
She, striding through the crowd and heightening  
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst  
Contention, source of bale to all alike.

And now, when met the armies in the field,  
The ox-hide shields encountered, and the spears, 565  
And might of warriors mailed in brass ; then clashed  
The bossy bucklers, and the battle-din  
Was loud ; then rose the mingled shouts and groans  
Of those who slew and those who fell ; the earth  
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams  
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below, 571  
With their swift waters, poured from gushing springs,

Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights  
Hears the far roar, — such was the mingled din  
That rose from the great armies when they met. 575

Then first Antilochus, advancing, struck  
The Trojan champion Echeolus down,  
Son of Thalysius, fighting in the van.  
He smote him on the helmet's cone, where streamed  
The horse-hair plume. The brazen javelin stood 580  
Fixed in his forehead, piercing through the bone,  
And darkness gathered o'er his eyes. He fell  
As falls a tower before some stubborn siege.

Then Elephenor, son of Chalcodon,  
Prince of the brave Abrantes, by the foot 585  
Seized the slain chieftain, dragging him beyond  
'The reach of darts, to strip him of his arms ;  
Yet dropped him soon, for brave Agenor saw,  
And, as he stooped to drag the body, hurled  
His brazen spear and pierced the uncovered side 590  
Seen underneath the shield. At once his limbs  
Relaxed their hold, and straight the spirit fled.  
'Then furious was the struggle of the Greeks  
And Trojans o'er the slain ; they sprang like wolves  
Upon each other, and man slaughtered man. 595

Then by the hand of Ajax Telamon  
Fell Simoësius, in the bloom of youth,  
Anthemion's son. His mother once came down  
From Ida, with her parents, to their flocks  
Beside the Simoïs ; there she brought him forth 600  
Upon its banks, and gave her boy the name



Of Simoïsius. Unrequited now  
 Was all the care with which his parents nursed  
 His early years, and short his term of life, —  
 Slain by the hand of Ajax, large of soul. 605

• • • • •

He fell among the dust of earth, as falls  
 A poplar growing in the watery soil 610  
 Of some wide marsh, — a fair, smooth bole, with  
 boughs

Only on high, which with his gleaming axe  
 Some artisan has felled to bend its trunk  
 Into the circle of some chariot-wheel ;  
 Withering it lies upon the river's bank. 615  
 So did the high-born Ajax spoil the corpse  
 Of Simoïsius, Anthemion's son.

But Antiphus, the son of Priam, clad  
 In shining armor, saw, and, taking aim,  
 Cast his sharp spear at Ajax through the crowd. 620  
 The weapon struck him not, but pierced the groin  
 Of one who was Ulysses' faithful friend, —  
 Leucus, — as from the spot he dragged the dead ;  
 He fell, the body dropping from his hold.

Ulysses, stung with fury at his fall, 623  
 Rushed to the van, arrayed in shining brass,  
 Drew near the foe, and, casting a quick glance  
 Around him, hurled his glittering spear. The host  
 Of Trojans, as it left his hand, shrank back

Upon each other. Not in vain it flew, 630  
 But struck Democoön, the spurious son  
 Of Priam, who, to join the war, had left  
 Abydos, where he tended the swift mares.  
 Ulysses, to revenge his comrade's death,  
 Smote him upon the temple with his spear. 635  
 Through both the temples passed the brazen point,  
 And darkness gathered o'er his eyes ; he fell,  
 His armor clashing round him with his fall.  
 Then did the foremost bands, and Hector's self,  
 Fall back. The Argives shouted, dragging off 640  
 The slain, and rushing to the ground they won.  
 Then was Apollo angered, looking down  
 From Pergamus, and thus he called aloud : —

“ Rally, ye Trojans ! tamers of fleet steeds !  
 Yield not the battle to the Greeks. Their limbs 645  
 Are not of stone or iron, to withstand  
 The trenchant steel ye wield. Nor does the son  
 Of fair-haired Thetis now, Achilles, take  
 Part in the battle, but sits, brooding o'er  
 The choler that devours him, in his ships.” 650

Thus from the city spake the terrible god.  
 Meantime Tritonian Pallas, glorious child  
 Of Jupiter, went through the Grecian ranks  
 Where'er they wavered, and revived their zeal.

Diores, son of Amarynceus, then 655  
 Met his hard fate. The fragment of a rock  
 Was thrown by hand at his right leg, and struck  
 The ankle. Piroüs, son of Imbrasus,

Who came from Ænus, leading to the war  
His Thracian soldiers, flung it ; and it crushed 660  
Tendons and bones, and down the warrior fell  
In dust, and toward his comrades stretched his hands,  
And gasped for breath. But he who gave the wound,  
Piroüs, came up and pierced him with his spear.  
Forth gushed the entrails, and the eyes grew dark. 665

But Piroüs by Ætolian Thoas fell,  
Who met him with his spear and pierced his breast  
The brazen weapon stood  
Fixed in the lungs. Then Thoas came and plucked  
The massive spear away, and drew his sword, 670  
And thrusting through him the sharp blade, he took  
His life away. Yet could he not despoil  
The slain man of his armor, for around  
His comrades thronged, the Thracians, with their  
tufts

Of streaming hair, and, wielding their long spears, 675  
Drove him away. And he, though huge of limb,  
And valiant and renowned, was forced to yield  
To numbers pressing on him, and withdrew.  
Thus near each other stretched upon the ground  
Piroüs, the leader of the Thracian band, 680  
And he who led the Epeans, brazen-mailed  
Diores, lay with many others slain.

Then could no man, who near at hand beheld  
The battle of that day, see cause of blame  
In aught, although, unwounded and unbruised 685  
By weapons, Pallas led him by the hand

In safety through the midst, and turned aside  
 The violence of javelins ; for that day  
 Saw many a Trojan slain, and many a Greek,  
 Stretched side by side upon the bloody field.

600

## BOOK V.

THEN Pallas to Tydides Diomed  
 Gave strength and courage, that he might  
 appear

Among the Achaians greatly eminent,  
 And win a glorious name. Upon his head  
 And shield she caused a constant flame to play, 5  
 Like to the autumnal star that shines in heaven  
 Most brightly when new-bathed in ocean tides.  
 Such light she caused to beam upon his crest  
 And shoulders, as she sent the warrior forth  
 Into the thick and tumult of the fight. 10

Among the Trojans, Dares was the priest  
 Of Vulcan, rich and blameless. His two sons  
 Were Phegeus and Idæus, trained in all  
 The arts of war. They left the host and came  
 To meet Tydides, — on the chariot they, 15  
 And he on foot ; and now, as they drew near,  
 First Phegeus hurled his massive lance. It flew  
 O'er Diomed's left shoulder and struck not.  
 Tydides cast his spear, and not in vain :

20

It smote the breast of Phegeus in the midst, 20  
And dashed him from his seat. Idæus leaped  
To earth, and left the sumptuous car, nor dared  
To guard the slain, yet would have met his death  
If Vulcan had not borne him swiftly thence  
Concealed in darkness, that he might not leave 25  
The aged man, his father, desolate.

The son of Tydeus took the steeds, and bade  
His comrades lead them to the fleet. Aghast  
The valiant sons of Troy beheld the sons  
Of Dares, one in flight, the other slain. 30

Meantime the blue-eyed Pallas took the hand  
Of Mars, and thus addressed the fiery god : —

“ Mars, Mars, thou slayer of men, thou steeped  
in blood,

Destroyer of walled cities ! should we not  
Leave both the Greeks and Trojans to contend, 35  
And Jove to crown with glory whom he will,  
While we retire, lest we provoke his wrath ? ”

Thus having said, she led the violent Mars  
From where the battle raged, and made him sit  
Beside Scamander, on its grassy bank. 40

And then the Achaians put the sons of Troy  
To flight : each leader slew a foe ; and first  
The king of men, Atrides, from his car  
Struck down the huge-limbed Hodius, who was chief  
Among the Halizonians. As he turned 45  
To flee, the Achaian, smiting him between  
The shoulders, drove the javelin through his breast.

Heavily clashed his armor as he fell.

Then by Idomeneus was Phæstus slain,  
Son of Meonian Borus, who had come 50  
From Tarna, rich in harvests. As he sprang  
Into his car, Idomeneus, expert  
To wield the ponderous javelin, thrust its blade  
Through his right shoulder. From the car he fell,  
And the dark night of death came over him. 55  
The Achaian warriors following spoiled the slain.

The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew  
With his sharp spear Scamandrius, the son  
Of Strophius, practised in the forest chase,  
A mighty hunter. Him had Dian taught 60  
To strike whatever beast the woody wild  
Breeds on the hills ; but now availed him not  
The favor of Diana, archer-queen,  
Nor skill to throw the javelin afar ;  
For Menelaus, mighty with the spear, 65  
Followed him as he fled, and in the back  
Smote him, between the shoulder-blades, and drove  
The weapon through. He fell upon the ground .  
Headlong, his armor clashing as he fell.  
And then Meriones slew Phereclus, 70  
Son of Harmonius, the artificer,  
Who knew to shape all works of rare device,  
For Pallas loved him. It was he who built  
The fleet for Paris, — cause of many woes  
To all the Trojans and to him, — for ill 75  
He understood the oracles of heaven.

Him did Meriones, pursuing long,  
O'ertake, and, smiting him on the right hip,  
Pierced through the part beneath the bone.

On his knees with sad lament

84

He fell, and death involved him in its shade.

And then by Meges was Pedæus slain,

Antenor's base-born son, whose noble wife,

Theano, reared him with as fond a care

As her own children, for her husband's sake.

85

And now the mighty spearman, Phyleus' son,

Drew near and smote him with his trenchant lance

Where meet the head and spine, and pierced the neck

Beneath the tongue ; and forth the weapon came

Between the teeth. He fell, and in the fall

90

Gnashed with his teeth upon the cold bright blade.

Then did Evæmon's son Eurypylus

Strike down Hypsenor, nobly born, the son

Of great Dolopion, Scamander's priest,

Whom all the people honored as a god.

95

Evæmon's gallant son, o'ertaking him

In flight, with one stroke of his falchion hewed

His brawny arm away. The bloody limb

Dropped to the ground, and the dark night of death

Came o'er his eyes : so cruel fate decreed.

100

Thus toiled the heroes in that stubborn fight.

Nor would you now have known to which array —

Trojan or Greek — Tydides might belong ;

For through the field he rushed with furious speed,

Like a swollen river when its current takes

105

The torrent's swiftness, scattering with a sweep  
 The bridges ; nor can massive dikes withstand  
 Its fury, nor embankments raised to screen  
 The grassy meadows, while the rains of Jove  
 Fall heavily, and harvests, late the joy 110  
 Of toiling youth, are beaten to the ground.  
 Thus by Tydides the close phalanxes  
 Of Troy were scattered, nor could they endure,  
 All numerous as they were, his strong assault.  
 As Pandarus, Lycaon's eminent son, 115  
 Beheld Tydides rush athwart the field,  
 Breaking the ranks, he drew his crooked bow  
 And smote the chief's left shoulder as he came,  
 Striking the hollow corselet. The sharp point  
 Broke through, and blood came gushing o'er the mail.  
 Then called aloud Lycaon's eminent son : — 120

" Brave Trojans, great in mastery of steeds,  
 Press on ; the bravest of the Grecian host  
 Is smitten, nor, I think, can long survive  
 The grievous wound, if it be true that I, 125  
 At the command of Phœbus, son of Jove,  
 Have left my home upon the Lycian shore."

Thus boastfully he spake ; but his swift shaft  
 Slew not Tydides, who had now withdrawn.  
 And, standing by his steeds and chariot, spake 130  
 To Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus : —

" Haste down, kind Sthenelus, and with thy hand  
 Draw the sharp arrow from my shoulder here."

He spake, and Sthenelus at once leaped down,



Stood by his side, and from his shoulder drew 134  
The wingèd arrow deeply fixed within.

The blood flowed forth upon the twisted rings  
Of mail, while Diomed, the valiant, prayed :—

“Hear me, O child of ægis-bearing Jove,  
Goddess invincible ! if ever thou 140  
Didst aid me or my father in the heat  
Of battle, aid me, Pallas, yet again.  
Give me to slay this Trojan ; bring him near,  
Within my javelin’s reach, who wounded me,  
And now proclaims — the boaster — that not long  
Shall I behold the brightness of the sun.” 146

So prayed he, and Minerva heard his prayer  
And lightened all his limbs, — his feet, his hands, —  
And, standing near him, spake these wingèd  
words : —

“War boldly with the Trojans, Diomed ; 150  
For even now I breathe into thy frame  
The ancestral might and fearless soul that dwelt  
In Tydeus, peerless with the steed and shield.  
Lo ! I remove the darkness from thine eyes,  
That thou mayst well discern the gods from men ; 155  
And if a god should tempt thee to the fight,  
Beware to combat with the immortal race ;  
Only, should Venus, child of Jupiter,  
Take part in battle, wound her with thy spear.”

The blue-eyed Pallas spake, and disappeared ; 160  
And Diomed went back into the field  
And mingled with the warriors. If before

His spirit moved him fiercely to engage  
The men of Troy, a threefold courage now  
Inspired him. As a lion who has leaped 165  
Into a fold — and he who guards the flock  
Has wounded but not slain him — feels his rage  
Waked by the blow ; — the affrighted shepherd then  
Ventures not near, but hides within the stalls,  
And the forsaken sheep are put to flight, 170  
And, huddling, slain in heaps, till o'er the fence  
The savage bounds into the fields again ; —  
Such was Tydides midst the sons of Troy.  
Astynoüs first he slew, Hypenor next,  
The shepherd of the people. One he pierced 175  
High on the bosom with his brazen spear,  
And smote the other on the collar-bone  
With his good sword, and hewed from neck and spine  
The shoulder. There he left the dead, and rushed  
To Abas and to Polyeidus, sons 180  
Of old Eurydamas, interpreter  
Of visions. Ill the aged man had read  
His visions when they joined the war. They died,  
And Diomed, the valiant, spoiled the slain.  
Xanthus and Thoön he encountered next, 185  
The sons of Phænops, born in his old age.  
No other child had he, to be his heir,  
And he was worn with length of years. These two  
Tydides smote and took their lives, and left  
Grief to their father and regretful cares, 190  
Since he no more should welcome their return

From war, and strangers should divide his wealth.  
Then smote he Chromius and Echemon, sons  
Of Dardan Priam, in one chariot both.

As on a herd of beeves a lion springs 195  
While midst the shrubs they browse, and breaks  
their necks, —

Heifer or ox, — so sprang he on the twain  
And struck them, vainly struggling, from their car,  
And spoiled them of their arms, and took their  
steeds,

And bade his comrades lead them to the fleet. 200

Æneas, who beheld him scattering thus  
The embattled ranks before him, straightway went  
Through the thick fight, amid encountering spears,  
In search of godlike Pandarus. He found  
Lycaon's blameless and illustrious son, 205  
And stood before him, and addressed him thus : —

“Where is thy bow, O Pandarus, and where  
Thy wingèd arrows? Where the old renown  
In which no warrior here can vie with thee,  
And none upon the Lycian shore can boast 210  
That he excels thee? Hasten, and lift up  
Thy hands in prayer to Jupiter, and send  
An arrow at this man, whoe'er he be,  
Who thus prevails, and thus afflicts our host,  
And makes the knees of many a strong man weak.  
Strike him, — unless he be some god incensed 215  
At Troy for sacrifice withheld, since hard  
It is to bear the anger of a god.”

Lycaon's son, the far-renowned, replied : —

“ Æneas, leader of the Trojans mailed 220  
In brass, to me this man in all things seems  
Like warlike Diomed. I know his shield,  
High helm, and steeds, and yet I may not say  
That this is not a god. But if he be  
The chief of whom I speak, the warlike son 225  
Of Tydeus, not thus madly would he fight,  
Without some god to aid him. By his side  
Is one of the immortals, with a cloud  
About his shoulders, turning from its aim  
The swiftly flying arrow. 'T was but late 230  
I aimed a shaft that pierced the hollow mail  
On his left shoulder, and I thought him sent  
To Pluto, but I slew him not. Some god  
Must be offended with me. I have here  
No steeds or car to mount. Far off at home 235  
There stand within Lycaon's palace-walls  
Eleven chariots, fair and fresh and new :  
Each has an ample cover, and by each  
Are horses yoked in pairs, that champ their oats  
And their white barley. When I left my home, 240  
Lycaon, aged warrior, counselled me,  
Within his sumptuous halls, that with my steeds  
And chariot I should lead the sons of Troy  
In the fierce battle. I obeyed him not :  
Far better if I had. I wished to spare 245  
My horses, lest, so largely fed at home,  
They might want food in the beleaguered town.

So, leaving them, I came on foot to Troy,  
Confiding in my bow, which yet was doomed  
To avail me little, for already I 25  
Have smitten with my arrows the two chiefs,  
Tydides and Atrides, and from both  
Drew the red blood, but only made their rage  
To flame the fiercer. In an evil hour  
I took my bow and quiver from the wall 255  
And came to lead the Trojans for the sake  
Of Hector. But if ever I return  
To see my native country and my wife  
And my tall spacious mansion, may some foe  
Strike off my head if with these hands I fail 260  
To break my bow in pieces, casting it  
Into the flames, a useless weapon now."

The Trojan chief Æneas, answering, said :—  
"Nay, talk not so ; it cannot but be thus,  
Until upon a chariot, and with steeds, 265  
We try our prowess with this man in war.  
Haste, mount my chariot here, and thou shalt see  
How well are Trojan horses trained to range  
The field of battle, in the swift pursuit  
Hither and thither, or in rapid flight ; 270  
And they shall bring us safely to the town  
Should Jove a second time bestow the meed  
Of glory on Tydides. Haste, and take  
The lash and well-wrought reins, while I descend  
To fight on foot ; or haply thou wilt wait 275  
The foe's advance while I direct the steeds."

Then spake again Lycaon's eminent son : —  
 "Keep thou the reins, Æneas, and still guide  
 The horses. With their wonted charioteer,  
 The better shall they bear away the car 286  
 Should we be forced to fly before the arm  
 Of Diomed ; lest, taking flight, they range  
 Unmastered when they hear thy voice no more,  
 Nor bear us from the combat, and the son  
 Of Tydeus, having slain us, shall lead thence 285  
 Thy firm-hoofed coursers. Therefore guide them still,  
 Them and the chariot, while, with this keen spear,  
 I wait the Greek, as he is rushing on."

They spake, and, climbing the magnificent car,  
 Turned toward Tydides the swift-footed steeds. 290  
 The noble son of Capaneus beheld,  
 And said in wingèd words to Diomed : —

"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men !  
 I see two warriors, strong, immensely strong,  
 Coming to combat with thee. Pandarus 295  
 Is one, the skilled in archery, who boasts  
 To be Lycaon's son ; and by his side  
 There comes Æneas, glorying that he sprang  
 From the large-souled Anchises, — borne to him  
 By Venus. Mount we now our car and leave 300  
 The ground, nor in thy fury rush along  
 The van of battle, lest thou lose thy life."

The brave Tydides, with a frown, replied : —  
 "Speak not of flight ; thou canst not yet persuade  
 My mind to that. To skulk or shrink with fear 305

In battle ill becomes me, and my strength  
Is unexhausted yet. It suits me not  
To mount the chariot ; I will meet the foe  
Just as I am. Minerva will not let  
My spirit falter. Ne'er shall those swift steeds 310  
Bear the two warriors hence, — if even one  
Escapes me. One thing more have I to say ;  
And keep it well in mind. Should Pallas deign —  
The wise, forecasting Pallas — to bestow  
On me the glory of o'ercoming both, 315  
Stop thy swift horses, and tie fast the reins  
To our own chariot, and make haste to seize  
The horses of Æneas, guiding them  
Hence from the Trojan to the Grecian host ;  
For they are of the stock which Jupiter 320  
The Thunderer gave to Tros. It was the price  
He paid for Ganymede, and they, of all  
Beneath the eye of morning and the sun,  
Are of the choicest breed. The king of men,  
Anchises, stealthily and unobserved, 325  
Brought to the coursers of Laomedon  
His brood-mare, and obtained the race. Six colts,  
Their offspring, in his courts were foaled. Of these,  
Four for himself he kept, and in his stalls  
Reared them, and two of them, both apt for war, 330  
He gave Æneas. If we make them ours,  
The exploit will bring us honor and renown."

Thus they conferred. Meantime their foes drew  
near,

Urging their fiery coursers on, and first  
Lycaon's eminent son addressed the Greek :— 335

“ My weapon, swift and sharp, the arrow, failed  
To slay thee ; let me try the javelin now,  
And haply that, at least, may reach its mark.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,  
Hurled it against the shield of Diomed. 340

The brazen point broke through, and reached the  
mail.

Then shouted with loud voice Lycaon's son : —

“ Ha ! thou art wounded in thy flank ; my spear  
Bites deep ; nor long, I think, canst thou survive,  
And great will be my glory gained from thee.” 345

But thus the valiant Diomed replied,  
Incapable of fear : “ Thy thought is wrong.  
I am not wounded, and I well perceive  
That ye will never give the conflict o'er  
Till one of you, laid low amid the dust, 350  
Pour out his blood to glut the god of war.”

He spake, and cast his spear. Minerva kept  
The weapon faithful to its aim. It struck  
The nose, and near the eye ; then passing on  
Betwixt the teeth, the unrelenting edge 355  
Cleft at its root the tongue ; the point came out  
Beneath the chin. The warrior from his car  
Fell headlong ; his bright armor, fairly wrought,  
Clashed round him as he fell ; his fiery steeds  
Started aside with fright ; his breath and strength 360  
Were gone at once. Æneas, with his shield



And his long spear, leaped down to guard the  
slain,

That the Achaians might not drag him thence.

There, lion-like, confiding in his strength,

He stalked around the corpse, and over it 365

Held his round shield and lance, prepared to slay

Whoever came, and shouting terribly.

Tydides raised a stone, — a mighty weight,

Such as no two men living now could lift ;

But he, alone, could swing it round with ease. 370

With this he smote Æneas on the hip,

Where the thigh joins its socket. By the blow

He brake the socket and the tendons twain,

And tore the skin with the rough, jagged stone.

The hero fell upon his knees, but stayed 375

His fall with his strong palm upon the ground ;

And o'er his eyes a shadow came like night.

Then had the king of men, Æneas, died,

But for Jove's daughter, Venus, who perceived

His danger instantly, — his mother, she 380

Who bore him to Anchises when he kept

His beeves, a herdsman. Round her son she cast

Her white arms, spreading over him in folds

Her shining robe, to be a fence against

The weapons of the foe, lest some Greek knight 385

Should at his bosom aim the steel to take

His life. And thus the goddess bore away

From that fierce conflict her belovèd son.

Nor did the son of Capaneus forget

The bidding of the warlike Diomed, 39c  
 But halted his firm-footed steeds apart  
 From the great tumult, with the long reins stretchèd  
 And fastened to the chariot. Next, he sprang  
 To seize the horses with fair-flowing manes,  
 That drew the chariot of Æneas. These 39s  
 He drave away, far from the Trojan host,  
 To the well-greaved Achaians, giving them  
 In charge, to lead them to the hollow ships,  
 To his beloved friend Deïpylus,  
 Whom he of all his comrades honored most, 400  
 As likest to himself in years and mind.  
 And then he climbed his car and took the reins,  
 And, swiftly drawn by his firm-footed steeds,  
 Followed Tydides, who with cruel steel  
 Sought Venus, knowing her unapt for war, 40s  
 And all unlike the goddesses who guide  
 The battles of mankind, as Pallas does,  
 Or as Bellona, ravager of towns.  
 O'ertaking her at last, with long pursuit,  
 Amid the throng of warring men, the son 41s  
 Of warlike Tydeus aimed at her his spear,  
 And wounded in her hand the delicate one  
 With its sharp point. It pierced the ambrosial robe,  
 Wrought for her by the Graces, at the spot  
 Where the palm joins the wrist, and broke the skin,  
 And drew immortal blood, — the ichor, — such 41f  
 As from the blessed gods may flow ; for they  
 Eat not the wheaten loaf, nor drink dark wine ;

And therefore they are bloodless, and are called  
Immortal. At the stroke the goddess shrieked, 421  
And dropped her son. Apollo in his arms  
Received and in a dark cloud rescued him,  
Lest any of the Grecian knights should aim  
A weapon at his breast to take his life.

Meantime the brave Tydides cried aloud : — 423

“ Leave wars and battle, goddess. Is it not  
Enough that thou delude weak womankind?  
Yet, if thou ever shouldst return, to bear  
A part in battle, thou shalt have good cause  
To start with fear, when war is only named.” 430

He spake ; and she departed, wild with pain,  
For grievously she suffered. Instantly  
Fleet-footed Iris took her by the hand  
And led her from the place, her heart oppressed  
With anguish and her fair cheek deathly pale. 435  
She found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn  
From that day’s combat to the left, and sat,  
His spear and his swift coursers hid from sight,  
In darkness. At his feet she fell, and prayed  
Her brother fervently, that he would lend 440  
His steeds that stood in trappings wrought of gold : —

“ Dear brother, aid me ; let me have thy steeds  
To bear me to the Olympian mount, the home  
Of gods, for grievously the wound I bear  
Afflicts me. ’T was a mortal gave the wound, — 445  
Tydides, who would even fight with Jove ”

She spake ; and Mars resigned to her his steeds

With trappings of bright gold. She climbed the car,  
Still grieving, and, beside her, Iris took  
Her seat, and caught the reins and plied the lash. 439  
On flew the coursers, on, with willing speed,  
And soon were at the mansion of the gods  
On high Olympus. There the active-limbed,  
Fleet Iris stayed them, loosed them from the car,  
And fed them with ambrosial food. Meanwhile, 455  
The goddess Venus at Dione's feet  
Had cast herself. The mother round her child  
Threw tenderly her arms, and with her hand  
Caressed her brow, and spake, and thus inquired:—

“Which of the dwellers of the skies, dear child, 460  
Has dealt thus cruelly with thee, as one  
Caught in the doing of some flagrant wrong?”

And thus did Venus, queen of smiles, reply:—  
“The son of Tydeus, arrogant Diomed,  
Wounded me as I sought to bear away 465  
From battle's dangers my beloved son  
Æneas, dear beyond all other men:  
For now no longer does the battle rage  
Between the Greeks and Trojans, but the Greeks  
Venture to combat even with the gods.” 470

Dione, great among the goddesses,  
Rejoined: “Submit, my daughter, and endure,  
Though inly grieved; for many of us who dwell  
Upon the Olympian mount have suffered much  
From mortals, and have brought great miseries 475  
Upon each other. First, it was the fate

Of Mars to suffer, when Aloëus' sons,  
Otus and mighty Ephialtes, made  
Their fetters fast upon his limbs. He lay  
Chained thirteen months within a brazen cell ; 194  
And haply there the god, whose thirst of blood  
Is never cloyed, had perished, but for aid  
Which Eribœa gave, the beautiful,  
His step-mother. She made his miseries known  
To Mercury, who set him free by stealth, 485  
Withered and weak with long imprisonment.  
And Juno suffered when Amphitryon's son,  
The valiant, dared to plant in her right breast  
A three-pronged arrow, and she writhed with pain.  
And Pluto suffered, when the hero-son 490  
Of ægis-bearing Jove, with a swift shaft,  
Smote him beside the portals of the dead,  
And left him filled with pain. He took his way  
To high Olympus and the home of Jove,  
Grieving and racked with pain, for deep the dart 495  
Had pierced his brawny shoulder, torturing him.  
There Pæan with his pain-dispelling balms  
Healed him, for he was not of mortal race.  
O daring man and reckless, to make light  
Of such impieties and violate 500  
The sacred persons of the Olympian gods !  
It was the blue-eyed Pallas who stirred up  
Tydides to assail thee thus. The fool !  
He knew not that the man who dares to meet  
The gods in combat lives not long. No child 505

Shall prattling call him father when he comes  
 Returning from the dreadful tasks of war.  
 Let then Tydides, valiant though he be,  
 Beware lest a more potent foe than thou  
 Encounter him, and lest the nobly-born 510  
 Ægialeia, in some night to come —  
 Wise daughter of Adrastus, and the spouse  
 Of the horse-tamer Diomed — call up  
 The servants of her household from their sleep,  
 Bewailing him to whom in youth she gave 515  
 Her maiden troth, — the bravest of the Greeks.”

She spake, and wiped the ichor from the hand  
 Of Venus ; at her touch the hand was healed  
 And the pain left it. Meantime Pallas stood,  
 With Juno, looking on, both teasing Jove 520  
 With words of sarcasm. Blue-eyed Pallas thus  
 Addressed the god : “ O Father Jupiter,  
 Wilt thou be angry at the word I speak ? —  
 As Venus, wheedling some Achaian dame  
 To join the host she loves, the sons of Troy, 525  
 Caressed the fair, arrayed in gay attire,  
 A golden buckle scratched her tender hand.”

As thus she spake, the Father of the gods  
 And mortals, calling golden Venus near,  
 Said, with a smile : “ Nay, daughter, not for thee 330  
 Are tasks of war ; be gentle marriage-rites  
 Thy care ; the labors of the battle-field  
 Pertain to Pallas and the fiery Mars.”

Thus with each other talked the gods, while still

The great in battle, Diomed, pursued 535  
 Æneas, though he knew that Phœbus stretched  
 His arm to guard the warrior. Small regard  
 Had he for the great god, and much he longed  
 To strike Æneas down and bear away  
 The glorious arms he wore ; and thrice he rushed 540  
 To slay the Trojan, thrice Apollo smote  
 Upon his glittering shield. But when he made  
 The fourth assault, as if he were a god,  
 The archer of the skies, Apollo, thus  
 With menacing words rebuked him : “ Diomed, 545  
 Beware ; desist, nor think to make thyself  
 The equal of a god. The deathless race  
 Of gods is not as those who walk the earth.”

He spake ; the son of Tydeus, shrinking back,  
 Gave way before the anger of the god 550  
 Who sends his shafts afar. Then Phœbus bore  
 Æneas from the tumult to the height  
 Of sacred Pergamus, where stands his fane ;  
 And there Latona and the archer-queen,  
 Diana, in the temple's deep recess, 555  
 Tended him and brought back his glorious strength.  
 Meantime the bowyer-god, Apollo, formed  
 An image of Æneas, armed like him,  
 Round which the Trojans and Achæians thronged  
 With many a heavy weapon-stroke that fell 560  
 Upon the huge orbs of their ox-hide shields  
 And lighter bucklers. Now to fiery Mars  
 Apollo spake : “ Mars, Mars, thou plague of men,

Thou steeped in blood, destroyer of walled towns !  
 Wilt thou not force this man to leave the field? 565  
 Wilt thou not meet in arms this daring son  
 Of Tydeus, who would even fight with Jove?  
 Already has he wounded, in close fight,  
 The goddess Venus at the wrist, and since  
 Assaulted me as if he were a god." 570

He said, and on the heights of Pergamus  
 Sat down, while the destroyer Mars went forth  
 Among the embattled Trojan ranks, to rouse  
 Their valor. In the form of Acamus,  
 The gallant Thracian leader, he bespake 575  
 The sons of Jove-descended Priam thus : —

“ O sons of Priam, him who claims descent  
 From Jupiter ! how long will ye submit  
 To see your people slaughtered by the Greeks ?  
 Is it until the battle-storm shall reach 580  
 Your city's stately portals? Even now  
 A hero whom we honor equally  
 With the great Hector, our Æneas, son  
 Of the large-souled Anchises, is struck down.  
 Haste, let us rescue our beloved friend.” 585

He spake, and into every heart his words  
 Carried new strength and courage. In that hour  
 Sarpedon chid the noble Hector thus : —

“ Where is the prowess, Hector, which was thine  
 So lately? Thou hast said that thou alone, 590  
 Thy kindred and thy brothers, could defend  
 The city, without armies or allies.



Now I see none of these ; they all, like hounds  
 Before a lion, crouch and slink away,  
 While the confederates bear the brunt of war. 593  
 I am but an auxiliar come from far,  
 From Lycia, where the eddying Xanthus runs.  
 There left I a beloved wife, and there  
 An infant child, and large possessions, such  
 As poor men covet. Yet do I exhort 600  
 My Lycians to the combat, and myself  
 Would willingly engage this foe of Troy,  
 Although I here have nothing which the Greeks  
 Might bear or drive away. Thou standest still,  
 Meanwhile, nor dost thou bid the rest to keep 605  
 Their ground and bear the battle for their wives.  
 Yet have a care, lest, as if caught at length  
 In the strong meshes of a mighty net,  
 Ye find yourselves the captives and the prey  
 Of enemies, who quickly will destroy 610  
 Your nobly-peopled city. These are thoughts  
 That should engage thy mind by night and day,  
 And thou shouldst beg the chiefs of thine allies,  
 Called to thy aid from far, that manfully  
 They meet the foe, and foil his fierce attack, 615  
 And take the cause of this reproach away."

Sarpedon spake ; and Hector, all in arms,  
 Stung by his words, and leaping from his car,  
 Brandished his spears, and went among the hosts  
 And rallied them to battle. Terrible 620  
 The conflict that ensued. The men of Troy

Made head against the Greeks : the Greeks stood  
firm,

Nor ever thought of flight. As when the wind  
Strews chaff about the sacred threshing-floors  
While wheat is winnowed, and before the breeze 625  
The yellow Ceres separates the grain

From its light husk, which gathers in white heaps, —  
Even so the Greeks were whitened o'er with dust  
Raised in that tumult by the horses' hoofs  
And rising to the brazen firmament, 630

As toward the fight the charioteers again  
Urged on their coursers. Yet the Greeks withstood  
The onset, and struck forward with strong arms.  
Meantime the furious Mars involved the field

In darkness, to befriend the sons of Troy, 635  
And went through all the ranks, and well fulfilled

The mandate which Apollo gave the god  
Who wields the golden falchion, bidding him  
Kindle the courage of the Trojan host

Whene'er he saw the auxiliar of the Greeks, 640  
Minerva, leave the combat. Then the god

Brought from the sanctuary's inner shrine  
Æneas, — filling with recovered strength  
That shepherd of the people. He beside

His comrades placed himself, and they rejoiced 645  
To see him living and unharmed and strong

As ever ; yet they questioned not ; their task  
Was different, set them by the god who bears  
The silver bow, and Mars the slayer of men,

And raging Strife that never is appeased. 650

    The Ajaces and Ulysses and the son  
Of Tydeus roused the Achaians to the fight.  
For of the strength and clamor of the foe  
They felt no fear, but calmly stood, to bide  
The assault ; as stand in air the quiet clouds 655  
Which Saturn's son upon the mountain-tops  
Piles in still volumes when the north wind sleeps,  
And every ruder breath of blustering air  
That drives the gathered vapors through the sky.  
Thus calmly waited they the Trojan host, 660  
Nor thought of flight. And now Atrides passed  
In haste along their ranks, and gave command : —

    “ O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,  
And let no warrior in the heat of fight  
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes ; 665  
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe  
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee  
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.”

    So spake the king, and hurled his spear and smote  
Deïcoön, the son of Pergasis, 670  
A chief, and a companion in the war  
Of the great-souled Æneas. He in Troy  
Was honored as men honored Priam's sons,  
For he was ever foremost in the fight. 674  
The weapon struck his shield, yet stopped not there,  
But, breaking through its folds and through the belt,  
Transfixed the part beneath. The Trojan fell  
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall.

Æneas slew the sons of Diocles, —  
 Orsilochus and Crethon, eminent Greeks. 690  
 Their father dwelt in Pheræ nobly built,  
 Amid his riches. From Alpheius he  
 Derived his race, — a river whose long stream  
 Flows through the meadows of the Pylian land.  
 Orsilochus was to Alpheius born, 685  
 Lord over many men, and he became  
 The father of great Diocles, to whom  
 Twin sons were born, well trained in all the arts  
 Of warfare, — Crethon and Orsilochus.  
 These, in the prime of youth, with their black ships  
 Followed the Argives to the coast of Troy 691  
 Famed for its generous steeds. They left their home  
 To vindicate the honor of the sons  
 Of Atreus, — Agamemnon, king of men,  
 And Menelaus, — but they found their death. 695  
 As two young lions, nourished by their dam  
 Amid the thickets of some mighty wood,  
 Seizing the beeves and fattened sheep, lay waste  
 The stables, till at length themselves are slain  
 By trenchant weapons in the shepherd's hand, 700  
 So by the weapons of Æneas died  
 These twain ; they fell as lofty fir-trees fall.  
 But now, when Menelaus saw their fate,  
 The mighty warrior, deeply sorrowing, rushed  
 Among the foremost, armed in glittering brass, 705  
 And brandishing his spear ; for Mars had roused  
 His soul to fury, trusting he would meet

Æneas, and would perish by his hand.  
Antilochus, the generous Nestor's son,  
Came also to the van, for anxiously 718  
He feared mischance might overtake the king,  
To make the toils of their long warfare vain ;  
And there he found the combatants prepared  
For battle, with their trusty spears in hand,  
And standing face to face. At once he took 725  
His stand beside the monarch of the Greeks.  
At sight of the two warriors side by side,  
All valiant as he was, Æneas shunned  
The encounter. They, when they had drawn the dead  
Among the Grecian ranks, and to their friends 729  
Given up the hapless brothers, turned to take  
Their place among the foremost in the fight.  
Then, too, Pylæmenes, a chief like Mars,  
And leader of the Paphlagonian host, —  
A valiant squadron armed with shields, — was slain.  
Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield 736  
The javelin, gave his death-wound. He transfixed  
The shoulder at the collar-bone. Meanwhile  
Antilochus against his charioteer,  
Mydon, the brave son of Atymnias, hurled 739  
A stone that smote his elbow as he wheeled  
His firm-paced steeds in flight. He dropped the  
reins,  
Gleaming with ivory as they trailed in dust.  
Antilochus leaped forward, smiting him  
Upon the temples with his sword. He fell 735

Gasping amidst the sand, his head immersed  
Up to his shoulders, — for the sand was deep, —  
And there remained till he was beaten down  
Before the horses' hoofs. Antilochus,  
Lashing the horses, drave them to the Greeks. 740

Hector beheld, and, springing with loud shouts,  
Stood mid the wavering ranks. The phalanxes  
Of the brave Trojans followed him, for Mars  
And terrible Bellona led them on, —  
Bellona bringing Tumult in her train, 745  
And Mars with brandished lance — a mighty  
weight —

Now stalking after Hector, now before.

Him when the valiant Diomed beheld,  
He trembled ; and, as one who, journeying  
Along a way he knows not, having crossed 750  
A place of drear extent, before him sees  
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,  
And all its tossing current white with foam,  
And stops and turns, and measures back his way,  
So then did Diomed withdraw, and spake : — 755

“ O friends, how greatly must we all admire  
This noble Hector, mighty with the spear  
And terrible in war. There is some god  
Forever near him, warding off the stroke  
Of death ; beside him yonder even now 760  
Stands Mars in semblance of a mortal man.  
Yield, then, and with your faces toward the foe  
Fall back, and strive not with the gods of heaven.”

Even as he spake, the Trojan host drew near,  
And Hector slew two warriors trained to arms, —  
Menesthes and Anchialus, — who came 766  
Both in one chariot to the war. Their fall  
Ajax, the son of Telamon, beheld,  
And pitied, and drew near, and stood, and hurled  
His glittering spear. It smote Ampheius, son 770  
Of Selagus, who, rich in lands and goods,  
Abode in Pæsus. In an evil hour  
He joined the cause of Priam and his sons.  
Him at the belt the spear of Ajax smote,  
With a crash he fell. 775  
Then hastened mighty Ajax to strip off  
The armor, but the Trojans at him cast  
Their pointed spears that glittered as they flew,  
And many struck his shield. He pressed his heel  
Against the slain, and from the body drew 780  
His brazen spear, but could not from the breast  
Loose the bright mail, so thick the weapons came,  
And such the wary dread with which he saw  
The bravest of the Trojans closing round, 784  
Many and fierce, and all with spears outstretched ;  
And he, though strong and valiant and renowned,  
Driven from the ground, gave way to mightier force  
So toiled the warriors through that stubborn fight,  
When cruel fate urged on Tlepolemus,  
The great and valiant son of Hercules, 790  
To meet Sarpedon, mighty as a god.  
And now as each to each advanced, — the son

And grandson of the cloud-compeller Jove, —  
Thus first Tlepolemus addressed his foe : —

“ Sarpedon, Lycian monarch, what has brought 795  
Thee hither, trembling thus, and inexpert  
In battle? Lying flatterers are they  
That call thee son of Jupiter who bears  
The ægis ; for unlike the heroes thou,  
Born to the Thunderer in times of old, 800  
Nor like my daring father, Hercules  
The lion-hearted, who once came to Troy  
To claim the coursers of Laomedon.  
With but six ships, and warriors but a few,  
He laid the city waste and made its streets 805  
A desolation. Thou art weak of heart,  
And round thee are thy people perishing ;  
Yet, even wert thou brave, thy presence here  
From Lycia's coast would prove of small avail  
To Troy ; for, slain in combat here by me, 810  
Thou to the gates of Hades shalt go down.”

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, thus  
Made answer : “ True it is, Tlepolemus,  
That he laid waste the sacred city of Troy  
For the base dealings of Laomedon, 815  
The monarch who with railing words repaid  
His great deservings, and kept back the steeds  
For which he came so far. But thou — thy fate  
Is slaughter and black death from this my spear ;  
And fame will come to me, and one more soul 820  
Go down to Hades.” As Sarpedon spake,



Tlepolemus upraised his ashen spear,  
And from the hands of both the chiefs at once  
Their massive weapons flew. Sarpedon smote  
Full in the throat his foe ; the cruel point 825  
Passed through the neck, and night came o'er his  
eyes.

Tlepolemus, in turn, on the left thigh  
Had struck Sarpedon with his ponderous lance.  
The weapon, cast with vigorous hand and arm,  
Pierced deep, and touched the bone ; but Jupiter 830  
Averted from his son the doom of death.

His noble comrades raised and bore away  
The great Sarpedon from the battle-field,  
Trailing the long spear with them. Bitter pain  
It gave him ; in their haste they marked it not, 835  
Nor thought to draw the ashen weapon forth,  
That he might mount the car ; so eagerly  
His anxious bearers hurried from the war.

On the other side the well-armed Greeks took up  
The slain Tlepolemus, to bear him thence. 840  
The great Ulysses, large of soul, beheld,  
And felt his spirit moved, as anxiously  
He pondered whether to pursue the son  
Of Jove the Thunderer, or turn and take  
The life of many a Lycian. Yet to slay 845  
Jove's mighty son was not his destiny,  
And therefore Pallas moved him to engage  
The crowd of Lycian warriors. Then he slew  
Cœranus and Alastor, Chromius,

Alcander, Halius, and Prytanis

85d

Noëmon ; and yet more the noble Greek  
Had slain, if crested Hector, mighty chief,  
Had not perceived the havoc and, arrayed  
In shining armor, hurried to the van  
Of battle, carrying terror to the hearts  
Of the Achaïans. As he saw him near,  
Sarpedon was rejoiced, yet sadly said :—

85e

“ O son of Priam, leave me not a prey  
To these Achaïans. Aid me, let me breathe  
My latest breath in Troy, since I no more  
Can hope, returning to my native land,  
To gladden my dear wife and little son.”

86c

He spake, and crested Hector answered not,  
Still pressing forward, eager to drive back  
The Greeks in quick retreat, and take the life  
Of many a foe. Then did the noble band  
Who bore the great Sarpedon lay him down  
Beneath a shape'ly beech, a tree of Jove  
The Ægis-bearer. There stout Pelagon,  
His well-beloved comrade, from his thigh  
Drew forth the sharp blade of the ashen spear.  
Then the breath left him, and his eyes were closed  
In darkness ; but the light came back again  
As, breathing over him, the fresh north wind  
Revived the spirit in his laboring breast.

86g

87d

But not for Mars nor Hector mailed in brass  
Fled the Achaïans to their fleet ; nor yet  
Advanced they on the foe, but step by step

Gave way before him, for they had perceived  
The god of war was with the sons of 'Troy. 880

Whom first, whom last did Hector, Priam's son,  
And iron Mars lay low? The godlike chief  
Teuthras, and — great among the Grecian knights —  
Orestes, and the Ætolian Trechus, famed  
As spearman, and CEnomaus, and the son  
Of CEnops, Helemes, and after these  
Belted Oresbius, who in Hyla made  
His home, intent on gathering wealth beside  
The Lake Cephissus, on whose borders dwelt  
Bœotians many, lords of fertile lands. 800

The white-armed goddess Juno, when she saw  
The Argives falling in that cruel fray,  
Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words : —

“ O thou unconquerable goddess, born  
To Jove the Ægis-bearer ! what is this? 895  
It was an idle promise that we made  
To Menelaus, that he should behold  
Troy, with its strong defences, overthrown,  
And reach his home again, if thus we leave  
Mars the destroyer to his ravages. 900  
Come, let us bring our friends effectual aid.”

So spake she, and her bidding was obeyed  
By blue-eyed Pallas. Juno the august,  
Daughter of mighty Saturn, laid in haste  
The harness, with its ornaments of gold, 905  
Upon the horses. Hebe rolled the wheels,  
Each with eight spokes, and joined them to the ends

Of the steel axle, — fellies wrought of gold,  
Bound with a brazen rim to last for aye, —  
A wonder to behold. The hollow naves 910  
Were silver, and on gold and silver cords  
Was slung the chariot's seat ; in silver hooks  
Rested the reins, and silver was the pole  
Where the fair yoke and poitrels, all of gold,  
Were fastened. Juno, eager for the strife, 915  
Led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke.

Then Pallas, daughter of the god who bears  
The ægis, on her father's palace-floor  
Let fall in dainty folds her flowing robe  
Of many colors, wrought by her own hand, 920  
And, putting on the mail of Jupiter  
The Cloud-compeller, stood arrayed in arms  
For the stern tasks of war. Her shoulder bore  
The dreadful ægis with its shaggy brim  
Bordered with Terror. There was Strife, and there  
Was Fortitude, and there was fierce Pursuit, 925  
And there the Gorgon's head, a ghastly sight,  
Deformed and dreadful, and a sign of woe  
When borne by Jupiter. Upon her head  
She placed a golden helmet with four crests 930  
And fair embossed, of strength that might withstand  
The armed battalions of a hundred towns ;  
Then stepped into her shining car, and took  
Her massive spear in hand, heavy and huge,  
With which whole ranks of heroes are o'erthrown 935  
Before the daughter of the Mighty One

Incensed against them. Juno swung the lash  
 And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,  
 On sounding hinges, of their own accord,  
 Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore 940  
 The Hours are watching,—they who keep the mount  
 Olympus and the mighty heaven, with power  
 To open or to close their cloudy veil.  
 Thus through the gates they drave the obedient  
 steeds,

And found Saturnius, where he sat apart 945  
 From other gods, upon the loftiest height  
 Of many-peaked Olympus. Juno there,  
 The white-armed goddess, stayed her chariot-wheels,  
 And, thus accosting Jove, she questioned him :—

“ O Father Jupiter, does not thy wrath 950  
 Rise at those violent deeds of Mars? Thou seest  
 How many of the Achaians he has slain,  
 And what brave men. Nay, thus it should not be.  
 Great grief is mine ; but Venus and the god  
 Phœbus, who bears the silver bow, rejoice 955  
 To see this lawless maniac range the field,  
 And urge him on. O Father Jupiter,  
 Wilt thou be angry with me if I drive  
 Mars, sorely wounded, from the battle-field ? ”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied : — 960  
 “ Thou hast my leave ; but send to encounter him  
 Pallas the spoiler, who has many a time  
 Brought grievous troubles on the god of war.”

He spake, and white-armed Juno instantly

Obedied him. With the scourges she lashed the steeds,  
And not unwillingly they flew between 966  
Earth and the starry heaven. As much of space  
As one who gazes on the dark-blue deep  
Sees from the headland summit where he sits —  
Such space the coursers of immortal breed 970  
Cleared at each bound they made with sounding  
hoofs ;

And when they came to Ilium and its streams,  
Where Simoïs and Scamander's channels meet,  
The white-armed goddess Juno stayed their speed,  
And loosed them from the yoke, and covered them  
With darkness. Simoïs ministered, meanwhile, 976  
The ambrosial pasturage on which they fed.

On went the goddesses, with step as light  
As timid doves, and hastened toward the field  
To aid the Achaian army. When they came 980  
Where fought the bravest warriors in a throng  
Around the great horse-tamer Diomed,  
Like ravenous lions or wild boars whose rage  
Is terrible, the white-armed goddess stood,  
And called aloud, — for now she wore the form 985  
Of gallant Stentor, in whose brazen voice  
Was heard a shout like that of fifty men : —

“Shame on you, Argives, — wretches, who in form,  
And form alone, are heroes. While we yet  
Had great Achilles in the war, the men 990  
Of Ilium dared not pass beyond their gates,  
So much they feared his mighty spear ; but now

They push the battle to our hollow ships,  
Far from the town." As thus the goddess spake.  
New strength and courage woke in every breast. 99

Then blue-eyed Pallas hastened to the son  
Of Tydeus. By his steeds she found the king,  
And by his chariot, as he cooled the wound  
Made by the shaft of Pandarus. The sweat  
Beneath the ample band of his round shield 100  
Had weakened him, and weary was his arm.  
He raised the band, and from the wounded limb  
Wiped off the clotted blood. The goddess laid  
Her hand upon the chariot-yoke, and said :—

"Tydeus hath left a son unlike himself ; 1005  
For he, though low in stature, was most brave ;  
And when he went, an envoy and alone,  
To Thebes, the populous Cadmean town,  
And I, enjoining him to keep aloof  
From wars and rash encounters, bade him sit 1010  
Quietly at the feasts in palace-halls,  
Still, to his valiant temper true, he gave  
Challenges to the Theban youths, and won  
The prize with ease in all their games, such aid  
I gave him. Now I stand by thee in turn, 1015  
Protect thee, and exhort thee manfully  
To fight against the Trojans ; but to-day  
Either the weariness of toil unnerves  
Thy frame, or withering fear besets thy heart.  
Henceforth we cannot deem thee, as of late, 1020  
The offspring of CEnides skilled in war."

And then the valiant Diomed replied : —

“ I know thee, goddess, daughter of great Jove  
The Ægis-bearer ; therefore will I speak  
Freely and keep back nothing. No base fear 1025  
Unmans me, nor desire of ease ; but well  
I bear in mind the mandate thou hast given.  
Thou didst forbid me to contend with gods,  
Except that if Jove’s daughter, Venus, joined  
The battle, I might wound her with my spear. 1030  
But now I have withdrawn, and given command  
That all the Greeks come hither ; for I see  
That Mars is in the field and leads the war.”

Again the blue-eyed Pallas, answering, said : —

“ Tydides Diomed, most dear of men, 1035  
Nay, fear thou nothing from this Mars, nor yet  
From any other of the gods ; for I  
Will be thy sure defence. First urge thy course  
Full against Mars, with thy firm-footed steeds.  
Engage him hand to hand ; respect him not, — 1040  
The fiery, frantic Mars, the unnatural plague  
Of man, the fickle god, who promised me  
And Juno, lately, to take part with us  
Against the Trojans and befriend the Greeks.  
Now he forgets, and joins the sons of Troy.” 1045

She spake, and laid her hand on Sthenelus,  
To draw him from the horses ; instantly  
He leaped to earth ; the indignant deity  
Took by the side of Diomed her place ;  
The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight 1050



Of that great goddess and that man of might.  
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,  
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drave  
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew  
Huge Periphas, the mightiest one of all 1055  
The Ætolian band, — Ochesius' famous son.  
While bloody-handed Mars was busy yet  
About the slain, Minerva hid her face  
In Pluto's helmet, that the god might fail  
To see her. As that curse of humankind 1060  
Beheld the approach of noble Diomed,  
He left the corpse of Periphas unspoiled  
Where he had fallen, and where he breathed his  
last,

And came in haste to meet the Grecian knight.  
And now, when they were near, and face to face, 1065  
Mars o'er the chariot-yoke and horses' reins  
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take  
His enemy's life ; but Pallas with her hand  
Caught it and turned it, so that it flew by  
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed 1070  
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,  
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist  
Where girded by the baldric. In that part  
She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,  
And drew the weapon back. The furious god 1075  
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,  
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.  
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,

To hear that terrible cry of him whose thirst  
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood. 1080

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled  
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds  
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars  
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud  
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home 1085  
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove  
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed  
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,  
And thus, with wingèd words, complaining said : —

“ O Father Jupiter ! does not thy wrath 1090  
Rise at these violent deeds ? ’T is ever thus  
That we, the gods, must suffer grievously  
From our own rivalry in favoring man ;  
And yet the blame of all this strife is thine,  
For thou hast a mad daughter, ever wrong, 1095  
And ever bent on mischief. All the rest  
Of the immortals dwelling on this mount  
Obey thee and are subject to thy will.  
Her only thou hast never yet restrained  
By word or act, but dost indulge her freaks 1100  
Because the pestilent creature is thy child.  
And now she moves the insolent Diomed  
To raise his hand against the immortal gods.  
And first he wounded Venus in the wrist,  
Contending hand to hand ; and then he sought 1105  
To encounter me in arms, as if he were  
The equal of a god. My own swift feet

Carried me thence, else might I long have lain,  
 In anguish, under heaps of carcasses,  
 Or helplessly been mangled by his sword." 1120

The Cloud-compeller, Jove, replied, and frowned:  
 "Come not to me, thou changeling, to complain.  
 Of all the gods upon the Olympian mount  
 I like thee least, who ever dost delight  
 In broils and wars and battles. Thou art like 1125  
 Thy mother Juno, headstrong and perverse.  
 Her I can scarcely rule by strict commands,  
 And what thou sufferest now, I deem, is due  
 To her bad counsels. Yet 't is not my will  
 That thou shouldst suffer longer, who dost share 1130  
 My lineage, whom thy mother bore to me.  
 But wert thou born, destroyer as thou art,  
 To any other god, thou hadst long since  
 Lain lower than the sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and to Pæon gave command 1135  
 To heal the wound ; and Pæon bathed the part  
 With pain-dispelling balsams, and it healed ;  
 For Mars was not to die. As, when the juice  
 Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,  
 The liquid gathers into clots while yet 1140  
 It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed  
 The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed  
 The god, and robed him richly, and he took  
 His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.

Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars. 1145  
 To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,

With Pallas, her invincible ally,  
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

## BOOK VI.

NOW from that stubborn conflict of the Greeks  
And Trojans had the gods withdrawn. The  
fight

Of men encountering men with brazen spears  
Still raged from place to place upon the plain  
Between the Xanthus and the Simoïs. 5

And first of all did Ajax Telamon,  
The bulwark of the Achæians, break the ranks  
Of Troy and raise the hopes of those who fought  
Beside him ; for he smote the bravest man  
Of all the Thracian warriors, — Acamas, 10  
Son of Eussorus, strong and large of limb.  
His spear-head, through the plumed helmet's cone  
Entering the forehead of the Thracian, pierced  
The bone, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.  
The valiant Diomed slew Axylus, 15  
The son of Teuthras. To the war he came  
From nobly-built Arisba ; great his wealth,  
And greatly was he loved, for courteously  
He welcomed to his house beside the way  
All comers. None of these could interpose 20  
Between him and his death, for Diomed

Slew him and his attendant charioteer,  
Calysius ; both went down below the earth.

And then Euryalus struck Dresus down,  
And smote Opheltius, and went on to slay 25  
Æsepus and his brother Pedasus ;—

A river-nymph, Abarbareïa, bore  
Both children to Bucolion the renowned.  
Bucolion was the eldest of the sons

Of great Laomedon. His mother reared 30  
The boy in secret. While he fed his sheep,  
He with the river-nymph was joined in love  
And marriage, and she bore him twins ; and these,  
Brave and of shapely limb, Mecisteus' son  
Struck down, and from their shoulders tore the mail.

The warlike Polypoetes overthrew 35  
Astyalus ; Ulysses smote to earth  
Pidytes the Percosian with the spear,  
And Teucer Aretaon, nobly born.

The glittering javelin of Antilochus, 40  
The son of Nestor, laid Ablerus low ;  
And Agamemnon, king of men, struck down  
Elatus, who on lofty Pedasus

Dwelt, by the smoothly flowing Satnio's stream.

Brave Leïtus slew Phylacus in flight, 45  
And by Eurypylus Melanthius fell.

Then valiant Menelaus took alive  
Adrastus, whose two coursers, as they scoured  
The plain in terror, struck against a branch  
Of tamarisk, and, there entangled, snapped 50

The chariot pole, and, breaking from it, fled  
 Whither were others fleeing. From the car  
 Adrastus to the dust beside the wheel  
 Fell, on his face. There, lifting his huge spear,  
 Atrides Menelaus o'er him stood. 55

Adrastus clasped the warrior's knees and said :—

“O son of Atreus, take me prisoner,  
 And thou shalt have large ransom. In the house  
 Of my rich father ample treasures lie, —  
 Brass, gold, and tempered steel, — and he shall send  
 Gifts without end when he shall hear that I 61  
 Am spared alive and in the Grecian fleet.”

He spake, and moved the conqueror, who now  
 Was minded to give charge that one among  
 His comrades to the Grecian fleet should lead 64  
 The captive. Agamemnon came in haste,  
 And, lifting up his voice, rebuked him thus :—

“O Menelaus, soft of heart, why thus  
 Art thou concerned for men like these? In sooth,  
 Great are the benefits thy household owes 70  
 The Trojans. Nay, let none of them escape  
 The doom of swift destruction by our hands.

• • • • •

He spake ; the timely admonition changed  
 The purpose of his brother, who thrust back  
 The suppliant hero with his hand ; and then  
 King Agamemnon smote him through the loins,

And prone on earth he fell. Upon the breast 80  
Of the slain man Atrides placed his heel,  
And from the body drew the ashen spear.

Then Nestor to the Argives called aloud : —  
“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars !  
Let no man here through eagerness for spoil 85  
Linger behind the rest, that he may bear  
Much plunder to the ships ; but let us first  
Strike down our enemies, and afterward  
At leisure strip the bodies of the dead.”

Thus speaking, he revived in every breast 90  
Courage and zeal. Then had the men of Troy  
Sought refuge from the Greeks within their walls,  
O’ercome by abject fear, if Helenus,  
The son of Priam, and of highest note  
Among the augurs, had not made his way 95  
To Hector and Æneas, speaking thus : —

“ O Hector and Æneas, since on you  
Is laid the mighty labor to command  
The Trojans and the Lycians, — for the first  
Are ye in battle, and in council first, — 100  
Here make your stand, and haste from side to side,  
Rallying your scattered ranks, lest they betake  
Themselves to flight, and, rushing to their wives,  
Become the scorn and laughter of the foe.  
And then, so soon as ye shall have revived 105  
The courage of your men, we here will bide  
The conflict with the Greeks, though closely pressed ;  
For so we must. But, Hector, thou depart

To Troy and seek the mother of us both,  
 And bid her call the honored Trojan dames 110  
 To where the blue-eyed Pallas has her fane,  
 In the high citadel, and with a key  
 Open the hallowed doors, and let her bring  
 What she shall deem the fairest of the robes,  
 And amplest, in her palace, and the one 115  
 She prizes most, and lay it on the knees  
 Of the bright-haired Minerva. Let her make  
 A vow to offer to the goddess there  
 Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne  
 The yoke, if she in mercy will regard 120  
 The city, and the wives and little ones  
 Of its defenders ; if she will protect  
 Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son  
 Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee,  
 And whom I deem the bravest of the Greeks. 125  
 For not so greatly have we held in dread  
 Achilles, the great leader, whom they call  
 The goddess-born ; but terrible in wrath  
 Is Diomed, nor hath his peer in might."

He spake, and Hector of his brother's words 130  
 Was not unmindful. Instantly he leaped,  
 Armed, from his chariot, shaking his sharp spears ;  
 And everywhere among the host he went,  
 Exhorting them to combat manfully ;  
 And thus he kindled the fierce fight anew. 135  
 They, turning from the flight, withstood the Greeks.  
 The Greeks fell back and ceased to slay ; they  
 thought



That one of the immortals had come down  
From out the starry heaven to help the men  
Of Troy, so suddenly they turned and fought. 140  
Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ O valiant sons of Troy, and ye allies  
Summoned from far ! Be men, my friends ; call back  
Your wonted valor, while I go to Troy  
To ask the aged men, our counsellors, 145  
And all our wives, to come before the gods  
And pray and offer vows of sacrifice.”

So the plumed Hector spake, and then withdrew,  
While the black fell that edged his bossy shield  
Struck on his neck and ankles as he went. 150

Now came into the midst between the hosts  
Glaucus, the offspring of Hippolochus,  
And met the son of Tydeus, — both intent  
On combat. But when now the twain were near,  
And ready to engage, brave Diomed 155  
Spake first, and thus addressed his enemy : —

“ Who mayst thou be, of mortal men ? Most brave  
Art thou, yet never in the glorious fight  
Have I beheld thee. Thou surpassesest now  
All others in thy daring, since thou com'st 160  
Within the reach of my long spear. The sons  
Of most unhappy men are they who meet  
My arm ; but — if thou comest from above,  
A god — I war not with the gods of heaven ;  
For even brave Lycurgus lived not long, 165  
The son of Dryas, who engaged in strife

With the celestial gods. He once pursued  
 The nurses of the frantic Bacchus through  
 The hallowed ground of Nyssa. All at once  
 They flung to earth their sacred implements, 170  
 Lycurgus the man-slayer beating them  
 With an ox-driver's goad. Then Bacchus fled  
 And plunged into the sea, where Thetis hid  
 The trembler in her bosom, for he shook  
 With panic at the hero's angry threats. 175  
 Thenceforward were the blessed deities  
 Wroth with Lycurgus. Him did Saturn's son  
 Strike blind, and after that he lived not long,  
 For he was held in hate by all the gods.  
 So will I never with the gods contend. 180

But if thou be indeed of mortal race,  
 And nourished by the fruits of earth, draw near ;  
 And quickly shalt thou pass the gates of death."

Hippolochus's son, the far-renowned,  
 Made answer thus : "O large-souled Diomed, 185  
 Why ask my lineage ? Like the race of leaves  
 Is that of humankind. Upon the ground  
 The winds strew one year's leaves ; the sprouting  
 grove

Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow  
 In the spring season. So it is with man : 190  
 One generation grows while one decays.  
 Yet since thou takest heed of things like these,  
 And askest whence I sprang, — although to most  
 My birth is not unknown, — there is a town

Lapped in the pasture-grounds where graze the  
steeds

195

Of Argos, Ephyra by name, and there  
Dwelt Sisyphus Æolides, most shrewd  
Of men ; his son was Glaucus, and the son  
Of Glaucus was the good Bellerophon,  
To whom the gods gave beauty and the grace 200  
Of winning manners. Prætus sought his death  
And banished him, for Prætus was the chief  
Among the Argives ; Jupiter had made  
That people subject to his rule. The wife  
Of Prætus, nobly-born Anteia, sought 205  
With passionate desire his secret love,  
But failed to entice, with all her blandishments,  
The virtuous and discreet Bellerophon.  
Therefore went she to Prætus with a lie, —

“ ‘ Die, Prætus, thou, or put Bellerophon 210  
To death, for he has offered force to me.’

“The monarch hearkened, and was moved to  
wrath ;

And then he would not slay him, for his soul  
Revolted at the deed ; he sent him thence  
To Lycia, with a fatal tablet, sealed, 215  
With things of deadly import writ therein,  
Meant for Anteia's father, in whose hand  
Bellerophon must place it, and be made  
To perish. So at Lycia he arrived  
Under the favoring guidance of the gods ; 220  
And when he came where Lycian Xanthus flows,

The king of that broad realm received his guest  
With hospitable welcome, feasting him  
Nine days, and offering up in sacrifice  
Nine oxen. But when rosy-fingered Morn 225  
Appeared for the tenth time, he questioned him  
And bade him show the token he had brought  
From Proetus. When the monarch had beheld  
The fatal tablet from his son-in-law,  
The first command he gave him was, to slay 230  
Heaven-born Chimæra, the invincible.  
No human form was hers : a lion she  
In front, a dragon in the hinder parts,  
And in the midst a goat, and terribly  
Her nostrils breathed a fierce, consuming flame ; 235  
Yet, trusting in the portents of the gods,  
He slew her. Then it was his second task  
To combat with the illustrious Solymi, —  
The hardest battle he had ever fought —  
So he declared — with men ; and then he slew —  
His third exploit — the man-like Amazons. 241  
Then he returned to Lycia ; on his way  
The monarch laid a treacherous snare. He chose  
From his wide Lycian realm the bravest men  
To lie in ambush for him. Never one 245  
Of these came home again, — Bellerophon  
The matchless slew them all. And when the king  
Saw that he was the offspring of a god,  
He kept him near him, giving him to wife  
His daughter, and dividing with him all 250

His kingly honors, while the Lycians set  
Their richest fields apart — a goodly spot,  
Ploughlands and vineyards — for the prince to till.  
And she who now became his wife brought forth  
Three children to the sage Bellerophon, — 255  
Isandrus and Hippolochus ; and, last,  
Laodameia, who in secret bore  
To all-providing Jupiter a son, —  
Godlike Sarpedon, eminent in arms.  
But when Bellerophon upon himself 260  
Had drawn the anger of the gods, he roamed  
The Alcian fields alone, a prey to thoughts  
That wasted him, and shunning every haunt  
Of humankind. The god whose lust of strife  
Is never sated, Mars, cut off his son 265  
Isandrus, warring with the illustrious race  
Of Solymi ; and Dian, she who guides  
Her car with golden reins, in anger slew  
His daughter. I am of Hippolochus ;  
From him I claim my birth. He sent me forth 270  
To Troy with many counsels and commands,  
Ever to bear myself like a brave man,  
And labor to excel, and never bring  
Dishonor on the stock from which I sprang, —  
The bravest stock by far in Ephyra 275  
And the wide realm of Lycia. 'T is my boast  
To be of such a race and such a blood."

He spake. The warlike Diomed was glad,  
And, planting in the foodful earth his spear,

Addressed the people's shepherd blandly thus :—

“ Most surely thou art my ancestral guest ; 271  
 For noble Æneus once within his halls  
 Received the blameless chief Bellerophon,  
 And kept him twenty days, and they bestowed  
 Gifts on each other, such as host and guest 285  
 Exchange ; a purple baldric Æneus gave  
 Of dazzling color, and Bellerophon  
 A double golden goblet ; this I left  
 Within my palace when I came to Troy.  
 Of Tydeus I remember nothing, since 290  
 He left me, yet a little child, and went  
 To Thebes, where perished such a host of Greeks.  
 Henceforward I will be thy host and friend  
 In Argos ; thou shalt be the same to me  
 In Lycia when I visit Lycia's towns ; 295  
 And let us in the tumult of the fray  
 Avoid each other's spears, for there will be  
 Of Trojans and of their renowned allies  
 Enough for me to slay whene'er a god  
 Shall bring them in my way. In turn for thee 300  
 Are many Greeks to smite whomever thou  
 Canst overcome. Let us exchange our arms,  
 That even these may see that thou and I  
 Regard each other as ancestral guests.”

Thus having said, and leaping from their cars, 305  
 They clasped each other's hands and pledged their  
 faith.

Then did the son of Saturn take away

The judging mind of Glaucus, when he gave  
His arms of gold away for arms of brass  
Worn by Tydides Diomed, — the worth 311  
Of fivescore oxen for the worth of nine.

And now had Hector reached the Scæan gates  
And beechen tree. Around him flocked the wives  
And daughters of the Trojans eagerly ;  
Tidings of sons and brothers they required, 315  
And friends and husbands. He admonished all  
Duly to importune the gods in prayer,  
For woe, he said, was near to many a one.

And then he came to Priam's noble hall, —  
A palace built with graceful porticos, 320  
And fifty chambers near each other, walled  
With polished stone, the rooms of Priam's sons  
And of their wives ; and opposite to these  
Twelve chambers for his daughters, also near  
Each other ; and, with polished marble walls, 325  
The sleeping-rooms of Priam's sons-in-law  
And their unblemished consorts. There he met  
His gentle mother on her way to seek  
Her fairest child, Laodice. She took 329  
His hand and held it fast, while thus she spake : —

“ Why art thou come, my child, and why hast left  
The raging fight ? Full hard these hateful Greeks  
Press us, in fighting round the city-walls.  
Thy heart, I know, hath moved thee to repair  
To our high citadel, and lift thy hands 335  
In prayer to Jupiter. But stay thou here

Till I bring pleasant wine, that thou mayst pour  
A part to Jove and to the other gods,  
And drink and be refreshed ; for wine restores  
Strength to the weary, and I know that thou 340  
Art weary, fighting for thy countrymen."

Great Hector of the crested helm replied : —  
" My honored mother, bring not pleasant wine,  
Lest that unman me, and my wonted might  
And valor leave me. I should fear to pour 345  
Dark wine to Jupiter with hands unwashed.  
Nor is it fitting that a man like me,  
Defiled with blood and battle-dust, should make  
Vows to the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son.  
But thou, with incense, seek the temple reared 350  
To Pallas the despoiler, — calling first  
Our honored dames together. Take with thee  
What thou shalt deem the fairest of the robes,  
And amplest, in thy palace, and the one  
Thou prizest most, and lay it on the knees 355  
Of the bright-haired Minerva. Make a vow  
To offer to the goddess in her fane  
Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne  
The yoke, if she in mercy will regard  
The city, and the wives and little ones 360  
Of its defenders ; if she will protect  
Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son  
Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee.  
So to the shrine of Pallas, warrior-queen,  
Do thou repair, while I depart to seek 365



Paris, if he will listen to my voice.  
Would that the earth might open where he stands,  
And swallow him ! Olympian Jupiter  
Reared him to be the bane of all who dwell  
In Troy, to large-souled Priam and his sons. 374  
Could I behold him sinking to the shades,  
My heart would lose its sense of bitter woe."

He spake. His mother, turning homeward, gave  
Charge to her handmaids, who through all the town  
Passed, summoning the matrons, while the queen 375  
Descended to her chamber, where the air  
Was sweet with perfumes, and in which were laid  
Her rich embroidered robes, the handiwork  
Of Sidon's damsels, whom her son had brought —  
The godlike Alexander — from the coast 380  
Of Sidon, when across the mighty deep  
He sailed and brought the high-born Helen thence.  
One robe, most beautiful of all, she chose,  
To bring to Pallas, ampler than the rest,  
And many-hued ; it glistened like a star, 385  
And lay beneath them all. Then hastily  
She left the chamber with the matron train.

They reached Minerva's temple, and its gates  
Were opened by Theano, rosy-cheeked,  
The knight Antenor's wife and Cisseus' child, 390  
Made priestess to the goddess by the sons  
Of Troy. Then all the matrons lifted up  
Their voices and stretched forth their suppliant hands  
To Pallas, while the fair Theano took

The robe and spread its folds upon the lap 395  
Of fair-haired Pallas, and with solemn vows  
Prayed to the daughter of imperial Jove : —

“ O venerated Pallas, Guardian-Power  
Of Troy, great goddess ! shatter thou the lance  
Of Diomed, and let him fall in death 400  
Before the Scæan gates, that we forthwith  
May offer to thee in thy temple here  
Twelve yearling heifers that have never worn  
The yoke, if thou wilt pity us and spare  
The wives of Trojans and their little ones.” 405

So spake she, supplicating ; but her prayer  
Minerva answered not ; and while they made  
Vows to the daughter of Almighty Jove,  
Hector was hastening to the sumptuous home  
Of Alexander. which that prince had built 410  
With aid of the most cunning architects  
In Troy the fruitful, by whose hands were made  
The bed-chamber and hall and ante-room.  
There entered Hector, dear to Jove ; he bore  
In hand a spear eleven cubits long : 415  
The brazen spear-head glittered brightly, bound  
With a gold circle. In his room he there  
Found Paris, busied with his shining arms, —  
Corselet and shield ; he tried his curvèd bow ;  
While Argive Helen with the attendant maids 420  
Was sitting, and appointed each a task.  
Hector beheld, and chid him sharply thus : —

“ Strange man ! a fitting time indeed is this,

To indulge thy sullen humor, while in fight  
Around our lofty walls the men of Troy 425  
Are perishing, and for thy sake the war  
Is fiercely blazing all around our town.  
Thou wouldst thyself reprove him, shouldst thou see  
Another warrior as remiss as thou  
In time of battle. Rouse thee, then, and act, 430  
Lest we behold our city all in flames." ))

Then answered Paris of the godlike form : —  
"Hector ! although thou justly chidest me,  
And not beyond my due, yet let me speak.  
Attend and hearken. Not in sullenness, 435  
Nor angry with the Trojans, sat I here  
Within my chamber, but that I might give  
A loose to sorrow. Even now my wife  
With gentle speeches has besought of me  
That I return to battle ; and to me 440  
That seems the best, for oft doth victory  
Change sides in war. Remain thou yet awhile,  
Till I put on my armor ; or go thou,  
And I shall follow and rejoin thee soon."

He ended. Hector of the beamy helm 445  
Heard him, and answered not ; but Helen spake,  
And thus with soothing words addressed the chief : —

"Brother-in-law, — for such thou art, though I  
Am lost to shame, and cause of many ills, —  
Would that some violent blast when I was born 450  
Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves  
Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,

Ere deeds like these were done! But since the gods  
 Have thus decreed, why was I not the wife  
 Of one who bears a braver heart and feels 455  
 Keenly the anger and reproach of men?  
For Paris bath not, and will never have,  
A resolute mind, and must abide the effect  
 Of his own folly. Enter thou meanwhile,  
 My brother ; seat thee here, for heavily 460  
 Must press on thee the labors thou dost bear  
 For one so vile as I, and for the sake  
 Of guilty Paris. An unhappy lot,  
 By Jupiter's appointment, waits us both, —  
 A theme of song for men in time to come.” 465

Great Hector of the beamy helm replied : —  
 “ Nay, Helen, ask me not to sit ; thy speech  
 Is courteous, but persuades me not. My mind  
 Is troubled for the Trojans, to whose aid  
 I hasten, for they miss me even now. 470  
 But thou exhort this man, and bid him haste  
 To overtake me ere I leave the town.  
 I go to my own mansion first, to meet  
 My household, — my dear wife and little child ;  
 Nor know I whether I may come once more 475  
 To them, or whether the great gods ordain  
 That I must perish by the hands of Greeks.”

{ So spake the plumèd Hector, and withdrew,  
 And reached his pleasant palace, but found not  
 White-armed Andromache within, for she 480  
 Was in the tower, beside her little son

And well-robed nurse, and sorrowed, shedding tears  
 And Hector, seeing that his blameless wife  
 Was not within, came forth again, and stood  
 Upon the threshold questioning the maids. 485

“ I pray you, damsels, tell me whither went  
 White-armed Andromache ? Has she gone forth  
 To seek my sisters, or those stately dames,  
 My brothers’ wives ? Or haply has she sought  
 The temple of Minerva, where are met 495  
 The other bright-haired matrons of the town  
 To supplicate the dreaded deity ? ”

Then said the diligent housewife in reply : —  
 “ Since thou wilt have the truth, — thy wife is gone  
 Not to thy sisters, nor those stately dames, 495  
 Thy brothers’ wives ; nor went she forth to join  
 The other bright-haired matrons of the town,  
 Where in Minerva’s temple they are met  
 To supplicate the dreaded deity  
 But to the lofty tower of Troy she went 500  
 When it was told her that the Trojan troops  
 Lost heart, and that the valor of the Greeks  
 Prevailed. She now is hurrying toward the walls,  
 Like one distracted, with her son and nurse.”

So spake the matron. Hector left in haste 505  
 The mansion, and retraced his way between  
 The rows of stately dwellings, traversing  
 The mighty city. When at length he reached  
 The Scæan gates, that issue on the field,  
 His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache. 510

Came forth to meet him, — daughter of the prince  
Eëtion, who, among the woody slopes  
Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town  
Of Thebè, ruled Cilicia and her sons,  
And gave his child to Hector great in arms. 945  
She came attended by a maid, who bore  
A tender child — a babe too young to speak —  
Upon her bosom, — Hector's only son,  
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called  
Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax, — 520  
The city's lord, — since Hector stood the sole  
Defence of Troy. The father on his child  
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache  
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,  
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said : — 525  
“ Too brave ! thy valor yet will cause thy death.  
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,  
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be  
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee  
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine, 530  
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,  
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone, —  
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,  
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew  
My father when he sacked the populous town 535  
Of the Cilicians, — Thebè with high gates.  
’T was there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore  
To make his arms a spoil ; he dared not that,  
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,

And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,  
Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter, 541  
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.  
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,  
And all went down to Hades in one day.  
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all 545  
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.  
My mother, princess on the woody slopes  
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,  
And only for large ransom gave her back.  
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down 550  
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou  
Art father and dear mother now to me,  
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.  
In pity keep within the fortress here,  
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife 555  
A widow. Post thine army near the place  
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls  
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war  
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot, —  
The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus, 560  
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave  
Tydides, whether counselled by some seer  
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."

Then answered Hector, great in war : " All this  
I bear in mind, dear wife ; but I should stand 565  
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames  
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun  
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart

Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare  
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy, 570  
Upholding my great father's fame and mine ;  
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know  
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,  
And Priam, and the people over whom  
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all. 575  
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,  
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those  
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait  
My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,  
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, — 580  
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek  
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee  
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then  
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,  
And from the fountain of Messeis draw 585  
Water, or from the Hypereian spring,  
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.  
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,  
' This was the wife of Hector, most renowned  
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought 590  
Around their city.' So shall some one say,  
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him  
Who haply might have kept afar the day  
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth  
Be heaped above my head in death before 595  
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away ! ”

So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms



*der.*  
*ss.*  
To take the boy ; the boy shrank crying back  
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see  
His father helmeted in glittering brass, 600  
And eying with affright the horse-hair plume  
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.  
At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;  
And hastily the mighty Hector took  
The helmet from his brow and laid it down 605  
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed  
His darling son and tossed him up in play,  
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven : —

“ O Jupiter and all ye deities,  
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become 610  
Among the Trojans eminent like me,  
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,  
‘ This man is greater than his father was ! ’  
When they behold him from the battle-field  
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe, — 615  
That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse  
He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast  
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief  
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed 620  
Her forehead gently with his hand and said : —

“ Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.  
No living man can send me to the shades  
Before my time ; no man of woman born,  
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny. 625  
But go thou home, and tend thy labors there, —

The web, the distaff, — and command thy maids  
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain  
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again 63c  
His helmet, shadowed with the horse-hair plume,  
While homeward his beloved consort went,  
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.  
Soon was she in the spacious palace-halls  
Of the man-queller Hector. There she found 63s  
A troop of maidens, — with them all she shared  
Her grief; and all in his own house bewailed  
The living Hector, whom they thought no more  
To see returning from the battle-field,  
Safe from the rage and weapons of the Greeks. 64c

Nor waited Paris in his lofty halls,  
But when he had put on his glorious arms,  
Glittering with brass, he traversed with quick steps  
The city; and as when some courser, fed  
With barley in the stall, and wont to bathe 64s  
In some smooth-flowing river, having snapped  
His halter, gayly scampers o'er the plain,  
And in the pride of beauty bears aloft  
His head, and gives his tossing mane to stream  
Upon his shoulders, while his flying feet 65  
Bear him to where the mares are wont to graze, —  
So came the son of Priam — Paris — down  
From lofty Pergamus in glittering arms,  
And, glorious as the sun, held on his way  
Exulting and with rapid feet. He found 65

His noble brother Hector as he turned  
 To leave the place in which his wife and he  
 Had talked together. Alexander then —  
 Of godlike form — addressed his brother thus : —

“ My elder brother ! I have kept thee here 660  
 Waiting, I fear, for me, though much in haste,  
 And came less quickly than thou didst desire.”

And Hector of the plumèd helm replied : —  
 “ Strange being, no man justly can dispraise  
 Thy martial deeds, for thou art truly brave. 665  
 But oft art thou remiss and wilt not join  
 The combat. I am sad at heart to hear  
 The Trojans — they who suffer for thy sake  
 A thousand hardships — speak so ill of thee.  
 Yet let us go : we will confer of this 670  
 Another time, if Jove should e’er vouchsafe  
 That to the immortal gods of heaven we pour  
 In our own halls the cup of liberty  
 When we have chased the well-armed Greeks from  
 Troy.”

## BOOK VII.

**T**HE illustrious Hector spake, and rapidly  
 Passed through the gate, and with him issued  
 forth

His brother Alexander, — eager, both,  
 For war and combat. As when God bestows,

To glad the long-expecting mariners, 5  
A favorable wind while wearily  
They beat the ocean with their polished oars,  
Their arms all nerveless with their length of toil,—  
Such to the expecting Trojans was the sight  
Of the two chiefs. First Alexander slew 10  
Menesthius, who in Arnè had his home,  
A son of Areïthoüs the king.  
Large-eyed Philomedusa brought him forth  
To the mace-bearer Areïthoüs.  
And Hector smote Eïoneus, the spear 15  
Piercing his neck beneath the brazen casque,  
And straightway he dropped lifeless. Glaucus then—  
Son of Hippolochus, and chief among  
The Lycians—in that fiery onset slew  
Iphinoüs, son of Dexius, with his spear. 20  
It pierced the warrior's shoulder as he sprang  
To mount his rapid car, and from the place  
He fell to earth, his limbs relaxed in death  
Now when Minerva of the azure eyes  
Beheld them in the furious combat thus 25  
Wasting the Grecian host, she left the peaks  
Of high Olympus, and came down in haste  
To sacred Ilium. Straight Apollo flew  
To meet her, for he marked from Pergamus  
Her coming, and he greatly longed to give 30  
The victory to the Trojans. As they met  
Beside the beechen tree, the son of Jove,  
The king Apollo, spake to Pallas thus :—

"Why hast thou, daughter of imperial Jove,  
 Thus left Olympus in thine eager haste? 35  
 Seek'st thou to turn in favor of the Greeks  
 War's wavering chances? — for I know too well  
 Thou hast no pity when the men of Troy  
 Are perishing. But, if thou wilt give ear  
 To me, I shall propose a better way. 40  
 Cause we the conflict for this day to cease,  
 And be it afterward renewed until  
 An end be made of Troy, since it hath pleased  
 You, goddesses, to lay the city waste."

And blue-eyed Pallas answered: "Be it so, 45  
 O mighty Archer. With a like intent  
 I left Olympus for this battle-field  
 Of Greeks and Trojans. But by what device  
 Think'st thou to bring the combat to a pause?"

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove, 50  
 In turn to Pallas: "Let us seek to rouse  
 The fiery spirit of the Trojan knight  
 Hector, that he may challenge in the field  
 Some Greek to meet him, singly and alone,  
 In mortal combat. Then the well-armed Greeks, 5  
 Stung by the bold defiance, will send forth  
 A champion against Priam's noble son."

He spake. The blue-eyed goddess gave assent:  
 And straightway Helenus, beloved son  
 Of Priam, in his secret mind perceived 60  
 The purpose of the gods consulting thus,  
 And came and stood by Hector's side and said:—

" O Hector, son of Priam, and like Jove  
 In council, wilt thou hearken to my words  
 Who am thy brother ? Cause the Trojans all 65  
 And all the Greeks to sit, while thou shalt stand  
 Proclaiming challenge to the bravest man  
 Among the Achaïans to contend with thee  
 In mortal combat. It is not thy fate  
 To fall and perish yet, for thus have said 70  
 The ever-living gods, whose voice I heard."

He spake ; and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,  
 And went between the hosts. He bore his spear,  
 Holding it in the middle, and pressed back  
 The ranks of Trojans, and they all sat down. 75  
 And Agamemnon caused the well-armed Greeks  
 To sit down also. Meantime Pallas sat,  
 With Phœbus of the silver bow, in shape  
 Like vultures, on the boughs of the tall beech, —  
 The tree of Father Jupiter who bears 80  
 The ægis, — and they looked with great delight  
 Upon the array of warriors in thick rows,  
 Horrid with shields and helms and bristling spears.  
 As when the west wind, rising fresh, breathes o'er  
 The deep, and darkens all its face with waves, 85  
 So seemed the Greeks and Trojans as they sat  
 In ranks upon the field, while Hector stood  
 Between the armies and bespake them thus :—

" Ye Trojans, and ye well-armed Greeks, give ear  
 To what my spirit bids me speak. The son 90  
 Of Saturn, throned on high, hath not vouchsafed

↑  
 Jupiter

To ratify the treaty we have made,  
But meditates new miseries for us both,  
Till ye possess the towery city of Troy,  
Or, vanquished, yield yourselves beside the barks 95  
That brought you o'er the sea. With you are found  
The bravest sons of Greece. If one of these  
Is moved to encounter me, let him stand forth  
And fight with noble Hector. I propose,  
And call on Jove to witness, that if he 100  
Shall slay me with the long blade of his spear,  
My arms are his to spoil and to bestow  
Among the hollow ships ; but he must send  
My body home, that there the sons of Troy  
And Trojan dames may burn it on the pyre. 105  
But if I take his life, and Phœbus crown  
My combat with that glory, I will strip  
His armor off and carry it away  
To hallowed Ilium, there to hang it high  
Within the temple of the archer-god 110  
Apollo ; but his body I will send  
Back to the well-oared ships, that on the beach  
The long-haired Greeks may hold his funeral rites,  
And rear his tomb by the wide Hellespont.  
And then, in time to come, shall some one say, 115  
Sailing in his good ship the dark-blue deep,  
' This is the sepulchre of one who died  
Long since, and whom, though fighting gallantly,  
Illustrious Hector slew.' So shall he say  
Hereafter, and my fame shall never die." 120

He spake ; but utter silence held them all, —  
 Ashamed to shun the encounter, yet afraid  
 To meet it, — till at length, with heavy heart,  
 Rose Menelaus from his seat, and thus  
 Bespake the army with reproachful words : —

“ O boastful ones, no longer to be called  
 Greek warriors, but Greek women ! a disgrace  
 Grievous beyond all others will be ours,  
 If none be found in all the Achaian host  
 To meet this Hector. May you, every one,  
 There where ye now are sitting, turn to earth  
 And water, craven as ye are, and lost  
 To sense of glory ! I will arm myself  
 For this encounter. With the immortal gods  
 Alone it rests to give the victory.”

He spake, and put his glorious armor on.  
 Then, Menelaus, had the Trojan's hand  
 Ended thy life, for he was mightier far  
 Than thou, had not the Achaian kings at once  
 Uprisen to hold thee back, while Atreus' son,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, took thy hand  
 In his, and made thee listen while he spake : —

“ Sure, noble Menelaus, thou art mad.  
 Such frenzied daring suits not with the time.  
 Restrain thyself, though thou hast cause for wrath ;  
 Nor in thy pride of courage meet in arms  
 One so much mightier, — Hector, Priam's son,  
 Whom every other chief regards with fear,  
 Whom even Achilles, braver far than thou,

125

130

135

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146

power  
The



Dreads to encounter in the glorious fight. 165  
Withdraw, then, to thy comrades, and sit down.  
The Greeks will send some other champion forth  
Against him ; and though fearless, and athirst  
For combat, he, I deem, will gladly bend  
His weary knees to rest should he escape 170  
From that fierce conflict in the lists alive."

With words like these the Grecian hero changed  
The purpose of his brother, who obeyed  
The prudent counsel ; and with great delight  
The attendants stripped the armor from his breast.  
Then Nestor rose amid the Greeks and said : — 181

" Ye gods ! a great calamity hath fallen  
Upon Achaia. How the aged chief  
Peleus, the illustrious counsellor and sage,  
Who rules the Myrmidons, will now lament ! — 185  
He who once gladly in his palace-home  
Inquired of me the race and pedigree  
Of the Greek warriors. Were he but to know  
That all of them are basely cowering now  
In Hector's presence, how would he uplift 190  
His hands and pray the gods that from his limbs  
The parted soul might pass to the abode  
Of Pluto ! Would to Father Jupiter  
And Pallas and Apollo that again  
I were as young as when the Pylian host 195  
And the Arcadians, mighty with the spear,  
Fought on the banks of rapid Celadon  
And near to Phæa and Iardan's streams.

There godlike Ereuthalion stood among  
Our foremost foes, and on his shoulders bore 186  
The armor of King Areïthoüs, —  
The noble Areïthoüs, whom men  
And graceful women called the Mace-bearer ;  
For not with bow he fought, nor ponderous lance,  
But broke the phalanxes with iron mace. 187  
Lycurgus slew him, but by stratagem,  
And not by strength ; he from a narrow way,  
Where was no room to wield the iron mace,  
Through Areïthoüs thrust the spear : he fell  
Backward ; the victor took his arms, which Mars 190  
The war-god gave, and which in after-time  
Lycurgus wore on many a battle-field.  
And when within his palace he grew old,  
He gave them to be worn by one he loved, —  
To Ereuthalion, who attended him 195  
In battle, and who, wearing them, defied  
The bravest of our host. All trembled ; all  
Held back in fear, nor dared encounter him.  
But me a daring trust in my own strength  
Impelled to meet him. I was youngest then  
Of all the chiefs ; I fought, and Pallas gave  
The victory over him, and thus I slew  
The hugest and most strong of men ; he lay  
Extended in vast bulk upon the ground.  
Would I were young as then, my frame unworn 200  
By years ! and Hector of the beamy helm  
Should meet an adversary soon ; but now

No one of all the chieftains here, renowned  
 To be the bravest of the Achaian race,  
 Hastens to meet in arms the Trojan chief." 210

Thus with upbraiding words the old man spake ;  
 And straight arose nine warriors from their seats.

The first was Agamemnon, king of men ;  
 The second, brave Tydides Diomed ;  
 And then the chieftains Ajax, bold and strong ; 215

And then Idomeneus, with whom arose  
 Meriones, his armor-bearer, great

As Mars himself in battle. After them,  
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's valiant son,  
 And Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, rose, 220

And the divine Ulysses, — claiming all  
 To encounter noble Hector in the lists.

But then spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Now let us cast the lot for all, and see  
 To whom it falls ; for greatly will he aid 225  
 The nobly-armed Achaians, and as great  
 Will be his share of honor should he come  
 Alive from the hard trial of the fight.”

Then each one marked his lot, and all were cast  
 Into the helm of Agamemnon, son 230  
 Of Atreus. All the people lifted up  
 Their hands in prayer to the ever-living gods,  
 And turned their eyes to the broad heaven, and said :

“ Grant, Father Jove, that Ajax, or the son  
 Of Tydeus, or the monarch who bears rule 235  
 In rich Mycenæ may obtain the lot.”

Be sure  
to remove  
about Diomedes

Such was their prayer, while the Gerenian knight,  
Old Nestor, shook the lots ; and from the helm  
Leaped forth the lot of Ajax, as they wished.  
A herald took it, and from right to left 240  
Bore it through all the assembly, showing it  
To all the leaders of the Greeks. No one  
Knew it, and all disclaimed it. When at last,  
Carried through all the multitude, it came  
To Ajax the renowned, who had inscribed 243  
And laid it in the helmet, he stretched forth  
His hand, while at his side the herald stood,  
And took and looked upon it, knew his sign,  
And gloried as he looked, and cast it down  
Upon the ground before his feet, and said : — 250

“ O friends ! the lot is mine, and I rejoice  
Heartily, for I think to overcome  
The noble Hector. Now, while I put on  
My armor for the fight, pray ye to Jove,  
The mighty son of Saturn, silently, 255  
Unheard by them of Troy, or else aloud,  
Since we fear no one. None by strength of arm  
Shall vanquish me, or find me inexpert  
In battle, nor was I to that degree  
Ill-trained in Salamis, where I was born.” 260

He spake ; and they to Saturn’s monarch-son  
Prayed, looking up to the broad heaven, and said : —

“ O Father Jove ! most mighty, most august !  
Who rulest from the Idæan mount, vouchsafe  
That Ajax bear away the victory 265

And everlasting honor ; but if thou  
Dost cherish Hector and protect his life,  
Give equal strength to both, and equal fame."

Such were their words, while Ajax armed himself  
In glittering brass ; and, when about his limbs 270  
The mail was buckled, forward rushed the chief.  
As moves the mighty Mars to war among  
The heroes whom the son of Saturn sends  
To struggle on the field in murderous strife,  
So the great Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks, 275  
With a grim smile came forward, and with strides  
Firm-set and long, and shook his ponderous spear.  
The Greeks exulted at the sight ; dismay  
Seized every Trojan : even Hector's heart  
Quailed in his bosom ; yet he might not now 280  
Withdraw through fear, nor seek to hide among  
The throng of people, since himself had given  
The challenge. Ajax, drawing near, upheld  
A buckler like a rampart, bright with brass,  
And strong with ox-hides seven. The cunning hand  
Of Tychius, skilled beyond all other men 285  
In leather-work, had wrought it at his home  
In Hyla. He for Ajax framed the shield  
With hides of pampered bullocks in seven folds,  
And an eighth fold of brass, — the outside fold. 290  
This Telamonian Ajax held before  
His breast, as he approached, and threatening  
said : —

"Now shalt thou, Hector, singly matched with me,

Learn by what chiefs the Achaian host is led  
 Besides Achilles, mighty though he be 295  
 To break through squadrons, and of lion-heart  
 Still in the beakèd ships in which he crossed  
 The sea he cherishes his wrath against  
 The shepherd of the people, — Atreus' son.  
 But we have those that dare defy thee yet, 300  
 And they are many. Let the fight begin."

Then answered Hector of the plumèd helm : —  
 "O high-born Ajax, son of Telamon,  
 And prince among thy people, think thou not  
 To treat me like a stripling weak of arm, 305  
 Or woman all untrained to tasks of war.  
 I know what battles are and bloody frays,  
 And how to shift to right and left the shield  
 Of seasoned hide, and, unfatigued, maintain  
 The combat ; how on foot to charge the foe 310  
 With steps that move to martial airs, and how  
 To leap into the chariot and pursue  
 The war with rushing steeds. Yet not by stealth  
 Seek I to smite thee, valiant as thou art,  
 But in fair open battle, if I may." 315

He spake, and, brandishing his ponderous lance,  
 Hurlèd it ; and on the outer plate of brass,  
 Which covered the seven bullock-hides, it struck  
 The shield of Ajax. Through the brass and through  
 Six folds of hides the irresistible spear 320  
 Cut its swift way, and at the seventh was stopped.  
 Then high-born Ajax cast his massive spear

In turn, and drove it through the fair, round shield  
Of Priam's son. Through that bright buckler went  
The rapid weapon, pierced the well-wrought mail, 325  
And tore the linen tunic at the flank.

But Hector stooped and thus avoided death.  
They took their spears again, and, coming close,  
Like lions in their hunger, or wild boars  
Of fearful strength, joined battle. Priam's son 330  
Sent his spear forward, striking in the midst  
The shield of Ajax, but it broke not through  
The brass ; the metal turned the weapon's point.  
While Ajax, springing onward, smote the shield  
Of Hector, drove his weapon through, and checked  
His enemy's swift advance, and wounded him 335  
Upon the shoulder, and the black blood flowed.

Yet not for this did plumèd Hector cease  
From combat, but went back, and, lifting up  
A huge, black, craggy stone that near him lay, 340  
Flung it with force against the middle boss  
Of the broad sevenfold shield that Ajax bore.  
The brass rang with the blow. Then Ajax raised  
A heavier stone, and whirled it, putting forth  
His arm's immeasurable strength ; it brake 345  
Through Hector's shield as if a millstone's weight  
Had fallen. His knees gave way ; he fell to earth  
Headlong ; yet still he kept his shield. At once  
Apollo raised him up ; and now with swords,  
Encountering hand to hand, they both had flown 350  
To wound each other, if the heralds sent

As messengers from Jupiter and men  
Had not approached, — Idæus from the side  
Of Troy, Talthybius from the Grecian host, —  
Wise ancients both. Betwixt the twain they held 355  
Their sceptres, and the sage Idæus spake : —

“ Cease to contend, dear sons, in deadly fray ;  
Ye both are loved by cloud-compelling Jove,  
And both are great in war, as all men know.  
The night is come ; be then the night obeyed.” 360

And Telamonian Ajax answered thus : —  
“ Idæus, first let Hector speak of this,  
For he it was who challenged to the field  
The bravest of the Grecian host, and I  
Shall willingly obey if he obeys.” 365

To him in turn the plumèd Hector said : —  
“ Ajax, although God gave thee bulk and strength  
And prudence, and in mastery of the spear  
Thou dost excel the other Greeks, yet now  
Pause we from battle and the rivalry 370  
Of prowess for this day. Another time  
We haply may renew the fight till fate  
Shall part us and bestow the victory  
On one of us. But now the night is here,  
And it is good to obey the night, that thou 375  
Mayst gladden at the fleet the Greeks and all  
Thy friends and comrades, and that I in turn  
May give the Trojan men and long-robed dames,  
In the great city where King Priam reigns,  
Cause to rejoice, — the dames who pray for me, 380



Thronging the hallowed temple. Let us now  
Each with the other leave some noble gift,  
That all men, Greek or Trojan, thus may say :  
‘They fought indeed in bitterness of heart,  
But they were reconciled, and parted friends.’” 385

He spake, and gave a silver-studded sword  
And scabbard with its fair embroidered belt ;  
And Ajax gave a girdle brightly dyed  
With purple. Then they both departed, — one  
To join the Grecian host, and one to meet 390  
The Trojan people, who rejoiced to see  
Hector alive, unwounded, and now safe  
From the great might and irresistible arm  
Of Ajax. Straightway to the town they led  
Him for whose life they scarce had dared to hope. 395  
And Ajax also by the well-armed Greeks,  
Exulting in his feats of arms, was brought  
To noble Agamemnon. When the chiefs  
Were in his tents, the monarch sacrificed  
A bullock of five summers to the son 400  
Of Saturn, sovereign Jupiter. They flayed  
The carcass, dressed it, carved away the limbs,  
Divided into smaller parts the flesh,  
Fixed them on spits, and roasted them with care,  
And drew them from the fire. And when the task  
Was finished, and the banquet all prepared, 405  
They feasted, and there was no guest who lacked  
His equal part in that repast. The son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, brave, and lord

Of wide dominions, gave the chine entire 410  
To Ajax as his due. Now when the calls  
Of thirst and hunger ceased, the aged chief  
Nestor, whose words had ever seemed most wise,  
Opened the council with this prudent speech : —

“ Atrides, and ye other chiefs of Greece ! 415  
Full many a long-haired warrior of our host  
Hath perished. Cruel Mars hath spilt their blood  
Beside Scamander’s gentle stream ; their souls  
Have gone to Hades. Give thou, then, command,  
That all the Greeks to-morrow pause from war, 420  
And come together at the early dawn,  
And bring the dead in chariots drawn by mules  
And oxen, and consume them near our fleet  
With fire, that we, when we return from war,  
May carry to our native land the bones, 425  
And give them to the children of the slain.  
And then will we go forth and heap from earth,  
Upon the plain, a common tomb for all  
Around the funeral pile, and build high towers  
With speed beside it, which shall be alike 430  
A bulwark for our navy and our host.  
And let the entrance be a massive gate,  
Through which shall pass an ample chariot-way.  
And in a circle on its outer edge  
Sink we a trench so deep that neither steeds 435  
Nor men may pass, if these proud Trojans yet  
Should, in the coming battles, press us sore.”

He spake ; the princes all approved his words

Meanwhile, beside the lofty citadel  
Of Ilium and at Priam's palace-gates 440  
In turbulence and fear the Trojans held  
A council, and the wise Antenor spake : —

“ Hearken, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,  
To what my sober judgment bids me speak.  
Send we the Argive Helen back with all 445  
Her treasures ; let the sons of Atreus lead  
The dame away ; for now we wage the war  
After our faith is broken, and I deem  
We cannot prosper till we make amends.”

He spake, and sat him down. The noble chief  
Paris, the fair-haired Helen's husband, rose 450  
To answer him, and spake this wingèd speech : —

“ Thy words, Antenor, please me not. Thy skill  
Could offer better counsels. If those words  
Were gravely meant, the gods have made thee mad.  
But let me here, amid these knights of Troy, 455  
Speak openly my mind. Give up my wife  
I never will ; but all the wealth I brought  
With her from Argos I most willingly  
Restore, with added treasures of my own.” 460

He said, and took his seat, and in the midst  
Dardanian Priam rose, a counsellor  
Of godlike wisdom, and thus sagely spake : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
I speak the thought that rises in my breast. 465  
Take now, as ye are wont, your evening meal,  
And set a watch and keep upon your guard ;

But let Idæus to the hollow ships  
 Repair at morning, and to Atreus' sons —  
 To Agamemnon and his brother king — 470  
 Make known what Paris, author of this strife,  
 Proposes, and with fairly ordered speech  
 Ask further if they will consent to pause  
 From cruel battle till we burn the dead :  
 Then be the war renewed till fate shall part 475  
 The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake. The assembly listened and obeyed :  
 All through the camp in groups they took their meal.  
 But with the morn Idæus visited  
 The hollow ships, and found the Achaian chiefs, 480  
 Followers of Mars, in council near the prow  
 Of Agamemnon's bark ; and, standing there,  
 The loud-voiced herald spake his message thus : —

" Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs  
 Of all the tribes of Greece, I come to you 485  
 From Priam and the eminent men of Troy,  
 To say, if it be pleasing to your ears,  
 What Alexander, author of the war,  
 Proposes. All the wealth which in his ships  
 He brought to Troy—would he had perished first! —  
 He will, with added treasures of his own, 490  
 Freely restore ; but her who was the wife  
 Of gallant Menelaus he denies  
 To render back, though all who dwell in Troy  
 Join to demand it. I am furthermore 495  
 Bidden to ask if you consent to pause

From cruel battle till we burn our dead :  
Then be the war renewed till fate shall part  
The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake ; and all were silent for a space. 506  
Then spake at length the valiant Diomed : —

" Let none consent to take the Trojan's goods,  
Nor even Helen ; for a child may see  
The utter ruin hanging over Troy."

He spake. The admiring Greeks confirmed with  
shouts 507

The words of Diomed the knight, and thus  
King Agamemnon to Idæus said : —

" Idæus, thou thyself hast heard the Greeks  
Pronounce their answer. What to them seems good  
Pleases me also. For the slain, I give 510  
Consent to burn them ; to the dead we bear  
No hatred ; when they fall the rite of fire  
Should soon be paid. Let Juno's husband, Jove  
The Thunderer, bear witness to our truce."

The monarch spake, and raised to all the gods 515  
His sceptre, while Idæus took his way  
To hallowed Ilium. There in council sat  
Trojans and Dardans, waiting his return.  
He came, and standing in the midst declared  
His message. Then they all went forth in haste, 520  
Some to collect the slain and some to fell  
Trees in the forest. From their well-benched ships  
The Achaians also issued, some to bring  
The dead together, some to gather wood.

Now from the smooth deep ocean-stream the sun  
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays <sup>526</sup>  
Smote the surrounding fields. The Trojans met,  
But found it hard to know their dead again.  
They washed away the clotted blood, and laid —  
Shedding hot tears — the bodies on the cars. <sup>530</sup>  
And since the mighty Priam's word forbade  
All wailing, silently they bore away  
Their slaughtered friends, and heaped them on the  
pyre

With aching hearts, and, when they had consumed  
The dead with fire, returned to hallowed Troy. <sup>535</sup>  
The nobly-armed Achaians also heaped  
Their slaughtered warriors on the funeral pile  
With aching hearts ; and when they had consumed  
Their dead with fire they sought their hollow ships.

And ere the morning came, while earth was gray  
With twilight, by the funeral pile arose <sup>541</sup>  
A chosen band of Greeks, who, going forth,  
Heaped round it from the earth a common tomb  
For all, and built a wall and lofty towers  
Near it, — a bulwark for the fleet and host. <sup>545</sup>  
And in the wall they fitted massive gates,  
Through which there passed an ample chariot-way,  
And on its outer edge they sank a trench, —  
Broad, deep, — and planted it with pointed stakes.  
So labored through the night the long-haired Greeks.

The gods who sat beside the Thunderer Jove <sup>551</sup>  
Admired the mighty labor of the Greeks ;

But Neptune, he who shakes the earth, began : —

“ O Father Jove, henceforth will any one  
Of mortal men consult the immortal gods ? 555  
Seest thou not how the long-haired Greeks have reared  
A wall before their navy, and have drawn  
A trench around it, yet have brought the gods  
No liberal hecatombs ? Now will the fame  
Of this their work go forth wherever shines 560  
The light of day, and men will quite forget  
The wall which once we built with toiling hands —  
Phœbus Apollo and myself — around  
The city of renowned Laomedon.”

And cloud-compelling Jove in wrath replied : —  
“ Earth-shaking power ! what words are these ?

Some god 566  
Of meaner rank and feebler arm than thou  
Might haply dread the work the Greeks have planned.  
But as for thee, thy glory shall be known  
Wherever shines the day ; and when at last 570  
The crested Greeks, departing in their ships,  
Shall seek their native coasts, do thou o'erthrow  
The wall they built, and sink it in the deep,  
And cover the great shore again with sand.  
Thus shall their bulwark vanish from the plain.” 571

So talked they with each other while the sun  
Was setting. But the Achaians now had brought  
Their labors to an end ; they slew their steers  
Beside the tents and shared the evening meal,  
While many ships had come to land with store

Of wine from Lemnos, which Euneus sent, —  
Euneus whom Hypsipyle brought forth  
To Jason, shepherd of the people. These  
Brought wine, a thousand measures, as a gift  
To Agamemnon and his brother king, 585  
The sons of Atreus. But the long-haired Greeks  
Bought for themselves their wines ; some gave their  
brass,  
And others shining steel ; some bought with hides,  
And some with steers, and some with slaves, and thus  
Prepared an ample banquet. Through the night 590  
Feasted the long-haired Greeks. The Trojan host  
And their auxiliar warriors banqueted  
Within the city-walls. Through all that night  
The Great Disposer, Jove, portended woe  
To both with fearful thunderings. All were pale 595  
With terror ; from their beakers all poured wine  
Upon the ground, and no man dared to drink  
Who had not paid to Saturn's mighty son  
The due libation. Then they laid them down  
To rest, and so received the balm of sleep. 600



## BOOK VIII.

NOW morn in saffron robes had shed her light  
O'er all the earth, when Jove the Thunderer  
Summoned the gods to council on the heights  
Of many-peaked Olympus. He addressed  
The assembly, and all listened as he spake : — 5  
“Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses !  
While I declare the thought within my breast.  
Let none of either sex presume to break  
The law I give, but cheerfully obey,  
That my design may sooner be fulfilled. 10  
Whoever, stealing from the rest, shall seek  
To aid the Grecian cause, or that of Troy,  
Back to Olympus, scourged and in disgrace,  
Shall he be brought, or I will seize and hurl  
The offender down to rayless Tartarus, 15  
Deep, deep in the great gulf below the earth,  
With iron gates and threshold forged of brass,  
As far beneath the shades as earth from heaven.  
Then shall he learn how greatly I surpass  
All other gods in power. Try if ye will, 20  
Ye gods, that all may know : suspend from heaven  
A golden chain ; let all the immortal host  
Cling to it from below : ye could not draw,  
Strive as ye might, the all-disposing Jove  
From heaven to earth. And yet, if I should choose  
To draw it upward to me, I should lift, 26

With it and you, the earth itself and sea  
Together, and I then would bind the chain  
Around the summit of the Olympian mount,  
And they should hang aloft. So far my power  
Surpasses all the power of gods and men."

He spake ; and all the great assembly, hushed  
In silence, wondered at his threatening words,  
Until at length the blue-eyed Pallas said : —

" Our Father, son of Saturn, mightiest 35  
Among the potentates, we know thy power  
Is not to be withstood, yet are we moved  
With pity for the warlike Greeks, who bear  
An evil fate and waste away in war.  
If such be thy command, we shall refrain 40  
From mingling in the combat, yet will aid  
The Greeks with counsel which may be their guide,  
Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly."

The Cloud-compeller Jove replied, and smiled : —  
" Tritonia, daughter dear, be comforted. 45  
I spake not in the anger of my heart,  
And I have naught but kind intents for thee.

He spake, and to his chariot yoked the steeds,  
Fleet, brazen-footed, and with flowing manes  
Of gold, and put his golden armor on, 50  
And took the golden scourge, divinely wrought,  
And, mounting, touched the coursers with the lash  
To urge them onward. Not unwillingly  
Flew they between the earth and starry heaven,  
Until he came to Ida, moist with springs 55

And nurse of savage beasts, and to the height  
Of Gargarus, where lay his sacred field,  
And where his fragrant altar fumed. He checked  
Their course, and there the Father of the gods  
And men released them from the yoke and caused α  
A cloud to gather round them. Then he sat,  
Exulting in the fulness of his might,  
Upon the summit, whence his eye beheld  
The towers of Ilium and the ships of Greece.

Now in their tents the long-haired Greeks had  
shared 65

A hasty meal, and girded on their arms.  
The Trojans, also, in their city armed  
Themselves for war, as eager for the fight,  
Though fewer ; for a hard necessity  
Forced them to combat for their little ones 70  
And wives. They set the city-portals wide,  
And forth the people issued, foot and horse  
Together, and a mighty din arose.  
And now, when host met host, their shields and  
spears

Were mingled in disorder ; men of might 75  
Encountered, cased in mail, and bucklers clashed  
Their bosses ; loud the clamor : cries of pain  
And boastful shouts arose from those who fell  
And those who slew, and earth was drenched with  
blood.

While yet 't was morning, and the holy light 80  
Of day grew bright, the men of both the hosts

Were smitten and were slain ; but when the sun  
Stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took  
His golden scales, and in them laid the fates 84  
Which bring the sleep of death, — the fate of those  
Who tamed the Trojan steeds, and those who warred  
For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst  
He held the balance, and, behold, the fate  
Of Greece in that day's fight sank down until 89  
It touched the nourishing earth, while that of Troy  
Rose and flew upward toward the spacious heaven.  
With that the Godhead thundered terribly  
From Ida's height, and sent his lightnings down  
Among the Achaian army. They beheld  
In mute amazement and grew pale with fear. 95

Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,  
Nor Agamemnon, on the ground, nor stayed  
The chieftains Ajax, ministers of Mars.  
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,  
Alone was left behind, and he remained 100  
Unwillingly. A steed of those that drew  
His car was sorely wounded by a shaft  
Which Alexander, fair-haired Helen's spouse,  
Sent from his bow. It pierced the forehead where  
The mane begins, and where a wound is death. 105  
The arrow pierced him to the brain ; he reared  
And whirled in torture with the wound, and scared  
His fellow-coursers. While the aged man  
Hastened to sever with his sword the thongs  
That bound him to the car, the rapid steeds 110

Of Hector bore their valiant master on  
With the pursuing crowd. The aged chief  
Had perished then, if gallant Diomed  
Had not perceived his plight. He lifted up  
His voice, and, shouting to Ulysses, said : — 115

“ High-born Ulysses, man of subtle shifts,  
Son of Laertes, whither dost thou flee ?  
Why like a coward turn thy back ? Beware,  
Lest there some weapon smite thee. Stay and guard  
This aged warrior from his furious foe.” 120

So spake he ; but the much-enduring man,  
Ulysses, heard not the reproof, and passed  
Rapidly toward the hollow ships of Greece.  
Tydides, single-handed, made his way  
Among the foremost warriors, till he stood 125  
Before the horses of the aged son  
Of Neleus, and in wingèd accents said : —

“ The younger warriors press thee sore, old chief !  
Thy strength gives way ; the weariness of age  
Is on thee ; thy attendant is not strong ; 130  
Thy steeds are slow. Mount, then, my car, and see  
What Trojan horses are ; how rapidly  
They turn to right and left, and chase and flee.  
I took them from the terror of the field,  
Æneas. To our servants leave thine own, 135  
While we with these assault the Trojan knights,  
And teach even Hector that the spear I wield  
Can make as furious havoc as his own.”

He spake ; and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,

Complied. The two attendants, valiant men, — 140  
 Sthenelus and the good Eurymedon, —  
 Took charge of Nestor's steeds. The chieftains  
 climbed

The car of Diomed, and Nestor took  
 Into his hand the embroidered reins and lashed  
 The horses with the scourge. They quickly came  
 To Hector. As the Trojan hastened on, 146  
 The son of Tydeus hurled a spear ; it missed,  
 But spared not Eniopeus, him who held  
 The reins, the hero's charioteer, and son  
 Of brave Thebæus. . . . .

From the car he fell, 151

And the swift horses started back ; his soul  
 And strength passed from him. Hector bitterly  
 Grieved for his death, yet left him where he fell,  
 And sought another fitting charioteer. 155  
 Nor had the fiery coursers long to wait  
 A guide, for valiant Archeptolemus,  
 The son of Iphitus, was near at hand.

And him he caused to mount the chariot drawn  
 By his fleet steeds, and gave his hand the reins. 160

Then great had been the slaughter ; fearful deeds  
 Had then been done ; the Trojans had been scared  
 Into their town like lambs into the fold, —  
 Had not the Father of the immortal gods  
 And mortal men beheld, and from on high 165  
 Terribly thundered, sending to the earth  
 A bolt of fire. He flung it down before

The car of Diomed ; and fiercely glared  
The blazing sulphur ; both the frightened steeds  
Cowered trembling by the chariot. Nestor's hand  
Let fall the embroidered reins ; his spirit sank 174  
With fear, and thus he said to Diomed : —

“ Tydides, turn thy firm-paced steeds, and flee.  
Dost thou not see that victory from Jove  
Attends thee not ? To-day doth Saturn's son 175  
Award the glory to the Trojan chief.  
Hereafter he will make it ours, if such  
Be his good pleasure. No man, though he be  
The mightiest among men, can thwart the will  
Of Jupiter, with whom abides all power.” 180

The great in battle, Diomed, replied : —  
“ Truly, O ancient man, thou speakest well ;  
But this it is that grieves me to the heart, —  
That Hector to the Trojan host will say,  
' I put to flight Tydides, and he sought 185  
Shelter among his ships.' Thus will he boast  
Hereafter ; may earth open then for me ! ”

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined : —  
“ What, son of warlike Tydeus, hast thou said ?  
Though Hector call thee faint of heart and weak, 190  
The Trojans and Dardanians, and the wives  
Of the stout-hearted Trojans armed with shields,  
Whose husbands in their youthful prime thy hand  
Hath laid in dust, will not believe his words.”

Thus having said, he turned the firm-paced steeds  
Rearward, and mingled with the flying crowd. 196

And now the Trojans and their leader gave  
A mighty cry, and poured on them a storm  
Of deadly darts, and crested Hector raised  
His thundering voice and shouted after them : — 200

“ O son of Tydeus ! the swift-riding Greeks  
Have honored thee beyond all other men,  
At banquets, with high place and delicate meats  
And flowing cups. They will despise thee now,  
For thou art like a woman. Timorous girl ! 205  
Take thyself hence, and never think that I  
Shall yield to thee, that thou mayst climb our  
towers

And bear away our women in thy ships ;  
For I shall give thee first the doom of death.”

He spake ; and Diomed, in doubtful mood, 210  
Questioned his spirit whether he should turn  
His steeds and fight with Hector. Thrice the  
thought

Arose within his mind, and thrice on high  
Uttered the all-forecasting Jupiter  
His thunder from the Idæan mount, a sign 215  
Of victory changing to the Trojan side.  
Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ Trojans and Lycians all, and ye who close  
In deadly fight, the sons of Dardanus !  
Acquit yourselves like men, my friends ; recall 220  
Your fiery valor now, for I perceive  
The son of Saturn doth award to me  
Victory and vast renown, and to the Greeks



Destruction. Fools ! who built this slender wall  
Which we contemn, which cannot stand before 261  
The strength I bring ; our steeds can overleap  
The trench they digged. When I shall reach their  
fleet,

Remember the consuming power of fire,  
That I may give their vessels to the flames,  
And hew the Achaïans down beside their prows, 230  
While they are wrapped in the bewildering smoke."

He spake ; and then he cheered his coursers  
thus : —

" Xanthus, Podargus, Lampus nobly bred,  
And Æthon, now repay the generous care,  
The pleasant grain which my Andromache, 235  
Daughter of great Eëtion, largely gives.  
She mingles wine that ye may drink at will  
Ere yet she ministers to me, who boast  
To be her youthful husband. Let us now  
Pursue with fiery haste, that we may seize 240  
The shield of Nestor, the great fame of which  
Has reached to heaven, — an orb of massive gold  
Even to the handles. Let us from the limbs  
Of Diomed, the tamer of fleet steeds,  
Strip off the glorious mail that Vulcan forged : 245  
This done, our hope may be that all the Greeks  
Will climb their galleys and depart to-night."

So boasted he ; but queenly Juno's ire  
Was kindled, and she shuddered on her throne  
Till great Olympus trembled. Thus she spake 250

To Neptune, mighty ruler of the deep. —

“Earth-shaker! thou who rulest far and wide!  
Is there no pity for the perishing Greeks  
Within that breast of thine? They bring to thee  
At Helicè and Ægæ costly gifts 255  
And many, wherefore thy desire should be  
That they may win the victory. If the gods  
Who favor the Achæians should combine  
To drive the Trojans back, and hold in check  
High-thundering Jupiter, the God would sit 260  
In sullen grief on Ida’s top alone.”

Earth-shaking Neptune answered in disdain: —  
“O Juno, rash in speech! what words are these?  
Think not that I can wish to join the gods  
In conflict with the monarch Jupiter, 265  
The son of Saturn, mightier than we all.”

So held they colloquy. Meanwhile the space  
Betwixt the galleys and the trench and wall  
Was crowded close with steeds and shielded men;  
For Hector, son of Priam, terrible 270  
As Mars the lightning-footed, drave them on  
Before him. Jove decreed him such renown.  
And now would he have given that noble fleet  
To the consuming flame, if Juno, queen  
Of heaven, had not beheld, and moved the heart 275  
Of Agamemnon to exhort the Greeks  
That they should turn and combat. With quick  
steps

He passed beside the fleet, among the tents,

Bearing in his strong hand his purple robe,  
And climbed the huge black galley which had  
brought 284

Ulysses to the war, — for in the midst  
It lay, and thence the king might send his voice  
To either side, as far as to the tents  
Of Ajax and Achilles, who had moored  
Their galleys at the different extremes 285  
Of the long camp, confiding in their might  
Of arm and their own valor. Thence he called,  
With loud, clear utterance, to the Achaian host : —

“ O Greeks ! shame on ye ! cravens who excel  
In form alone ! Where now are all the boasts 290  
Of your invincible valor, — the vain words  
Ye uttered pompously when at the feast  
In Lemnos sitting ye devoured the flesh  
Of hornèd beeves, and drank from bowls of wine,  
Flower-crowned, and bragged that each of you  
would be 295

A match for fivescore Trojans, or for twice  
Fivescore ? And now we all are not a match  
For Hector singly, who will give our fleet  
Soon to consuming flames. O Father Jove,  
Was ever mighty monarch visited 300  
By thee with such affliction, or so robbed  
Of high renown ! And yet in my good ship,  
Bound to this luckless coast, I never passed  
By thy fair altars that I did not burn  
The fat and thighs of oxen, with a prayer 305

That I might sack the well-defended Troy.  
Now be at least one wish of mine fulfilled, —  
That we may yet escape and get us hence ,  
Nor let the Trojans thus destroy the Greeks.”

He spake, and wept. The All-Father, pitying him,  
Consented that his people should escape 311  
The threatened ruin. Instantly he sent  
His eagle, bird of surest augury,  
Which, bearing in his talons a young fawn,  
The offspring of a nimble-footed roe, 315  
Dropped it at the fair altar where the Greeks  
Paid sacrifice to Panomphæan Jove.

And they, when they beheld, and knew that Jove  
Had sent the bird, took courage, rallying,  
And rushed against the Trojans. Then no chief 320  
Of all the Greeks — though many they — could boast  
That he before Tydides urged his steeds  
To sudden speed and drave them o’er the trench,  
And mingled in the combat. First of all  
He struck down Agelaus, Phradmon’s son, 325  
Armed as he was, who turned his car to fly,  
And as he turned, Tydides with his spear  
Transfixed his back between the shoulder-blades,  
And drave the weapon through his breast. He fell  
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall. 330  
Then Agamemnon followed, and with him  
His brother Menelaus ; after these  
The chieftains Ajax, fearful in their strength ;  
Idomeneus, and he who bore his arms, —

Meriones, like Mars in battle-field ; 335  
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's glorious son ;  
 And ninthly Teucer came, who bent his bow  
 Beneath the shield of Ajax Telamon, —  
 For Ajax moved his shield from side to side,  
 And thence the archer looked abroad, and aimed 340  
 His arrows thence. Whoever in the throng  
 Was struck fell lifeless. Teucer all the while,  
 As hides a child behind his mother's robe,  
 Sheltered himself by Ajax, whose great shield  
 Concealed the chief from sight. What Trojan first  
 Did faithful Teucer slay? Orsilochus, 345  
 Dætor, and Ophleustes, Ormenus,  
 Chromius, and Lycophontes nobly born,  
 And Hamopaon, Polyæmon's son,  
 And Melanippus, — one by one the shafts 350  
 Of Teucer stretched them on their mother earth.  
 Then Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced  
 As he beheld him, with his sturdy bow,  
 Breaking the serried phalanxes of Troy ;  
 And came, and, standing near, bespoke him thus : —  
 “ Beloved Teucer ! son of Telamon, 355  
 Prince of the people ! ever be thy shafts  
 Aimed thus, and thou shalt be the light and pride  
 Of Greece, and of thy father Telamon,  
 Who reared thee from a little child with care 360  
 In his own halls, though spurious was thy birth.  
 Go on to do him honor, though he now  
 Be far away. And here I say to thee, —

And I will keep my word, — if Jupiter  
 The Ægis-bearer and Minerva deign 305  
 To let me level the strong walls of Troy,  
 To thee will I assign the noblest prize  
 After my own, — a tripod, or two steeds  
 And chariot, or a wife to share thy bed.”

And thus the blameless Teucer made reply : — 370  
 “ Why, glorious son of Atreus, wouldst thou thus  
 Admonish me, while yet I do my best,  
 And pause not in the combat ? From the time  
 When we began to drive the enemy back  
 To Ilium, I have smitten and have slain 375  
 Their warriors with my bow. Eight barbèd shafts  
 I sent, and each has pierced some warlike youth ;  
 But this fierce wolf-dog have I failed to strike.”

He spake, and sent another arrow forth  
 At Hector with an eager aim. It missed 380  
 Its mark, but struck Gorgythion down, the brave  
 And blameless son of Priam ; through his breast  
 The arrow went. Fair Castianira brought  
 The warrior forth, — a dame from Æsymba,  
 Beautiful as a goddess. As within 385  
 A garden droops a poppy to the ground,  
 Bowed by its weight and by the rains of spring,  
 So drooped his head within the heavy casque.

And then did Teucer send another shaft  
 At Hector, eager still to smite. It missed 390  
 Its aim again, for Phœbus turned aside  
 The arrow, but it struck the charioteer

Of Hector, Archeptolemus the brave,  
When rushing to the fight, and pierced his breast  
From the car he fell, 391  
The swift steeds started back, and from his limbs  
The life and strength departed. A deep grief  
For his slain charioteer came darkly o'er  
The mind of Hector, yet, though sorrowing,  
He left him where he fell, and straightway called 400  
Cebriones, his brother, who was near,  
To mount and take the reins. Cebriones  
Heard and obeyed. Then from the shining car  
Leaped Hector with a mighty cry, and seized  
A ponderous stone, and, bent to crush him, ran 405  
At Teucer, who had from his quiver drawn  
One of his sharpest arrows, placing it  
Upon the bowstring. As he drew the bow,  
The strong-armed Hector hurled the jagged stone,  
And smote him near the shoulder, where the neck  
And breast are sundered by the collar-bone, — 411  
A fatal spot. The bowstring brake ; the arm  
Fell nerveless ; on his knees the archer sank,  
And dropped the bow. Then did not Ajax leave  
His fallen brother to the foe, but walked 415  
Around him, sheltering him beneath his shield,  
Till two dear friends of his — Menestheus, son  
Of Echius, and Alastor nobly born —  
Approached, and took him up and carried him,  
Heavily groaning, to the hollow ships. 427

Then did Olympian Jove again inspire

The Trojan host with valor, and they drave  
 The Achaians backward to the yawning trench.  
 Then Hector came, with fury in his eyes,  
 Among the foremost warriors. As a hound, 44  
 Sure of his own swift feet, attacks behind  
 The lion or wild boar, and tears his flank,  
 Yet warily observes him as he turns,  
 So Hector followed close the long-haired Greeks,  
 And ever slew the hindmost as they fled. 430  
 Yet now, when they in flight had crossed again  
 The trench and palisades, and many a one  
 Had died by Trojan hands, they made a halt  
 Before their ships, and bade each other stand,  
 And lifted up their hands and prayed aloud 435  
 To all the gods ; while Hector, urging on  
 His long-maned steeds, and with stern eyes that  
 seemed

The eyes of Gorgon or of murderous Mars,  
 Hither and thither swept across the field.

The white-armed Juno saw, and, sorrowing, 440  
 Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words :—

“ Ah me ! thou daughter of the God who bears  
 The ægis, shall we not descend to aid  
 The perishing Greeks in their extremity ?  
 A cruel doom is theirs, to fall, destroyed 445  
 By one man’s rage, — the terrible assault  
 Of Hector, son of Priam, who has made  
 Insufferable havoc in the field.”

And thus in turn the blue-eyed Pallas spake :—



"That warrior long ere this had lost his life, 450  
Slain by the Greeks on his paternal soil,  
But that my father's mind is warped by wrath.  
Unjust to me and harsh, he thwarts my aims,  
Forgetting all I did for Hercules,  
His son, — how often, when Eurystheus set 455  
A task too hard for him, I saved his life.  
To heaven he raised his eyes and wept, and Jove  
Despatched me instantly to succor him.  
And yet if I, in my forecasting mind,  
Had known all this when he was bid to bring 460  
From strong-walled Erebus the dog of hell,  
He had not safely crossed the gulf of Styx.  
But now Jove hates me ; now he grants the wish  
Of Thetis, who hath kissed his knees and touched  
His beard caressingly, and prayed that he 465  
Would crown the overthrower of walled towns,  
Achilles, with great honor. Well, the time  
Will come when he shall call me yet again  
His dear Minerva. Hasten now to yoke  
For us thy firm-paced steeds, while in the halls 470  
Of ægis-bearing Jupiter I brace  
My armor on for war, — and I shall see  
If Hector of the beamy helm, the son  
Of Priam, will rejoice when we appear  
Upon the field again. Assuredly 475  
The men of Troy shall die, to feast the birds  
Of prey and dogs beside the Grecian fleet."

She ended, and the white-armed deity

Juno obeyed her. Juno the august,  
 The mighty Saturn's daughter, hastily 480  
 Caparisoned the golden-bitted steeds.  
 Meanwhile, Minerva on the palace-floor  
 Of Jupiter let drop the gorgeous robe  
 Of many hues, which her own hands had wrought,  
 And, putting on the Cloud-compeller's mail, 485  
 Stood armed for cruel war. And then she climbed  
 The glorious car, and took in hand the spear —  
 Huge, heavy, strong — with which she overthrows  
 The serried phalanxes of valiant men  
 Whene'er this daughter of the Almighty One 490  
 Is angered. Juno bore the lash, and urged  
 The coursers to their speed. The gates of heaven  
 Opened before them of their own accord, —  
 Gates guarded by the Hours, on whom the care  
 Of the great heaven and of Olympus rests, 495  
 To open or to close the wall of cloud.  
 Through these they guided their impatient steeds.

From Ida Jupiter beheld, in wrath,  
 And summoned Iris of the golden wings,  
 And bade her do this errand : " Speed thee hence, 500  
 Fleet Iris ! turn them back ; allow them not  
 Thus to defy me : it is not for them  
 To engage with me in war. I give my word, —  
 Nor shall it lack fulfilment, — I will make  
 The swift steeds lame that draw their car, and hurl  
 The riders down, and dash the car itself 506  
 To fragments. Ten long years shall wear away

Before they cease to suffer from the wounds  
 Made by the thunderbolt. Minerva thus  
 May learn the fate of those who strive with Jove 521  
 With Juno I am less displeased, for she  
 Is ever bent to thwart my purposes."

He spake ; and Iris, with the tempest's speed  
 Departing, bore the message from the heights  
 Of Ida to the great Olympus, where, 525  
 Among the foremost passes of the mount,  
 All seamed with hollow vales, she met and stayed  
 The pair, delivering thus the word of Jove : —

" Now whither haste ye ? What strange madness  
 fires

Your breasts ? The son of Saturn suffers not 527  
 That ye befriend the Greeks. He threatens thus, —  
 And will fulfil his threat, — that he will make  
 The coursers lame that draw your car, and hurl  
 The riders down, and dash the car itself  
 To fragments, and that ten long years must pass 529  
 Ere ye shall cease to suffer from the wounds  
 Made by the thunderbolt. So shalt thou learn,  
 O Pallas ! what it is to strive with Jove.  
 With Juno is he less displeased, for she  
 Is ever bent to thwart his purposes ; 531  
 But thou, he says, art guilty above all,  
 And shameless as a hound, if thou dare lift  
 Thy massive spear against thy father Jove." .

So spake fleet-footed Iris, and withdrew ;  
 And thus again to Pallas Juno said : —

“Child of the Ægis-bearer ! let us strive  
 With Jove no longer for the sake of men,  
 But let one perish and another live,  
 As chance may rule the hour, and let the God,  
 Communing with his secret mind, mete out 540  
 To Greeks and Trojans their just destiny.”

She spake, and turned the firm-paced coursers  
 back,  
 The coursers with fair-flowing manes. The Hours  
 Unyoked them, bound them to the ambrosial stalls,  
 And leaned against the shining walls the car ; 545  
 While Juno and Minerva went among  
 The other deities and took their place  
 Upon their golden seats, though sad at heart.  
 Then with his steeds, and in his bright-wheeled car,  
 Came Jove from Ida to the dwelling-place 550  
 Of gods upon Olympus. There did he  
 Who shakes the islands loose the steeds and bring  
 The chariot to its place, and o’er it spread  
 Its covering of lawn. The Thunderer  
 Seated himself upon his golden throne, 555  
 The great Olympus trembling as he stepped ;  
 While Juno and Minerva sat apart  
 Together, nor saluted him, nor asked  
 Of aught ; but he perceived their thoughts and  
 said : —

“Juno and Pallas ! why so sad ? Not long 560  
 Ye toiled in glorious battle to destroy  
 The Trojans, whom ye hold in bitter hate :

This strength of mine, and this invincible arm  
 Not all the gods upon the Olympian mount  
 Can turn to flight, while your fair limbs were seiz<sup>ed</sup>.  
 With trembling ere ye entered on the shock 566  
 And havoc of the war. Now let me say —  
 And well the event would have fulfilled my words —  
 'That, smitten with the thunder from my hand,  
 Your chariots never would have brought you back 570  
 To this Olympus and the abode of gods.'

He spake ; while Pallas and the queen of heaven  
 Repined with close-pressed lips, and in their hearts  
 Devised new mischiefs for the Trojan race.

Silent Minerva sat, nor dared express 575  
 The anger that she bore her father Jove ;  
 But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“ What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said ?  
 Thou art, we know, invincible in might ;  
 Yet must we sorrow for the heroic Greeks, 580  
 Who, by a cruel fate, are perishing.  
 We stand aloof from war, if thou require ;  
 Yet would we counsel the Achaian host,  
 Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly.”

And then the Cloud-compeller, answering, said : —  
 “ O Juno, large-eyed and august, if thou 585  
 Look forth to-morrow, thou shalt then behold  
 The all-powerful son of Saturn laying waste  
 With greater havoc still the mighty host  
 Of warlike Greeks. For Hector, great in war, 590  
 Shall pause not from the conflict, till he rouse

The swift-paced son of Peleus at the slips,  
 When, pent in narrow space, the armies fight  
 For slain Patroclus : such the will of fate.  
 As for thyself, I little heed thy rage : 595  
 Not even shouldst thou wander to the realm  
 Where earth and ocean end, where Saturn sits  
 Beside Iapetus, and neither light  
 Of overgoing suns nor breath of wind  
 Refreshes them, but gulfs of Tartarus 600  
 Surround them, — shouldst thou even thither bend  
 Thy way, I shall not heed thy rage, who art  
 Beyond all others shamelessly perverse.”

He ceased ; but white-armed Juno answered not.  
 And now into the sea the sun's bright light 605  
 Went down, and o'er the foodful earth was drawn  
 Night's shadow. Most unwillingly the sons  
 Of Troy beheld the sunset. To the Greeks  
 Eagerly wished the welcome darkness came.

Then from the fleet illustrious Hector led 610  
 The Trojans, and beside the eddying stream,  
 In a clear space uncumbered by the slain,  
 Held council. There, alighting from their cars,  
 They listened to the words that Hector spake, —  
 Hector, beloved of Jove. He held a spear, 615  
 In length eleven cubits, with a blade  
 Of glittering brass, bound with a ring of gold.  
 On this he leaned, and spake these wingèd words : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies.  
 But now I thought that, having first destroyed 620

The Achaian host and fleet, we should return  
This night to wind-swept Ilium. To their aid  
The darkness comes, and saves the Greeks, and  
saves

Their galleys ranged along the ocean-side.  
Obey we, then, the dark-browed night ; prepare 625  
Our meal ; unyoke the steeds with flowing manes,  
And set their food before them. Bring at once  
Oxen and fatlings of the flock from town,  
And from your dwellings bread and pleasant wine.  
And let us gather store of wood, to feed 630  
A multitude of blazing fires all night,  
Till Morning, daughter of the Dawn, appear, —  
Fires that shall light the sky, lest in the hours  
Of darkness with their ships the long-haired Greeks  
Attempt escape across the mighty deep. 635  
And, that they may not climb their decks unharmed,  
Let every foeman bear a wound to cure  
At home, — an arrow-wound or gash of spear,  
Given as he leaps on board. So other foes  
Shall dread a conflict with the knights of Troy. 640  
And let the heralds, dear to Jove, command  
That all grown youths and hoary-headed men  
Keep watch about the city in the towers  
Built by the gods ; and let the feebler sex  
Kindle large fires upon their hearths at home ; 645  
And let the guard be strengthened, lest the foe  
Should steal into the city while its sons  
Are all abroad. Thus let it be till morn,

Brave Trojans ! I but speak of what the time  
Requires, and on the morrow I shall speak 65  
Of what the Trojan knights have then to do.  
My prayer to Jove and to the other gods,  
And my hope is, that I may drive away  
These curs, brought hither by an evil fate  
In their black ships. All night will we keep watch,  
And, arming, with the early morn renew 65b  
The desperate conflict at the hollow ships.  
Then shall I see if valiant Diomed  
Tydides has the power to make me leave  
The Grecian galleys for the city-walls, 66c  
Or whether I shall slay him with my spear  
And take his bloody spoils. To-morrow's sun  
Will make his valor known, if he withstand  
The assault of this my weapon. Yet I think  
The sunrise will behold him slain among 66d  
The first, with many comrades lying round.  
Would that I knew myself as certainly  
Secure from death and the decays of age,  
And to be held in honor like the gods  
Apollo and Minerva, as I know 67a  
This day will bring misfortune to the Greeks ! ”

So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host  
Applauded ; from the yoke forthwith they loosed  
The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars  
With halters ; to the town they sent in haste 67b  
For oxen and the fatlings of the flock,  
And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine,



And gathered fuel in large store. The winds  
Bore up the fragrant fumes from earth to heaven.

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through  
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed. 682  
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth  
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze  
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars  
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart, 685  
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,  
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships  
And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone  
A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire  
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars — 690  
Champing their oats and their white barley — stood,  
And waited for the golden morn to rise.

## BOOK IX.

THE Trojans thus kept watch ; while through  
the night  
The power of Flight, companion of cold Fear,  
Wrought on the Greeks, and all their bravest men  
Were bowed beneath a sorrow hard to bear.  
As when two winds upturn the fishy deep, —  
The north wind and the west, that suddenly  
Blow from the Thracian coast ; the black waves rise  
At once, and fling the sea-weed to the shore, —

Thus were the Achaians troubled in their hearts.

Atrides, deeply grieving, walked the camp, 10  
And bade the clear-voiced heralds call by name  
To council all the chiefs, but not aloud.  
The king himself among the foremost gave  
The summons. Sadly that assembly took  
Their seats ; and Agamemnon in the midst 15  
Rose, shedding tears, — as down a lofty rock,  
Darkening its face, a fountain's waters flow, —  
And, deeply sighing, thus addressed the Greeks :—

“ O friends ! the chiefs and princes of the Greeks !  
Saturnian Jove hath in an evil snare 20  
Most cruelly entangled me. He gave  
His promise once that I should overthrow  
This strong-walled Ilium, and return ; but now  
He meditates a fraud, and sends me back  
To Argos without glory, and with loss 25  
Of many warriors. Thus doth it seem good  
Doubtless to Jove Almighty, who hath cast  
The towers of many a city down to earth,  
And will cast others down, — his might excels  
All other might. But let us now obey, 30  
As I shall counsel you, and in our ships  
Haste to our own dear country ; for I see  
That Troy with its broad streets can ne'er be ours.”

He spake ; and all were silent. Silent long  
Remained the sorrow-stricken sons of Greece, 35  
Till Diomed, the brave in battle, spake :—

“ First of the chiefs I speak, to disapprove,

Atrides, thy rash purpose : 't is my right  
 In council ; nor, O king, be thou displeased.  
 Thou first among the Greeks hast taunted me  
 With lack of valor, calling me unapt  
 For war and weak of arm. The young and old  
 Have heard the taunt. One of two gifts the son  
 Of wily Saturn hath bestowed on thee :  
 High rank and rule o'er all the rest he gave,  
 But gave thee not the nobler quality  
 Of fortitude. Dost thou then truly deem  
 The Greeks unapt for war and weak of arm,  
 As thou hast said ? Thou longest to return :  
 Go, then ; the way is open ; by the sea  
 The barks that brought thee from Mycenæ lie,  
 A numerous fleet. Yet others will remain —  
 Long-haired Achæians — till we overthrow  
 The city. Should they also pine for home,  
 Then let them flee, with all their ships ; while I  
 With Sthenelus fight on until we make  
 An end of Troy, — for with the gods we came."

He spake. The Greeks applauded ; all admired  
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed.  
 Nestor the knight then rose, and thus he spake :—

"O son of Tydeus, eminently brave  
 Art thou among thy comrades in the field,  
 And great in council. No one here condemns  
 The sentence thou hast given ; among the Greeks  
 Is no one who denies what thou hast said ;  
 Yet hast thou not said all. Thy years are few, —

So few, thou mightest be my youngest son ;  
And yet thou speakest wisely to the kings  
Of Greece, and thy discourse is just and right.  
Now I, who boast of far more years than thou, 70  
Will speak of this that yet remains, and none —  
Not even Agamemnon — will gainsay  
What I advise. A wretch without a tie  
Of kin, a lawless man without a home,  
Is he who takes delight in civil strifes. 75  
But let us now give way to the dark night,  
And make our banquets ready. Let the guards  
Lie down within the trenches which we digged  
Without the wall : be this the young men's charge.  
And thou, Atrides, do thou now begin, 80  
Who art supreme, and make a feast for all  
The elder chiefs ; it shall become thee well :  
Thy tents are full of wine, which ships from Thrace  
Bring every day across the mighty deep,  
And thou hast all things ready, and a host 85  
Of menials. Then, when many throng the board,  
Thou shalt defer to him who counsels thee  
Most wisely ; for the Greeks have urgent need  
Of prudent counsels, when the foe so close  
Beside our galleys lights his multitude 90  
Of watch-fires. Who that sees them can rejoice ?  
This night will rescue or destroy our host."

He spake. They listened all, and willingly  
Obeyed him. Forth in armor went the guards,  
Led by the chieftain 'Thrasymedes, son 95

Of Nestor, by Ascalaphus, who claimed  
His birth from Mars, and by Ialmenus  
His brother, and Deïpyrus, with whom  
There followed Aphareus, Meriones,  
And Lycomedes, Creon's noble son. 109

Seven were the leaders of the guards ; with each  
A hundred youths in warlike order marched,  
Bearing long spears ; and when they reached the  
space

Between the trench and wall they sat them down,  
And kindled fires and made their evening meal. 106

Atrides brought the assembled elder chiefs  
To his pavilion, and before them set  
A generous banquet. They put forth their hands  
And shared the feast ; and when the calls of thirst  
And hunger ceased, the aged Nestor first 110  
Began to counsel them ; the chief, whose words  
Had lately seemed of wisest import, now  
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered speech :—

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king !  
What I shall say begins and ends with thee, 115  
For thou dost rule o'er many nations. Jove  
Hath given to thee the sceptre, and the power  
To make their laws, that thou mayst seek their good.  
Thou, therefore, of all men, shouldst speak and hear  
In council, and shouldst follow willingly 120  
Another's judgment when it best promotes  
The general weal ; for all depends on thee.  
Now let me say what seems to me most wise ;

For better counsel none can give than this  
Which now I meditate, and which to give 125  
I purposed from the hour when thou, great king,  
Didst bear the maid Briseis from the tent  
Of the enraged Achilles, unapproved  
By me, who strove to change thy rash design.  
Then didst thou yield thee to thy haughty will, 130  
And didst dishonor a most valiant man,  
Whom the immortals honor. Thou didst take  
And still dost keep the prize he fairly won.

Let it be now our study to appease  
The hero with large gifts and soothing words." 135

Then Agamemnon, king of men, replied : —  
“ O ancient man, most truly hast thou named  
My faults. I erred, and I deny it not.  
That man indeed is equal to a host  
Whom Jupiter doth love and honor thus, 140  
Humbling the Achaian people for his sake.  
And now, since, yielding to my wayward mood  
I erred, let me appease him, if I may,  
With gifts of priceless worth. Before you all  
I number them, — seven tripods which the fire 145  
Hath never touched, six talents of pure gold,  
And twenty shining caldrons, and twelve steeds  
Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,  
Whose feet have won me prizes in the games.  
No beggar would he be, nor yet with store 150  
Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay  
The prizes those swift steeds have brought to me.

Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,  
 I give moreover, — Lesbians, whom I chose  
 When he o'erran the populous Lesbian isle, — 155  
 Damsels in beauty who excel their sex.  
 These I bestow, and with them I will send  
 Her whom I took away, — Briseis.

. . . . .  
 . . . . . All these I give 156

At once ; and if by favor of the gods  
 We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,  
 He shall load down his galley with large store  
 Of gold and silver, entering first when we,  
 The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then may he choose  
 Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful 166  
 Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come  
 Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked  
 With milky kine, he may become to me  
 A son-in-law, and cherished equally 170  
 With my sole son Orestes, who is reared  
 Most royally. Three daughters there, within  
 My stately palace-walls, — Chrysothemis,  
 Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell,  
 And he may choose among them, and may lead 175  
 Home to the house of Peleus her who best  
 Deserves his love. Nor need he to endow  
 The bride, for I will give an ampler dower  
 Than ever father to his daughter gave, —  
 Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle, 180  
 Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed

Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-fields,  
 Æpeia beautiful, and Pedasus  
 With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea,  
 And stand the last before you reach the coast 185  
 Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds  
 Their dwellers are, and they will honor him  
 As if he were a god, and, ruled by him,  
 Will pay large tribute. These will I bestow,  
 Let but his anger cool and his resolve 190  
 Give way. 'T is Pluto who is deaf to prayer  
 And ne'er relents, and he, of all the gods,  
 Most hateful is to men. Now let the son  
 Of Peleus yield at length to me, who stand  
 Above him in authority and years." 195

Then answered Nestor the Gerenian knight : —  
 " Atrides Agamemnon ! glorious king !  
 Gifts not to be contemned thou offerest  
 To Prince Achilles. Let us now despatch  
 A chosen embassy, who shall proceed 200  
 At once to where Pelides holds his tent.  
 I name the men ; and cheerfully will they  
 Perform the duty : Phœnix, dear to Jove,  
 Shall be their leader, mighty Ajax next,  
 And then high-born Ulysses ; heralds twain 205  
 Shall follow, — Hodus and Eurybates.  
 And now be water brought to cleanse our hands,  
 And charge be given that no ill-omened word  
 Be uttered, while we pray that Jupiter,  
 The son of Saturn, will assist our need." 215



He spake ; and all approved the words he said.  
Then poured the heralds water on the hands  
Of those who sat. The young men crowned with wine  
The goblets, and in seemly order passed  
The brimming cups, distributing to each. 215  
Part to the gods they poured, and next they drank  
As each might choose, and then the embassy  
Hastened from Agamemnon's tent. To each  
Gerenian Nestor spake in turn, and fixed  
His eyes on each intently, — most of all 22  
Upon Ulysses, — and with many a charge  
To turn Pelides from his angry mood.  
Along the edge of the resounding deep  
They went, and as they walked they offered prayer  
To earth-embracing Neptune, that their words 225  
Might move the great soul of Æacides.  
And now they came where lay the Myrmidons  
Among their tents and ships. Achilles there  
Drew solace from the music of a harp  
Sweet-toned and shapely, in a silver frame, 230  
Part of the spoil he took when he o'erthrew  
Eëtion's town. To soothe his mood he sang  
The deeds of heroes. By him sat alone  
Patroclus, silent till the song should cease.  
On moved the messengers, — before them walked  
High-born Ulysses, — till they stood beside 23  
Achilles. He beheld, and with the harp  
Sprang from his seat, surprised. Patroclus saw  
The heroes also, and arose. Their hands

The swift Achilles took in his, and said : — 240

“ Welcome ! Ye come as friends. Some press-  
ing cause

Must surely bring you hither, whom I prize,  
Wronged as I am, beyond all other Greeks.”

Thus speaking, the great son of Peleus led  
His guests still farther on, and seated them 245

On couches spread with purple coverings,  
And thus addressed Patroclus, who was near : —

“ Son of Menœtius, bring a larger vase,  
And mingle purer wine, and place a cup  
For each, since these are most beloved friends, — 250  
These warriors who now sit beneath my roof.”

He spake. Patroclus hearkened, and obeyed  
His well-beloved friend, who meantime placed  
A block beside the fire, and on it laid  
Chines of a sheep and of a fatling goat, 255  
And of a sow, the fattest of her kind.

Automedon stood by and held them fast ;  
Achilles took the knife and skilfully  
Carved them in portions, and transfixed the parts  
With spits. Patroclus, the divine in form, 260  
Woke to a blaze the fire ; and when the flame  
Had ceased to rise he raked the glowing coals  
Apart, and o’er them stretched the spits, and  
strewed,

Raising the flesh, the sacred salt o’er all.  
And when he had made ready and had spread 265  
The banquet on the board, Patroclus took

The bread and offered it to all the guests  
In shapely canisters. Achilles served  
The meats, and took his seat against the wall,  
In front of great Ulysses. There he bade 274  
His friend Patroclus offer sacrifice,  
Casting the first rich morsels to the flames.  
The guests put forth their hands and shared the  
feast ;

And when the calls of hunger and of thirst  
Were felt no longer, Ajax gave a nod 275  
To Phœnix, which divine Ulysses saw,  
And filled his cup and drank to Peleus' son : —

“ Thy health, Achilles ! Princely feasts like this  
Attend us both in Agamemnon's tent  
And here, — for here is all that makes a feast 280  
Complete ; yet now is not the time to think  
Of pleasant banquets, for our thoughts are turned —  
O Jove-born warrior ! — to a fearful time  
Of slaughter, and the fate of our good ships, —  
Whether we save them harmless, or the foe 285  
Destroy them, if thou put not on thy might.  
For now the haughty Trojans, and the troops  
Who come from far to aid them, pitch their camp  
Close to our fleet and wall, and all around  
Kindle their many fires, and boast that we 290  
No longer have the power to drive them back  
From our black galleys. Jupiter, the son  
Of Saturn, shows them favorable signs  
With lightnings from above ; and, terrible

In aspect and in valor, Hector makes 295  
 Sad havoc, trusting in the aid of Jove,  
 And neither reverences gods nor men, —  
 Such rage possesses him. He prays that soon  
 The morn may rise, that he may hew the prows  
 From all our ships and give them to the flames, 300  
 And slay the Greeks, bewildered with the smoke.  
 For me, I greatly fear the gods will grant  
 That he fulfil his threat, and that our doom  
 Will be to perish on the Trojan coast,  
 And far away from Argos, famed for steeds. 305  
 Rise, then, though late, — rise with a resolute mind,  
 And from the hard-pressed sons of Greece drive back  
 The assailing Trojans. Thou wilt else lament  
 Hereafter, when the evil shall be done  
 And shall admit no cure. Bethink thee well 310  
 How from the Greeks thou mayst avert the day  
 Of their destruction. O my friend, when first  
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's help  
 From Phthia's coast, thy father Peleus said : —  
 “ ‘ My child, from Juno and Minerva comes 315  
 The gift of valor, if they choose to give.  
 But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,  
 For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof  
 From sharp contentions, that the old and young  
 Among the Greeks may honor thee the more.’ 320  
 “ Such was the old man's charge, forgotten now.  
 Yield, then, and lay thy wrath aside. Large gifts  
 Doth Agamemnon offer, to appease

Thy wounded spirit. Hear me, if thou wilt,  
 Recount what gifts the monarch in his tent 325  
 Hath promised thee : — Seven tripods which the fire  
 Hath never touched ; six talents of pure gold ;  
 And twenty shining caldrons ; and twelve steeds  
 Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,  
 Whose feet have won him prizes in the games. 330  
 No beggar would he be, nor yet with store  
 Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay  
 The prizes those swift-footed steeds have won.  
 Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,  
 He offers, — Lesbians, whom he chose when thou  
 Didst overrun the populous Lesbian isle, — 335  
 In beauty eminent among their sex.  
 These he bestows, and with them he will send  
 Her whom he took away, — Briseis.

. . . . . 340

. . . . . All these he gives

At once ; and if, by favor of the gods,  
 We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,  
 Thou shalt load down thy galley with large store  
 Of gold and silver, entering first when we, 345  
 The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then mayst thou  
 choóse

Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful  
 Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come  
 Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked  
 With milky kine, thou mayst become to him 350  
 A son-in-law, and cherished equally

With his sole son Orestes, who is reared  
Right royally. Three daughters there, within  
The monarch's stately halls, — Chrysothemis,  
Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell, 355  
And thou mayst choose among them, and mayst  
lead

Home to the house of Peleus her who best  
Deserves thy love. Nor needest thou endow  
The bride, for he will give an ampler dower  
Than ever father to his daughter gave, — 360  
Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle,  
Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed  
Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-grounds,  
Æpeia beautiful, and Pedasus  
With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea, 365  
And stand the last before you reach the coast  
Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds  
Their dwellers are, and they will honor thee  
As if thou wert a god, and, ruled by thee,  
Will pay large tribute. These will he bestow, 370  
Let but thine anger cease. But if the son  
Of Atreus and his gifts still move thy hate,  
At least have pity on the afflicted Greeks,  
Pent in their camp, who now would honor thee  
As if thou wert a god ; and thou shalt gain 37  
Great glory as their champion, and shalt slay  
This Hector, who even now is close at hand,  
And in a murderous frenzy makes his boast  
That none of all the chieftains whom the fleet

Of Greece brought hither equals him in might." 32

The swift Achilles answered him and said : —

"Son of Laertes, nobly born, and versed

In wise devices, let me frankly speak

Just as I think, and just as I shall act,

And then ye will not importune me more. 33

Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,

Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,

Utters another. I shall speak as seems

To me the best ; nor deem I that the son

Of Atreus or the other Greeks can move 34

My settled purpose, since no thanks are paid

To him who with the enemy maintains

A constant battle : equal is the meed

Of him who stands aloof and him who fights

Manfully ; both the coward and the brave 35

Are held in equal honor, and they die

An equal death, — the idler and the man

Of mighty deeds. For me there is no store

Of wealth laid up from all that I have borne,

Exposing life in battle. As a bird 36

Brings to her unfledged young the food she finds,

Though she herself be fasting, so have I

Had many a night unvisited by sleep,

And passed in combat many a bloody day,

Fighting beside these warriors for their wives. 37

Twelve cities have I with my fleet laid waste,

And with my Myrmidons have I o'erthrown

Eleven upon this fertile Trojan coast.

Full many a precious spoil from these I bore,  
And to Atrides Agamemnon gave. 410  
He, loitering in his fleet, received them all ;  
Few he distributed, and many kept.  
To chiefs and princes he indeed assigned  
Prizes, which now they hold. From me alone  
Of all the Greeks he takes my prize ; he takes 415  
My bride, whom well I loved ; — and let him keep  
The damsel. But what need is there that Greeks  
Wage war against the Trojans ? For what cause  
Did Agamemnon, gathering from our realms  
An army, lead it hither ? Was it not 420  
Because of fair-haired Helen ? Are the sons  
Of Atreus, then, the only men on earth  
Who love their wives ? Nay, every good man loves  
And cherishes his spouse ; and mine I loved  
Tenderly, though the captive of my spear : 425  
And now, since he hath taken my reward  
Away and treacherously dealt with me,  
Let him not try again, for I am warned,  
And he will not persuade me. Let him take  
Counsel with thee, Ulysses, and the rest, 430  
How to drive back the enemy and save  
The fleet from flames. Already has he done  
Much without me ; a rampart he has raised,  
And round it dug a deep, broad trench, and filled  
The trench with palisades. Yet can he not 435  
Resist the man-destroyer Hector thus.  
This Hector, when I fought among the Greeks,



Never would fight at distance from the walls,  
And ventured not beyond the Scæan gates  
And beechen tree. There waited he for me 44  
Upon a time, and scarce escaped with life  
From my assault. Now, since I do not choose  
To fight with noble Hector, I shall pay,  
To-morrow, sacrifice to Jupiter  
And all the gods, and load my galleys well, 44½  
And draw them to the water. Then shalt thou  
See — if thou care for such a sight — my ships  
Sailing upon the fishy Hellespont  
At early morning, with their crews on board  
Eager to pull the oar ; and if the god 45  
Of ocean grant a prosperous voyage, then  
On the third day we reach the fertile coast  
Of Phthia. Large possessions left I there  
When I came hither in an evil hour ;  
And thither I shall carry with me gold 45½  
And ruddy brass, and women of fair forms,  
And burnished steel, — the spoils I won in war.  
The prize he gave me, Agamemnon, son  
Of Atreus, takes, with many insults, back.  
Bear him this message, — give it openly, 46  
That others of the Greeks may be like me  
Indignant should he impudently dare  
To wrong them also : — Let him ne'er again,  
Though shameless, dare to look me in the face.  
I will not join in council or in act 46½  
With him : he has deceived and wronged me once,

And now he cannot wheedle me with words.  
Let once suffice. I leave him to himself,  
To perish. All-providing Jupiter  
Hath made him mad. I hate his gifts ; I hold 47<sup>u</sup>  
In utter scorn the giver. Were his gifts  
Tenfold — nay, twenty-fold — the worth of all  
That he possesses, and with added wealth  
From others, — all the riches that flow in  
Upon Orchomenus, or Thebes, the pride 47<sup>s</sup>  
Of Egypt, where large treasures are laid up,  
And through whose hundred gates rush men and  
steeds,  
Two hundred through each gate ; — nay, should he  
give  
As many gifts as there are sands and dust  
Of earth, — not even then shall Atreus' son 48<sup>o</sup>  
Persuade me, till I reap a just revenge  
For his foul contumelies. I will wed  
No child of Agamemnon Even though  
She vied with golden Venus in her charms,  
And with the blue-eyed Pallas in her skill, 48<sup>e</sup>  
I would not wed her. Let him choose among  
The Greeks a fitter husband, — one whose ruie  
Is wider than my own. For if the gods  
Preserve me, and I reach my home again,  
My father, Peleus, will bestow on me 4.  
A consort. Many are the Achaian maids,  
Daughters of chiefs who hold our citadels  
In Hellas, and in Phthia, and of these,

Her who shall most delight me I will make  
 My well-beloved wife. My soul has longed 499  
 Earnestly, with a fitting spouse betrothed  
 Duly, to make my dwelling there, and there  
 Enjoy the wealth which aged Peleus won ;  
 For not to be compared with life is all  
 The wealth which, as men say, was treasured up 500  
 In Ilium's populous town in time of peace,  
 Ere the Greeks came, nor all the stores contained  
 Within the stony threshold of the god  
 Who bears the bow, Apollo, on the coast  
 Of rocky Pytho. We may gather spoil 505  
 Of oxen and of fatling sheep, and bring  
 Tripods from war, and yellow-maned steeds :  
 The breath of man no force can seize or hold,  
 And when it leaves the enclosure of the teeth  
 It comes not back. My mother said to me — 510  
 The goddess, silver-footed Thetis, said —  
 A twofold fate conducts me to my death ; —  
 If I remain to fight beneath the walls  
 Of Ilium, my return will be cut off,  
 But deathless my renown ; if I return 515  
 To the dear land in which my fathers dwell,  
 My glory will be nought, but long my life,  
 And late will come to me the stroke of death.  
 And now I counsel all to sail for home,  
 For never will ye see the overthrow 520  
 Of lofty Ilium. Jove the Thunderer  
 Stretches his great hand o'er her, and her sons

Take courage. Go ye now, and take with you  
 This message to the princes of the Greeks, —  
 As is the office of an embassy, — 523  
 And bid them meditate some wiser plan  
 To save their galleys and the host of Greeks  
 Within the hollow barks. The plan which brought  
 You hither cannot serve you while I keep  
 My anger unappeased. Let Phœnix stay 530  
 To pass the night with us, that he may sail  
 To-morrow, if it please him, to the land  
 We love ; I take him not against his will.”

He ceased ; and silent were the ambassadors,  
 Astonished at his passionate words. At last 535  
 Phœnix, the aged knight, with many tears  
 And sighs, took up the word, in grief and fear  
 Lest Hector should destroy the Grecian fleet : —

“ Illustrious son of Peleus, if indeed  
 Thou wilt return, nor carest to repel 540  
 From our swift galleys the consuming fire,  
 Because thou art offended, how shall I,  
 Dear child, remain without thee ? When at first  
 Peleus, the aged knight, from Phthia sent  
 Thee, yet a boy, to Agamemnon’s aid, 545  
 Unskilled as then thou wert in cruel war  
 And martial councils, — where men also gain  
 A great renown, — he sent me with thee, charged  
 To teach thee both, that so thou mightst become  
 In words an orator, in warlike deeds 550  
 An actor. Therefore, my beloved child,



They slew, and many a fattened swine they stretched  
Over the flame of Vulcan. From the casks  
Of the old chief his wine was freely drawn.  
Nine nights they slept surrounding me, while each  
Kept watch in turn : nor ever were the fires 585  
Put out ; one blazed beneath the portico  
Of the fair hall, and near the chamber-door  
Another glimmered in the vestibule.  
But when upon me rose the tenth dark night,  
I broke my aptly-jointed chamber-doors, 590  
And issued forth, and easily o'erleaped  
The wall around the palace, quite unseen  
Of watching men and of the serving maids.  
I fled through spacious Hellas to the fields  
Of Phthia, nurse of flocks, and to her king, 595  
Peleus, who kindly welcomed me, and loved  
Me as a father loves his only son,  
Born to large wealth in his declining years.  
He made me rich, and gave me sovereign rule  
Over much people. My abode was fixed 600  
In farthest Phthia, where I was the prince  
Of the Dolopians. As for thee, my care,  
Godlike Achilles, made thee what thou art.  
I loved thee from my soul : thou wouldst not go  
With any other to the feast, nor take 605  
Thy food at home until upon my knees  
I placed thee, carved thy meats, and gave them thee,  
And poured thy wine. The tunic on my breast  
Was often wetted by thee when the wine

Gushed in thy petulant childhood from thy lips. 610  
Thus many things did I endure for thee,  
And many toils perform ; and since the gods  
Vouchsafed no son to me, it was my thought  
To train thee as a son, that thou mightst be,  
O godlike man ! the bulwark of my age. 615  
And now subdue that mighty spirit of thine :  
Ill it becomes thee to be merciless :  
The gods themselves are placable, though far  
Above us all in honor and in power  
And virtue. We propitiate them with vows, 620  
Incense, libations, and burnt-offerings,  
And prayers for those who have offended. Prayers  
Are daughters of almighty Jupiter, —  
Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, — that painfully  
Follow Misfortune's steps ; but strong of limb 625  
And swift of foot Misfortune is, and, far  
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,  
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers  
Do afterwards redress. Whoe'er receives  
Jove's daughters reverently when they approach, 630  
Him willingly they aid, and to his suit  
They listen. Whosoever puts them by  
With obstinate denial, they appeal  
To Jove, the son of Saturn. and entreat  
That he will cause Misfortune to attend 635  
The offender's way in life, that he in turn  
May suffer evil and be punished thus.  
Wherefore, Achilles ! do thou also yield

The honor due Jove's daughters, freely given  
By other valiant men. If Atreus' son 64  
Brought thee no gifts, nor promised others still,  
But kept his anger, I would never ask  
That thou shouldst lay aside thy wrath and come  
To help the Argives in their bitter need.  
But he bestows large gifts, and adds a pledge 645  
Of others yet in store, and he hath sent  
The best men of the army, who to thee  
Are dearest, to entreat thee. Spurn thou not  
These, nor their embassy, although at first  
Thine anger was not causeless. We have heard 650  
The praise of heroes of the elder time,  
Inflamed to vehement anger, yet appeased  
By gifts, and yielding to persuasive words.  
One instance I remember : long ago  
It happened, and I will relate it here 655  
Among my friends. Around the city-walls  
Of Calydon did the Curetes strive  
In battle with the Ætolians ; they destroyed  
Each other fearfully. The Ætolians fought  
To save the pleasant town of Calydon, 660  
And the Curetes warred to lay it waste.  
Diana of the golden throne had caused  
The war, displeased with Ceneus, who withheld  
From her the first-fruits of his fertile field :  
While hecatombs were burnt in sacrifice 665  
To feast the other gods, to her alone —  
Daughter of Jove — no offering was brought :



For either he forgot, or thought the rite  
Of little moment ; but he greatly erred.  
And now the child of Jove, the archer-queen, 674  
Incensed, sent forth against him from the wood  
A white-tusked wild boar, which upon his lands  
Entered, and ravaged them, and brought to earth  
Many tall trees : tree after tree they fell,  
With roots upturn, and all the blossoms on, 75  
That promised fruit. Him Meleager, son  
Of Æneus, slew, with many hunters called  
From neighboring cities, bringing many hounds.  
A few could not subdue him : he had made  
Many already mount the funeral pile. 680  
Diana kindled round the boar a strife  
For the beast's head and bristly hide, — a war  
'Twixt the Curetes and the Ætolian band  
Of braves. The war, while Meleager fought,  
Went not with the Curetes, nor could they, 685  
Though many, keep the field. But wrath at last  
Seized Meleager, — wrath, which rages oft  
Even in prudent minds. Incensed against  
Althæa, his own mother, he remained  
At home with Cleopatra, his young wife, 690  
The beauteous, whom a delicate-footed dame,  
Marpessa, daughter of Evenus, bore  
To Idas, bravest in his time among  
The sons of men, — so brave that once he drew  
A bow against Apollo for the sake 695  
Of his neat-footed bride. The honored pair

Within the palace used to call their child  
 Alcyone ; for when the archer-god,  
 Apollo, from her husband bore away  
 The mother, Cleopatra sadly wailed, 700  
 As wails the halcyon. So beside his spouse  
 Dwelt Meleager, brooding ever o'er  
 The violent anger which his mother's curse  
 Had kindled. Grieving for a brother's death,  
 She supplicated heaven, and often struck 705  
 Her hands against the teeming earth, and called—  
 Kneeling, her bosom all bedewed with tears —  
 On Pluto and the cruel Proserpine,  
 To put her son to death. From Erebus  
 The pitiless Erinnyes, wandering 710  
 In darkness, heard the prayer. Then straightway  
                   rose

A sound of fearful tumult at the gates :  
 The towers were battered, and the elder chiefs  
 Of the Ætolians hastened to entreat  
 The aid of Meleager, and they sent 715  
 Priests of the gods, a chosen band, to pray  
 That he would come to their defence. Large gifts  
 They promised. Where the soil of Calydon  
 Was best, they bade him choose a fruitful field  
 Of fifty acres, half for vines, and half, 720  
 Cleared of the trees, for tillage. Earnestly  
 Did aged Ceneus, famed for horsemanship,  
 Beseech him ; to the chamber of his son,  
 High-roofed, he climbed, and at the threshold shook

'The massive doors with knocking as he sued, 725  
His sisters and his reverend mother joined  
Their supplications : he resisted still.  
And much his friends, the dearest and most prized,  
Besought him, but they vainly strove to swerve  
His steadfast mind, till his own chamber felt 730  
The assault, and the Curetes climbed the walls  
To fire the populous city. Then the nymph,  
His graceful wife, entreated him with tears,  
And spake of all the horrors which o'ertake  
A captured city, — all the men cut off 735  
By massacre, the houses given to flames,  
The children and deep-bosomed women dragged  
Into captivity. Her sorrowful words  
He heard ; his spirit was disturbed ; he went  
To gird his glittering armor on, and thus  
He saved the Ætolians from a fearful doom,  
Obeying his own impulse. The reward  
Of rare and costly gifts they gave him not,  
Though thus he rescued them. Be not thy thought  
Like his, my friend ; let no invisible power 745  
Persuade thee thus to act. Far worse it were  
'To wait, and when our fleet is all on fire  
Offer thy aid. Accept the gifts at once :  
Then will the Greeks, as if thou wert a god,  
Hold thee in honor. If without the gifts 751  
Thou enter later on the field of fight,  
Thou wilt not have like honor with the host,  
Although thou turn the assault of battle back."

Then did Achilles, swift of foot, reply : —  
 “ O ancient Phœnix, father, loved of Jove,  
 Such honor need I not ; for the decree  
 Of Jove, I deem, already honors me,  
 And will detain me by my beakèd ships  
 While breath is in my lungs, and I have power  
 To move these knees. Yet one thing I would say, —  
 And bear it thou in mind, — vex not my soul 761  
 With weeping and lamenting for the sake  
 Of Agamemnon ; it becomes thee not —  
 Thou who art loved by me — to yield thy love  
 To him, unless thou wouldst incur my hate. 765  
 And thou shouldst be the enemy of him  
 Who wrongs me. Reign thou equally with me,  
 And share my honors. These will carry back  
 My answer. Thou remain, and, softly couched,  
 Sleep here : with early morn will we consult 774  
 Whether to leave this region or remain.”

He spake, and, nodding to Patroclus, gave  
 A signal to prepare an ample couch  
 For Phœnix, while the other chiefs prepared  
 To leave the tent. Then Ajax Telamon, 775  
 The godlike chief, addressed his comrades thus : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled  
 In sage devices, let us now depart,  
 Since, as it seems, the end for which we came  
 Cannot be compassed thus, and we must bear 784  
 With speed the unwelcome answer to the Greeks,  
 Who sit expecting us ; while in his breast

The implacable Achilles bears a fierce  
And haughty heart, nor doth he heed the claim  
Of that close friendship of his fellow-chiefs, 785  
Which at the Grecian fleet exalted him  
Above all others. Unrelenting one !  
Even for a brother's death a price is paid,  
Or when a son is slain : the slayer dwells  
At home among his people, having made 790  
The appointed expiation. He to whom  
The fine is offered takes it, and his thirst  
Of vengeance is appeased. But in thy heart  
The gods have kindled an unquenchable rage,  
All for a single damsel, — and behold, 795  
Seven more we offer, passing beautiful,  
With many gifts beside. Let, then, thy mood  
Be softened : have respect to thine own roof ;  
For we are guests beneath it, sent from all  
The assembled host, and strong is our desire 800  
To be thy dearest and most cherished friends  
Of all the Achaians, many as they are."

Achilles the swift-footed answered thus : —  
" Illustrious Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Prince of the people ! all that thou hast said, 805  
I well perceive, is prompted by thy heart.  
Mine swells with indignation when I think  
How King Atrides mid the assembled Greeks  
Heaped insults on me, as if I had been  
A wretched vagabond. But go ye now 810  
And bear my message. I shall never think

Of bloody war till noble Hector, son  
 Of Priam, slaughtering in his way the Greeks,  
 Shall reach the galleys of the Myrmidons,  
 To lay the fleet in flames. But when he comes 815  
 To my own tent and galley, he, I think,  
 Though eager for the combat, will desist."

He spake. Each raised a double cup and poured  
 Libations to the gods ; they then returned  
 Beside the fleet. Ulysses led the way. 820

Patroclus bade the attendant men and maids  
 Strew with all speed a soft and ample bed  
 For Phœnix. They obeyed, and spread the couch  
 With skins of sheep, dyed coverlets, and sheets  
 Of lawn ; and there the old man lay to wait 825  
 The glorious morn. Meantime Achilles slept  
 Within the tent's recess.

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Now when the ambassadors were come within  
 The tent of Agamemnon, all the chiefs 835  
 Rose, one by one, and, lifting up to them  
 Their golden goblets, asked the news they brought  
 And first Atrides, king of men, inquired : —

" Renowned Ulysses, glory of the Greeks !  
 Tell me, will he protect our fleet from flames, 840

Or does he, in his wrath and pride, refuse?"

Then spake the hardy chief Ulysses thus : —

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king  
 Of men ! he will not let his wrath abate,  
 But rages yet more fiercely, and contemns 845  
 Thee and thy gifts. He leaves thee to consult  
 With thine Achaïans by what means to save  
 The fleet and army ; for himself he means  
 To-morrow, with the early dawn, to launch  
 His well-appointed galleys on the sea, 850  
 And will advise the other Greeks to spread  
 The sails for home, since they will never see  
 The overthrow of lofty Troy, for Jove  
 The Thunderer stretches his protecting hand  
 Above her, and her sons have taken heart. 855  
 Such are his words ; and those who went with me  
 Are present, — Ajax and the heralds both,  
 Sage men, — the witnesses to what I say.  
 The aged Phoenix stays behind to sleep,  
 And on the morrow to attend his chief 860  
 To their beloved country, — if he will,  
 For else by no means will he take him hence.”

He spake ; and all were silent, all amazed  
 At what they heard, for these were bitter words.  
 Long sat the sons of Greece in silent thought, 865  
 Till Diomed, the great in battle, spake : —

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king  
 Of men ! I would thou hadst not deigned to ask  
 The illustrious son of Peleus for his aid,

With offer of large gifts ; for arrogant 870  
 He is at all times : thou hast made him now  
 More insolent. Now leave him to himself,  
 To go or to remain : he yet will fight  
 When his mood changes, or some god within  
 Shall move him. Let us do what I advise :— 875  
 Betake we all ourselves to rest, but first  
 Refresh ourselves with food and wine ; in them  
 Is strength and spirit. When the rosy morn  
 Shall shine, command thou that the foot and horse  
 Be speedily drawn up before the fleet, 880  
 And thou encourage them with cheerful words,  
 And fight among them in the foremost rank.”

He spake. The kings assented, and admired  
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed ;  
 And, pouring out libations, to their tents 885  
 They all departed, and lay down to rest,  
 And took into their souls the balm of sleep.

## BOOK X.

ALL the night long the captains of the Greeks  
 Slept at the ships, and pleasant was their  
 sleep, —

Save only Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 The shepherd of the people. Not to him —  
 Vexed with a thousand cares — came gentle sleep.



As when the husband of the light-haired queen 6  
Of heaven sends forth his thunders, ushering in  
Some wide-involving shower, — rain, hail, or snow  
Whitening the fields, — or opening o'er some land  
The ravenous jaws of unrelenting war, — 10  
So frequent were the groans which from his heart  
Atrides uttered ; for within his breast  
His heart was troubled. Looking toward the plain  
Of Troy, he wondered at the many fires  
Blazing before the city, and the sound 15  
Of flutes and fifes, and tumult of the crowd.  
But when he turned him toward the fleet and host  
Of Greece, he tore his hair, and flung it up  
To Jove, and vented his great heart in groans.  
And now at length it seemed to him most wise 20  
To seek Neleian Nestor, and with him  
Devise some plan by which to turn aside  
The threatened evil from the Greeks. He rose,  
And drew his tunic o'er his breast, and laced  
The graceful sandals to his well-shaped feet ; 25  
And o'er his shoulders threw the blood-stained hide  
Of a huge tawny lion, that reached down  
Even to the ground ; and took in hand his spear.  
Meantime with like uneasy thoughts oppressed  
Was Menelaus, to whose eyes there came 30  
No slumber, — dreading lest calamity  
Should light upon the Greeks, who for his sake  
Had crossed the sea to carry war to Troy.  
And first he threw a leopard's spotted hide

O'er his broad back, and placed the brazen helm 35  
Upon his head, and took in his strong grasp  
A spear, and went to bid his brother wake, —  
His brother, the chief ruler over all  
The men of Greece, and honored like a god.  
He found him at his galley's prow in act 40  
To sheath his shoulders in the shining mail,  
And pleased to greet his coming. To the king  
Thus Menelaus, great in battle, spake : —

“ Why arm thyself, my brother? Wouldst thou  
send

A warrior to explore the Trojan camp? 45  
None will accept the task, I fear, to creep  
Alone at dead of night, a spy, within  
The hostile lines ; — a bold man must he be.”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —  
“ Most noble Menelaus, much we need 50  
Wise counsel — thou and I — to save our men  
And galleys from destruction, since the will  
Of Jove is changed. Now hath the God respect  
To Hector's sacrifices ; for in truth  
I never saw — I never heard of one 55  
Who in one day performed such mighty deeds  
As Hector, dear to Jove, just now hath wrought,  
Though not the son of goddess or of god.  
Those deeds will be, I deem, for many a day  
A cause of bitter sorrow to the Greeks, — 60  
Such evil hath he wrought. Now go at once,  
And from their galleys call Idomeneus

And Ajax ; while to noble Nestor's tent  
I go, and pray that he will rise and give  
Their orders to the sacred band of guards ; — 65  
For they will hearken to him, since his son  
Commands them jointly with Meriones,  
The armor-bearer of Idomeneus, —  
Both named by us to that important trust."

Then Menelaus, great in battle, said : — 70  
"What wilt thou, then, and what dost thou command, —

That I remain with them until thou come,  
Or, having given the message, seek thee here ?"

Again the monarch Agamemnon spake : —  
"Wait there, lest as we go I meet thee not, 75  
For many ways are through the camp. But thou,  
In going, shout aloud and bid them all  
Be vigilant, accosting every one  
By his paternal name, and giving each  
Due honor : bear thyself not haughtily : 80  
We too must labor ; for when we were born  
Jove laid this hard condition on us all."

So spake he, and, dismissing with that charge  
His brother, hastened to where Nestor lay,  
The shepherd of his people. Him he found 85  
On his soft couch within his tent beside  
His dark-brown ship. Around him scattered shone  
His arms, — a shield, two spears, a gleaming helm,  
And pliant belt, with which the ancient man  
Girded himself when arming to lead on 90

His men to murderous fight ; — for not to age  
The warrior yielded yet. He raised his head,  
And, leaning on his elbow, questioned thus  
Atrides : “ Who art thou that traversest  
The camp beside the fleet at dead of night, 98  
Alone, while others sleep? Com’st thou to find  
One of the guardsmen, or a comrade? Speak ;  
Come not in silence thus : what wouldst thou have? ”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —  
“ O Nestor, son of Neleus, whom the Greeks 100  
All glory in ! thou certainly wilt know  
Atrides Agamemnon, whom the will  
Of Jove hath visited with hardships great  
Beyond what others bear, to last while breath  
Is in my lungs, and while my knees can move. 105  
I wander thus abroad because sweet sleep  
Comes not to close my eyelids, and the war  
And slaughter of the Greeks distress me sore.  
For them I greatly fear, my heart is faint,  
My mind confounded. In my breast the heart 110  
Pants, and my limbs all tremble. If thou wilt, —  
For, as I see, thou also dost not sleep, —  
Come with me to the guards, that we may know  
Whether, o’ercome by toil and weariness,  
They give themselves to slumber and forget 115  
Their watch. The foe is near us in his camp,  
And how know we that even now by night  
He plans not, to attack us in our tents? ”

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —

"Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king 120  
 Of men, almighty Jove will not perform  
 For Hector all that Hector plans and hopes ;  
 And heavier cares, I think, will yet be his  
 When once Achilles' wrath is turned away.  
 Yet willingly I join thee. Let us call 125  
 The other chiefs, — Ulysses, Diomed,  
 Both mighty spearmen ; Ajax, swift of foot ;  
 And the brave son of Phyleus. It were well  
 To send and bid the mightier Ajax come,  
 And King Idomeneus, for farthest off 130  
 The ships of both are stationed. I shall chide  
 Thy brother Menelaus — though he be  
 Honored and dear, and though it please thee not —  
 For sleeping, while he leaves such toils as these  
 To thee alone. He should be here among 135  
 The chiefs, exhorting them to valiant deeds ;  
 For now the hour of bitter need is come."

Again spake Agamemnon, king of men : —  
 "At other times, old chief, I would have begged  
 That thou shouldst blame him : he is oft remiss, 140  
 And late to act ; but not because of sloth,  
 Or want of spirit, — but he looks to me  
 And waits for my example. Yet to-night  
 He rose before me, sought me, and is sent  
 To call the chiefs whom thou hast named ; and now  
 Let us go on, and meet them where they wait, 145  
 Among the guards and just before the gates, —  
 For I appointed that the trysting-place."

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —

“ Then let no Greek condemn him, or refuse 150  
To heed and to obey when he shall speak.”

He spake, and drew his tunic o'er his breast,  
Laced the fair sandals to his shapely feet,  
And round him fastened, with a clasp, his cloak, —  
A double web of purple, with full folds 155  
And flowing pile. He grasped a massive spear,  
Its blade of trenchant brass. And first he sought  
The galleys of the Achaians brazen-mailed.

'There shouted Nestor the Gerenian knight,  
To raise Ulysses, best of counsellors, 160  
Jove-like in wisdom ; who perceived the voice,  
And issued from his tent in haste, and said : —

“ What brings you forth to walk the camp at night,  
Beside the ships alone ; what urgent cause ? ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : — 165  
“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled  
In wise devices, be thou not displeased :  
A fearful woe impends above the Greeks :  
Come, then, and call the other chiefs, to give  
Their counsel whether we shall flee or fight.” 170

He spake ; and wise Ulysses, entering  
His tent again, upon his shoulders laid  
His well-wrought shield, and joined them as they  
went,

Till, coming to Tydides Diomed,  
They found him by his tent among his arms, 175  
His comrades sleeping round him with their shields

Beneath their heads. Their spears were set upright,  
The nether points in earth. The polished brass  
Gleamed like the lightnings of All-Father Jove.

In sleep the hero lay ; a wild bull's hide 180

Was spread beneath him, and a carpet dyed  
With glowing colors propped his head. The knight,  
Gerenian Nestor, touched him with his foot  
And roused him, and addressed him chidingly : —

“ O son of Tydeus ! wilt thou calmly sleep 185  
All the night long ? And hast thou, then, not heard  
That on a height amidst the plain the sons  
Of Troy are stationed, near the ships, and small  
The space that parts the enemy's camp from ours ? ”

He spake. The son of Tydeus sprang from sleep  
At once, and answered him with wingèd words : —

“ Thy labors are too constant, aged man ; 190  
Thou shrinkest from no hardship. Are there not  
Young men among the Greeks to walk the camp  
And call the kings ? Thou never takest rest.” 195

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —  
“ Well hast thou said, my friend, for I have sons  
Without reproach, and I have many troops ;  
And any one of these might walk the camp  
And give the summons. But to-night there lies 200  
A hard necessity upon the Greeks,  
And their destruction and their rescue hang  
Balanced on a knife's edge. Come then, since thou  
Art younger, call swift Ajax and the son  
Of Phyleus, if thou wouldst relieve my age.” 205

He spake ; and Diomed around him flung  
A tawny lion's ample hide, that reached  
Down to his feet, and took his spear and went  
And summoned the two kings, and brought them  
forth.

Now when they came among the assembled guard,  
Its leaders were not slumbering ; every man 211  
Sat watchful and in arms. As dogs that guard  
Flocks in a sheepfold hear some savage beast  
That comes through thickets down the mountain-  
side ;

Loud is the clamor of the dogs and men, 215  
And sleep is frightened thence, — so gentle sleep  
Fled from the eyes of those who watched, that night,  
Sadly, with eyes turned ever toward the plain,  
Intently listening for the foe's approach.

The aged Nestor saw them, and rejoiced, 220  
And thus encouraged them with wingèd words : —

“ Watch thus, dear youths, let no one yield to sleep,  
Lest we become the mockery of the foe.”

He spake, and crossed the trench ; and with him  
went

The Grecian leaders, they who had been called 225  
To council. With them went Meriones  
And Nestor's eminent son, for they had both  
Been summoned. Crossing to the other side  
Of that deep trench, they found an open space  
Clear of the dead, in which they sat them down, —  
Just where the fiery Hector, having slain 231



Many Achaïans, turned him back when night  
 Came o'er him. There they sat to hold debate  
 And thus spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Friends ! is there none among you who so far 237  
 Trusts his own valor that he will to-night  
 Venture among the Trojans ? He perchance  
 Might capture on the borders of the camp  
 Some foeman wandering, or might bring report  
 Of what they meditate, and whether still 240  
 They mean to keep their station far from Troy  
 And near our ships, or, since their late success,  
 Return to Ilium. Could he safely bring  
 This knowledge back to us, his meed were great, —  
 Glory among all men beneath the sky, 243  
 And liberal recompense. As many chiefs  
 As now command our galleys, each would give  
 A black ewe with a suckling lamb, — such gifts  
 No one hath yet received, — and he should sit  
 A guest at all our banquets and our feasts.” 250

He spake ; and all were silent for a space.  
 Then Diomed, the great in battle, said : —

“ Nestor, my resolute spirit urges me  
 To explore the Trojan camp, that lies so near ;  
 Yet, were another warrior by my side, 257  
 I should go forth with a far surer hope,  
 And greater were my daring. For when two  
 Join in the same adventure, one perceives  
 Before the other how they ought to act ;  
 While one alone, however prompt, resolves 260

More tardily and with a weaker will."

He spake ; and many a chief made suit to share  
The risk with Diomed. The ministers  
Of Mars, the chieftains Ajax, asked to go ;  
Meriones desired it ; Nestor's son 264  
Greatly desired to join the enterprise ;  
Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield  
The spear, desired it ; and that hardy chief,  
Ulysses, longed to explore the Trojan camp,  
For full of daring aims was the great soul 270  
Within his bosom. Agamemnon then,  
The king of men, took up the word and said : —

"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men,  
Choose from the many chiefs, who ask to bear  
A part with thee, the bravest. Be not moved 275  
By deference to take the worse and leave  
The abler warrior. Pay no heed to rank,  
Or race, or wide extent of kingly rule."

Thus spake the king ; for in his heart he feared  
For fair-haired Menelaus. Diomed, 280  
The great in battle, then addressed them all : —

"Ye bid me choose : how, then, can I o'erlook  
Godlike Ulysses, prudent in resolve,  
And firm in every danger, well beloved  
By Pallas. Give me him, and our return 285  
Is sure, though from consuming flames ; for he  
Is wise to plan beyond all other men."

Ulysses, nobly born and hardy, spake  
In turn : "Tydides, praise me not too much,

Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks, 290  
Who know me. Meantime let us haste to go,  
For the night wears away, and morn is near.  
The stars are high, two thirds of night are past, —  
The greater part, — and scarce a third remains.

He spake; and both arrayed themselves for fight.  
The mighty warrior Thrasymedes gave 296  
The two-edged sword he wore to Diomed, —  
Whose own was at the galleys, — and a shield.  
The hero then put on his helmet, made  
Of tough bull-hide, with neither cone nor crest, —  
Such as is worn by beardless youths. A bow, 301  
Quiver, and sword Meriones bestowed  
Upon Ulysses, placing on his brows  
A leathern helmet, firmly laced within  
By many a thong, and on the outer side 305  
Set thickly with a tusky boar's white teeth,  
Which fenced it well and skilfully. A web  
Of woollen for the temples lined the work.  
This helm Autolycus once bore away  
From Eleon, the city where he sacked 310  
The stately palace of Amyntor, son  
Of Ormenus. The captor gave the prize  
To the Cytheran chief, Amphidamas,  
Who bore it to Scandeia, and in turn  
Bestowed it upon Molus as his guest, 315  
And Molus gave it to Meriones,  
His son, to wear in battle. Now at last  
It crowned Ulysses' temples. When the twain

Were all accoutred in their dreadful arms,  
Forward they went, and left the assembled chiefs,  
While, sent by Pallas forth, upon their right 321  
A heron flew beside their path. The bird  
They saw not, for the night was dark, but heard  
Its rustling wings. Ulysses at the sound  
Rejoiced, and supplicated Pallas thus :— 325

“Hear ! daughter of the Ægis-bearer Jove !  
Thou who art near me in all dangers, thou  
Whose eye is on me wheresoe’er I go,  
Befriend me, Pallas, yet again, and grant  
That, laden with great glory, we return 330  
Safe to the galleys, mighty deeds performed,  
And woe inflicted on the Trojan race.”

Next Diomed, the great in battle, prayed :—  
“Daughter invincible of Jove, give ear  
Also to me. Be with me now, as once 335  
Thou didst attend on Tydeus nobly born,  
My father, when he bore an embassy  
To Thebè from the Achaïans. He beside  
The Asopus left the Achaïans mailed in brass,  
And bore a friendly message to the sons 340  
Of Cadmus, and on his return performed  
Full many a mighty deed with aid from thee,  
Great goddess ! for thou stoodest by his side.  
Stand now by me ; be thou my shield and guard ;  
And I, in turn, will offer up to thee 344  
A yearling heifer, broad between the horns,  
Which never ploughman yet hath tamed to bear

The yoke. Her to thine altar will I bring,  
With gilded horns, to be a sacrifice."

So prayed they. Pallas listened to their prayers;  
And, having supplicated thus the child 351  
Of Jove Almighty, the two chiefs went on  
Like lions through the darkness of the night,  
Through slaughter, heaps of corpses, and black blood.

Nor now had Hector suffered the brave sons 355  
Of Troy to sleep, but summoned all the chiefs,  
Leaders, and princes of the host, and thus  
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered words:—

"Who of you all will promise to perform  
The task I set him, for a large reward? 360  
For ample shall his meed be. I will give  
A chariot and two steeds with lofty necks,  
Swifter than the swift galleys of the Greeks.  
Great glory will be his whoever dares

- Approach those ships and bring the knowledge  
thence 365

Whether the fleet is guarded as before,  
Or whether, yielding to our arms, the foe  
Is meditating flight, and, through the night  
O'ercome with weariness, keeps watch no more."

He spake; and all were silent for a space. 370  
Now there was one, among the Trojan chiefs,  
Whose father was Eumedes, of the train  
Of reverend heralds. Dolon was his name,  
And he was rich in gold and brass, deformed  
In face but swift of foot, an only son 375

Among five sisters. He stood forth among  
The Trojans, and replied to Hector thus : —

“ My daring spirit, Hector, urges me  
To visit the swift ships and learn the state  
Of the Greek host. But hold thy sceptre forth, 380  
And solemnly attest the gods that thou  
Wilt give to me the horses, and the car  
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son  
Of Peleus. I shall not explore in vain,  
Nor balk thy hope of me ; for I will pass 385  
Into the camp until I reach the ship  
Of Agamemnon, where the chiefs are now  
Debating whether they shall fly or fight.”

He spake ; and Hector held the sceptre forth,  
And swore : “ Be Jupiter the Thunderer, 390  
Husband of Juno, witness, that those steeds  
Shall bear no other Trojan than thyself.  
That honor I confirm to thee alone.”

He spake. It was an idle oath, yet gave  
New courage to the spy, who instantly 395  
Upon his shoulders hung his crooked bow,  
And round him flung a gray wolf's hide, and placed  
A casque of otter-skin upon his head,  
And took his pointed javelin, and made haste  
To reach the Grecian fleet. Yet was he doomed 400  
Never to leave that fleet again, nor bring  
Tidings to Hector. Soon was he beyond  
The crowd of men and steeds, and eagerly  
Held on his way. Ulysses first perceived

His coming, and thus spake to Diomed : — 405

“ Some one, Tydides, from the enemy’s camp  
Is coming, either as a spy, or else  
To spoil the dead. First let us suffer him  
To pass us by a little on the plain,  
Then let us rush and seize him. Should his speed  
Be greater than our own, let us attack 411  
The fugitive with spears, and drive him on  
To where our ships are lying, from his camp,  
Lest, flying townward, he escape our hands.”

He spake ; and both lay down without the path,  
Among the dead, while he unwarily 416  
Passed by them. When he now had gone as far  
As two yoked mules might at the furrow’s end  
Precede a pair of oxen, — for by mules 419  
The plough is drawn more quickly through the soil  
Of the deep fallow, — then they rose, and rushed  
To seize him. As he heard their steps he stopped,  
In hope that his companions had been sent  
From Troy by Hector to conduct him back.  
But when they came within a javelin’s cast, 425  
Or haply less, he saw that they were foes,  
And moved his nimble knees, and turned to flee,  
While rapidly they followed. As two hounds,  
Sharp-toothed, and trained to track their prey, pursue  
Through forest-grounds some fawn or hare that runs  
Before them panting, so did Diomed 431  
And terrible Ulysses without stop  
Follow the fugitive, to cut him off

From his own people. In his flight he came 434  
 Where soon he would have mingled with the guards,  
 Close to the fleet. Then Pallas breathed new strength  
 Into Tydides, that no other Greek  
 Might boast that he had wounded Dolon first,  
 And steal the honor. Therefore, with his spear  
 Uplifted, Diomed rushed on and spake : — 440

“ Stop, or my spear o’ertakes thee, nor wilt thou  
 Escape a certain death from this right hand.”

He spake, and hurled his spear—but not to  
 smite —

At Dolon, over whose right shoulder passed  
 The polished weapon, and, descending, pierced 445  
 The ground. Then Dolon, pale and fear-struck,  
 stopped,  
 And quaked, with chattering teeth and stammering  
 speech.

They, breathless with the chase, came up and seized  
 His hands, while, bursting into tears, he spake : —

“ Take me alive, and ye shall have from me 450  
 A ransom : there is store of brass and gold  
 And well-wrought steel, of which a princely share  
 My father will bestow when he shall hear  
 Of me alive and at the Grecian fleet.”

The crafty chief Ulysses answered thus : — 455  
 “ Take heart, and cease to think of death, but tell,  
 And truly, why thou camest to our fleet :  
 Was it to strip the bodies of the dead ?  
 Camest thou, sent by Hector, as a spy



Among our ships, or of thine own accord ? ” 46c

And Dolon answered, trembling still with fear : —  
“ Hector, against my will and to my hurt,  
Persuaded me. He promised to bestow  
On me the firm-paced coursers, and the car  
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son  
Of Peleus, and enjoined me by the aid 46e  
Of darkness to approach the foe and learn  
Whether ye guard your galleys as before,  
Or, overcome by us, consult on flight,  
And, wearied with the hardships of the day, 47a  
Have failed to set the accustomed nightly watch.”

The man of craft, Ulysses, smiled, and said : —  
“ Truly, thy hope was set on princely gifts, —  
The steeds of war-renowned Æacides,  
Hard to be reined by mortal hands, or driven 47b  
By any, save by Peleus’ son himself,  
Whom an immortal mother bore. But come,  
Tell me, — and tell the truth, — where hast thou left  
Hector, the leader of the host, and where  
Are laid his warlike arms ; where stand his steeds ;  
Where are the sentinels, and where the tents 48a  
Of other chiefs ? On what do they consult ?  
Will they remain beside our galleys here,  
Or do they meditate, since, as they say,  
The Greeks are beaten, a return to Troy ? ” 48b

Dolon, Eumedes’ son, made answer thus : —  
“ What thou requirest I will truly tell.  
Hector is with his counsellors, and now,

Apart from all the bustle, at the tomb  
 Of Ilus the divine, he plans the war. 490  
 Sentries, of whom thou speakest, there are none ;  
 No chosen band, O hero ! has in charge  
 To guard the camp. By all their blazing fires,  
 Constrained by need, the Trojans keep awake,  
 And each exhorts his fellow to maintain 495  
 The watch : not so the auxiliar troops who came  
 From far : they sleep, and since they have no wives  
 Nor children near, they let the Trojans watch."

Then thus the man of wiles, Ulysses, spake : —  
 "How sleep they, — mingled with the knights of  
 Troy 500

Or by themselves ? Tell me, that I may know."

Dolon, Eumedes' son, made answer thus : —  
 "What thou requirest I will truly tell.  
 On one hand, toward the sea, the bowmen lie  
 Of Caria and Pæonia, and with them 505  
 Lelegans, Caucons, and the gallant tribe  
 Of the Pelasgians. On the other hand,  
 Toward Thymbra, are the Lycians, the proud race  
 Of Mysia, Phrygia's knights, and cavalry  
 Of the Mæonians. Why should ye inquire 510  
 The place of each ? If ye design to-night  
 To penetrate into the Trojan camp,  
 There are the Thracians, newly come, apart  
 From all the others : with them is their king,  
 Rhesus, the son of Eioneus ; his steeds 515  
 Are far the largest and most beautiful

I ever saw, — the snow is not so white,  
 The wind is not so swift. His chariot shines  
 With gold and silver, and the coat of mail  
 In which he came to Troy is all of gold, 524  
 And gloriously and marvellously bright,  
 Such as becomes not mortal men to wear,  
 But the gods only. Now to your swift ships  
 Lead me ; or bind me fast with thongs, and here  
 Leave me till your return ; and ye shall know 525  
 Whether the words I speak be true or false.”

Then sternly spake the gallant Diomed : —  
 “ Once in our hands a prisoner, do not think,  
 O Dolon ! to escape, though thou hast told  
 Things that shall profit us. For if we now 530  
 Release thee thou wilt surely come again  
 To the Greek fleet, a spy, or openly  
 To fight against us. If I take thy life,  
 'T is certain thou wilt harm the Greeks no more.”

He spake. And as the suppliant took his chin 535  
 In his large hand, and had begun a prayer,  
 He smote him with his sword at the mid-neck,  
 And cut the tendons both ; the severed head,  
 While yet he spake, fell, rolling in the dust.  
 And then they took his helm of otter-skin, 540  
 The wolf's-hide, sounding bow, and massive spear.  
 The nobly born Ulysses in his hand  
 Lifted the trophies high, devoting them  
 To Pallas, deity of spoil, and prayed :—

“ Delight thyself, O goddess, in these arms, 545

For thee we first invoke, of all the gods  
Upon Olympus. Guide us now to find  
The camp and coursers of the sons of Thrace."

He spake ; and, raising them aloft, he hung  
The spoils upon a tamarisk, and brake 554  
Reeds and the spreading branches of the tree  
To form a mark, that so on their return  
They might not, in the darkness, miss the spot.  
Then onward, mid strewn arms and pools of blood,  
They went, and soon were where the Thracians lay.  
There slept the warriors, overpowered with toil ; 556  
Their glittering arms were near them, fairly ranged  
In triple rows, and by each suit of arms  
Two coursers. Rhesus slumbered in the midst.  
Near him were his fleet horses, which were made  
Fast to the chariot's border by the reins. 561  
Ulysses saw them first, and, pointing, said :—

" This is the man, O Diomed, and these  
The steeds, described by Dolon whom we slew.  
Come, then ; put forth thy strength of arm, for ill  
Doth it become thee to stand idle here, 566  
Armed as thou art. Loose thou the steeds ; or else  
Slay thou the men, and leave the steeds to me."

He spake. The blue-eyed Pallas straightway gave  
Strength to Tydides, who on every side 571  
Dealt slaughter. From the smitten by the sword  
Rose fearful groans ; the ground was red with blood  
As when a ravening lion suddenly  
Springs on a helpless flock of goats or sheep,

So fell Tydides on the Thracian band, 575  
 Till twelve were slain. Whomever Diomed  
 Approached and smote, the sage Ulysses seized,  
 And drew him backward by the feet, that thus  
 The flowing-manèd coursers might pass forth  
 Unhindered, nor, by treading on the dead, 580  
 Be startled ; for they yet were new to war.  
 Now when the son of Tydeus reached the king, —  
 The thirteenth of his victims, — him he slew  
 As he breathed heavily ; for on that night  
 A fearful dream, in shape CEnides' son, 585  
 Stood o'er him, sent by Pallas. Carefully  
 Ulysses meantime loosed the firm-paced steeds,  
 And, fastening them together, drave them forth,  
 Urging them with his bow : he had not thought  
 To take the showy lash that lay in sight 590  
 On the fair chariot-seat. In going thence  
 He whistled, as a sign to Diomed,  
 Who lingered, pondering on his next exploit, —  
 Whether to seize the chariot where was laid  
 The embroidered armor, dragging it away ; 595  
 Or, lifting it aloft, to bear it thence ;  
 Or take more Thracian lives. As thus his thoughts  
 Were busy, Pallas, standing near him, spake : —  
 " O son of large-souled Tydeus, think betimes  
 Of thy return to where the galleys lie ; 600  
 Else may some god arouse the sons of Troy,  
 And thou be forced to reach the ships by flight."  
 She spake. He knew the goddess by her voice,

And leaped upon a steed. Ulysses lashed  
The horses with his bow, and on they flew 605  
Toward the swift galleys of the Grecian host.

Apollo, bearer of the silver bow, .  
Kept no vain watch, and, angry when he saw  
Minerva at the side of Diomed,  
Down to the mighty host of Troy he came, 610  
And roused from sleep a Thracian counsellor, —  
Hippocoön, a kinsman of the house  
Of Rhesus. Leaping from his couch, he saw  
The vacant spot where the swift steeds had stood,  
And, weltering in their blood, the dying chiefs. 615  
He saw, and wept aloud, and called by name  
His dear companion. Then a clamor rose,  
And boundless tumult, as the Trojans came  
All rushing to the spot, and marvelling  
At what the daring warriors, who were now 620  
Returning to the hollow ships, had done.

And when these warriors now had reached the spot  
Where Hector's spy was slain, Ulysses, dear  
To Jupiter, reined in the fiery steeds,  
And Diomed leaped down and took the spoil 625  
Blood-stained, and gave it to Ulysses' hands,  
And mounted. Then again they urged the steeds,  
Which, not unwilling, flew along the way.  
First Nestor heard the approaching sound, and  
said : —

“ Friends, chiefs and princes of the Greeks, my  
heart — 630

Truly or falsely — urges me to speak.  
The trampling of swift steeds is in my ears.  
O that Ulysses and the gallant son  
Of Tydeus might be bringing at this hour  
Firm-footed coursers from the enemy's camp ! 635  
Yet must I fear that these, our bravest chiefs,  
Have met disaster from the Trojan crew."

While he was speaking yet, the warriors came.  
They sprang to earth ; their friends, rejoicing, flocked  
Around them, greeting them with grasp of hands 640  
And with glad words, while the Gerenian knight,  
Nestor, inquired : " Declare, illustrious chief,  
Glory of Greece, Ulysses, how ye took  
These horses : from the foe ; — or did some god  
Bestow them ? They are glorious as the sun. 645  
Oft am I midst the Trojans, for, though old,  
I lag not idly at the ships ; yet ne'er  
Have my eyes looked on coursers like to these.  
Some god, no doubt, has given them, for to Jove,  
The God of storms, and Pallas, blue-eyed child 650  
Of ægis-bearing Jove, ye both are dear."

Then sage Ulysses answered : " Pride of Greece !  
Neleian Nestor, truly might a god  
Have given us nobler steeds than even these.  
All power is with the gods. But these of which 655  
Thou askest, aged man, are brought from Thrace,  
And newly come. Brave Diomed hath slain  
Their lord, and twelve companions by his side, —  
All princes. Yet another victim fell, —

A spy whom, near our ships, we put to death, — 660  
A man whom Hector and his brother chiefs  
Sent forth by midnight to explore our camp.”

He spake, and gayly caused the firm-paced steeds  
To pass the trench ; the other Greeks, well pleased,  
Went with him. When they reached the stately tent  
Of Diomed, they led the coursers on 666

To stalls where Diomed's fleet horses stood  
Champing the wholesome corn, and bound them there  
With halters neatly shaped. Ulysses placed  
Upon his galley's stern the bloody spoil 670  
Of Dolon, to be made an offering

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,  
They washed from knees and neck and thighs the  
grime

Of sweat ; and when in the salt wave their limbs  
Were cleansed, and all the frame refreshed, they  
stepped 675

Into the polished basins of the bath,  
And, having bathed and rubbed with fragrant oil  
Their limbs, they sat them down to a repast,  
And from a brimming jar beside them drew,  
And poured to Pallas first, the pleasant wine. 680



[The next morning the fight is renewed.

“Each chief gave orders to his charioteer  
To stay his horses firmly by the trench,  
While they rushed forth in arms. At once arose,  
Ere yet the sun was up, a mighty din.  
They marshalled by the trench the men on foot;  
The horse came after, with short space between.”

Eurypylus is wounded, and on his return from the scene of battle is met by Patroclus, “Menœtius’ valiant son,” who carries him to his tent and ministers to him.

“A servant spread,  
Upon his entering, hides to form a couch;  
And there Patroclus laid him down and cut  
The rankling arrow from his thigh, and shed  
Warm water on the wound to cleanse away  
The purple blood, and last applied a root  
Of bitter flavor to assuage the smart,  
Bruising it first within his palms.”

We omit Book XI, containing this story, and resume the narrative with Book XII.]

## BOOK XII.

THUS in the camp Menœtius’ valiant son  
Tended Eurypylus, and dressed his wounds;  
While yet in mingled throngs the warriors fought, —  
Trojans and Greeks. Nor longer was the trench  
A barrier for the Greeks, nor the broad wall  
Which they had built above it to defend  
Their fleet; for all around it they had drawn  
The trench, yet not with chosen hecatombs  
Paid to the gods, that so it might protect

The galleys and the heaps of spoil they held. 20  
Without the favor of the gods it rose,  
And therefore was not long to stand entire.  
As long as Hector lived, and Peleus' son  
Was angered, and King Priam's city yet  
Was not o'erthrown, so long the massive wall 15  
Built by the Greeks stood firm. But when at length  
The bravest of the Trojans had been slain,  
And many of the Greeks were dead, — though still  
Others survived, — and when in the tenth year  
The city of Priam fell, and in their ships 20  
The Greeks went back to their beloved land,  
Then did Apollo and the god of sea  
Consult together to destroy the wall  
By turning on it the resistless might  
Of rivers, all that from the Idæan heights 25  
Flow to the ocean, — Rhesus, Granicus,  
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,  
Æsepus, and Scamander's hallowed stream,  
And Simoïs, in whose bed lay many shields  
And helms and bodies of slain demigods. 30  
Phœbus Apollo turned the mouths of these  
All toward one spot ; nine days against the wall  
He bade their currents rush, while Jupiter  
Poured constant rain, that floods might overwhelm  
The rampart ; and the god who shakes the earth. 35  
Wielding his trident, led the rivers on.  
He flung among the billows the huge beams  
And stones which, with hard toil, the Greeks had laid

For the foundations. Thus he levelled all  
Beside the hurrying Hellespont, destroyed 40  
The bulwarks utterly, and overspread  
The long broad shore with sand ; and then he  
brought

Again the rivers to the ancient beds  
In which their gently flowing waters ran.

This yet was to be done in time to come 45  
By Neptune and Apollo. Meanwhile raged  
Battle and tumult round that strong-built wall.  
The towers in all their timbers rang with blows ;  
And, driven as by the scourge of Jove, the Greeks,  
Hemmed closely in beside their roomy ships, 50  
Trembled at Hector, the great scatterer  
Of squadrons, fighting, as he did before,  
With all a whirlwind's might. As when a boar  
Or lion mid the hounds and huntsmen stands,  
Fearfully strong, and fierce of eye, and they 55  
In square array assault him, and their hands  
Fling many a javelin ; — yet his noble heart  
Fears not, nor does he fly, although at last  
His courage cause his death ; and oft he turns,  
And tries their ranks ; and where he makes a rush  
The ranks give way ; — so Hector moved and  
turned 60

Among the crowd, and bade his followers cross  
The trench. The swift-paced horses ventured not  
The leap, but stood upon the edge and neighed  
Aloud, for the wide space affrighted them ; 65

And hard it was to spring across, or pass  
From side to side, for on each side the brink  
Was steep, and bristled with sharp stakes, close set  
And strong, which there the warrior sons of Greece  
Had planted, a defence against the foe. 70

No steed that whirled the rapid car along  
Could enter, but the soldiery on foot  
Eagerly sought to pass, and in these words  
Polydamas to daring Hector spake : —

“ Hector, and ye who lead the troops of Troy 75  
And our auxiliars ! rashly do we seek  
To urge our rapid steeds across the trench  
So hard to pass, beset with pointed stakes, —  
And the Greek wall so near. The troops of horse  
Cannot descend nor combat there : the space 80  
Is narrow : they would all be slain. If Jove,  
The Thunderer of the skies, design to crush  
The Greeks and succor Troy, I should rejoice  
Were the design at once fulfilled, and all  
The sons of Greece ingloriously cut off, 85  
Far from their Argos. But if they should turn  
Upon us, and repulse us from their fleet,  
And we become entangled in the trench,  
I deem no messenger would e’er go back  
To Troy from fighting with the rallied Greeks. 90  
Heed, then, my words, and let the charioteers  
Stay with the coursers at the trench, while we,  
Armed, and on foot, and all in close array,  
Follow our Hector. For the Greeks in vain

Will strive to stem our onset if, in truth, 95  
The hour of their destruction be at hand."

So spake Polydamas ; and Hector, pleased  
To hear the prudent counsel, leaped to earth  
With all his arms, and left his car. The rest  
Rode with their steeds no more, but, hastily 100  
Dismounting, as they saw their noble chief,  
Each bade his charioteer hold back his steeds,  
Reined at the trench, in ranks. And then, apart,  
They mustered in five columns, following close  
Their leaders. First, the largest, bravest band, 105  
Those who, with resolute daring, longed to break  
The rampart and to storm the fleet, were led  
By Hector and the good Polydamas,  
Joined with Cebriones, — for Hector left  
His chariot to the care of one who held 110  
An humbler station than Cebriones.  
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led  
A second squadron. Helenus, a son  
Of Priam, and Deïphobus, a youth  
Of godlike form, his brother, took command 115  
Of yet a third, — with whom in rank was joined  
The hero Asius, son of Hyrtacus,  
Whose bright-haired coursers, of majestic size,  
Had borne him from Arisba and the banks  
Of Selleis. Æneas led the fourth, — 120  
The brave son of Anchises ; and with him  
Were joined Archilochus and Acamas,  
Sons of Antenor, skilled in arts of war.

The band of Troy's illustrious allies  
 Followed Sarpedon, who from all the rest 125  
 Had chosen, to partake in the command,  
 Glaucus and brave Asteropæus. These  
 He deemed the bravest under him ; yet he  
 Stood foremost of them all in warlike might.

Then all, with their stout bucklers of bull's-hide  
 Adjusted to each other, bravely marched 131  
 Against the Greeks, who, as they deemed, must fly  
 Before them, and must fall by their black ships.  
 Then all the other Trojans, and the allies  
 From foreign shores, obeyed the counsel given 135  
 By good Polydamas ; but Asius, son  
 Of Hyrtacus, and prince of men, chose not  
 To leave his chariot and his charioteer,  
 But drave with them against the roomy ships.  
 Vain youth ! — he was not destined to return, 140  
 Borne by his steeds and chariot, from the fleet,  
 And from the fate he braved, to wind-swept Troy.  
 His evil fate o'ertook him from the spear  
 Of great Idomeneus, Deucalion's son ;  
 For toward the galleys moored upon the left 145  
 He hastened by the way in which the Greeks,  
 With steeds and cars, retreated from the plain.  
 Thither he drave his coursers ; there he found  
 The gates not closed, nor the long bar across,  
 But warriors held them open to receive 150  
 In safety their companions as they fled  
 From battle to the fleet. Exultingly

He turned his coursers thither, and his men  
Followed him, shouting ; for they thought the Greeks  
Could not abide their onset, but must yield, 153  
And perish by their ships. Deluded men ! —  
They met two mighty warriors at the gate, —  
The brave descendants of the Lapithæ,  
That warlike tribe : Pirithoüs' gallant son  
Was one, named Polypcætes ; with him stood 160  
Leonteus, strong as Mars the slayer of men.  
By the tall gates they stood, as giant oaks  
Stand on the mountains and abide the wind  
And the tempestuous rains of all the year,  
Firm-planted on their strong and spreading roots. 165  
So they, confiding in their strength of arm,  
Waited for mighty Asius hasting on,  
And fled not. Onward came the hostile troop,  
With their tough shields uplifted, and with shouts :  
All rushing toward the massive wall they came, 170  
Following King Asius, and Iamenus  
Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son  
Of Asius, and CEnomaüs. Meanwhile  
Leonteus and his comrade had retired  
Within, encouraging the well-armed Greeks 175  
To combat for the fleet ; but when they saw  
The rout and panic of their flying host,  
They darted forth and fought before the gates, —  
Fought like wild boars that in the mountains meet  
A clamorous troop of men and dogs, and dart 180  
Sideway at their assailants, break the trees

Close to the root, and fiercely gnash their tusks,  
Until some javelin strikes them, and they die.  
So on the breasts of the two warriors rang  
The shining brass, oft smitten ; for they fought 185  
Fearlessly, trusting in the aid of those  
Who held the wall, and their own valiant arms.  
And they who stood on the strong towers hurled down  
Stones, to defend the Achaïans and their tents  
And their swift ships. As snow-flakes fall to earth 190  
When strong winds, driving on the shadowy cloud,  
Shower them upon the nourishing glebe, so thick  
Were showered the weapons from the hands of  
Greeks

And Trojans ; and the helms and bossy shields,  
Beaten by stones, resounded. Asius then — 195  
The son of Hyrtacus — in anger groaned,  
And smote his thighs impatiently, and said : —

“ O Father Jove ! thou then art wholly false.  
I did not look to see the men of Greece  
Stand thus before our might and our strong arms ; 200  
Yet they, like pliant-bodied wasps or bees,  
That build their cells beside the rocky way,  
And quit not their abode, but, waiting there  
The hunter, combat for their young — so these,  
Although but two, withdraw not from the gates, 205  
Nor will, till they be slain or seized alive.”

He spake ; but moved not thus the will of Jove,  
Who planned to give the glory of the day  
To Hector. Meanwhile, at the other gates



Fought other warriors, — but 't were hard for me, <sup>210</sup>  
Were I a god, to tell of all their deeds ;  
For round the wall on every side there raged,  
Fierce as consuming fire, a storm of stones.  
The Greeks, in bitter anguish, yet constrained,  
Fought for their fleet ; and sorrowful were all <sup>215</sup>  
The gods who in the battle favored Greece.

Now the two Lapithæ began the fight.  
Pirithoüs' son, brave Polypætes, cast  
His spear at Damasus ; it broke its way  
Through the helm's brazen cheek, — nor that alone :  
Right through the temple went the brazen blade, <sup>221</sup>  
And crushed the brain within. He left him slain,  
And next struck Pylon down, and Ormenus.  
Leonteus, of the stock of Mars, assailed  
Hippomachus, who from Antimachus <sup>225</sup>  
Derived his birth ; he pierced him at the belt,  
And, drawing forth his trenchant sword, hewed down,  
In combat hand-to-hand, Antiphates ;  
He dashed him backward to the ground, and next  
Smote Menon and Iamenus ; and last <sup>230</sup>  
He slew Orestes : at his feet they lay,  
A pile of dead, upon their mother Earth.

Then, as the twain were stripping from the dead  
Their glittering arms, the largest, bravest band  
Of those who eagerly desired to break <sup>235</sup>  
The rampart and to burn the ships with fire,  
Following Polydamas and Hector, stood  
Consulting at the trench. An augury,

Just as they were in act to cross, appeared  
 Upon the left : an eagle high in air, 235  
 Between the armies, in his talons bore  
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive  
 And palpitating, — nor disabled yet  
 For combat ; for it turned, and on the breast  
 Wounded the eagle, near the neck. The bird 245  
 In pain let fall his prize amid the host,  
 And flew away, with screams, upon the wind.  
 The Trojans shuddered at the spotted snake  
 Lying among them, and Polydamas  
 Said thus to fearless Hector, standing near : — 250  
 “ Hector, thou almost ever chidest me  
 In council, even when I judge aright.  
 I know it ill becomes the citizen  
 To speak against the way that pleases thee,  
 In war or council, — he should rather seek 255  
 To strengthen thy authority ; yet now  
 I will declare what seems to me the best :  
 Let us not combat with the Greeks, to take  
 Their fleet ; for this, I think, will be the end, —  
 If now the omen we have seen be meant 260  
 For us of Troy who seek to cross the trench ; —  
 This eagle, flying high upon the left,  
 Between the hosts, that in his talons bore  
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive,  
 Hath dropped it mid our host before he came 265  
 To his dear nest, nor brought it to his brood ; —  
 So we, although by force we break the gates

And rampart, and although the Greeks fall back,  
Shall not as happily retrace our way ;  
For many a Trojan shall we leave behind, 274  
Slain by the weapons of the Greeks, who stand  
And fight to save their fleet. Thus will the seer,  
Skilled in the lore of prodigies, explain  
The portent, and the people will obey."

Sternly the crested Hector looked, and spake :—  
" Polydamas, the thing that thou hast said 276  
Pleases me not, and easily couldst thou  
Frame better counsels. If thy words convey  
Thy earnest thought, the gods assuredly  
Have made thee lose thy senses. Thou dost ask  
That I no longer reverence the decree 281  
Of Jove, the Thunderer of the sky, who gave  
His promise, and confirmed it. Thou dost ask  
That I be governed by the flight of birds,  
Which I regard not, whether to the right 285  
And toward the morning and the sun they fly,  
Or toward the left and evening. We should heed  
The will of mighty Jupiter, who bears  
Rule over gods and men. One augury  
There is, the surest and the best, — to fight 290  
For our own land. Why darest thou the war  
And conflict ? Though we all should fall beside  
The galleys of the Greeks, there is no fear  
That thou wilt perish, for thou hast no heart  
To stand against the foe ;— no warrior thou ! 296  
Yet, if thou dare to stand aloof, or seek

By words to turn another from the fight,  
The spear I wield shall take thy life at once."

He spake, and went before ; and all his band  
Followed with fearful clamor. Jupiter, 300  
The God of thunders, sending a strong wind  
From the Idæan summits, drave the dust  
Full on the galleys, and made faint the hearts  
Of the Greek warriors, and gave new renown  
To Hector and the men of Troy. For these, 305  
Trusting in portents sent from Jupiter,  
And their own valor, labored to break through  
The massive rampart of the Greeks : they tore  
The galleries from the towers, and levelled down  
The breastworks, heaved with levers from their  
place 310

The jutting buttresses which Argive hands  
Had firmly planted to support the towers,  
And brought them to the ground ; and thus they  
hoped

To force a passage to the Grecian camp.  
Not yet did they of Greece give way : they fenced 315  
The rampart with their ox-hide shields, and smote  
The enemy from behind them as he came  
Under the wall. The chieftains Ajax flew  
From tower to tower, and cheered the Achaians on,  
And roused their valor, — some with gentle words,  
And some with harsh rebuke, — whome'er they saw  
Skulk from the toils and dangers of the fight. 322

" O friends ! " they said, " ye great in war, and ye

Of less renown, and ye of little note ! —  
 For all are not alike in war, — the time 305  
 Demands the aid of all, as well ye know :  
 And now let no man turn him toward the fleet  
 Before the threats of Hector, but press on,  
 And each exhort his fellow : so may Jove,  
 Who flings the lightning from Olympus, grant 330  
 That, driving back their onset, we may chase  
 The enemy to the very walls of Troy."

Thus in the van they shouted, and awoke  
 New courage in the Greeks. As when the flakes  
 Of snow fall thick upon a winter-day, 335  
 When Jove the Sovereign pours them down on men,  
 Like arrows, from above ; — he bids the wind  
 Breathe not ; continually he pours them down,  
 And covers every mountain-top and peak,  
 And flowery mead, and field of fertile tilth, 340  
 And sheds them on the havens and the shores  
 Of the gray deep ; but there the waters bound  
 The covering of snows, — all else is white  
 Beneath that fast-descending shower of Jove ; —  
 So thick the shower of stones from either side 345  
 Flew toward the other, — from the Greeks against  
 The Trojans, and from them against the Greeks ;  
 And fearful was the din along the wall.

Yet would illustrious Hector and the men  
 Of Troy have failed to force the gates and burst 350  
 The bar within, had not all-seeing Jove  
 Impelled his son Sarpedon to attack

The Greeks as falls a lion on a herd  
Of hornèd beeves. The warrior held his shield,  
A brazen orb, before him, — beautiful, 355  
And fenced with metal ; for the armorer laid  
Broad plates without, while under these he sewed  
Bull's-hides the toughest, edged with golden wires  
Upon the rim. With this the warrior came,  
Wielding two spears. As when a lion, bred 360  
Among the mountains, fasting long from flesh,  
Comes into the fenced pastures, without fear,  
To prey upon the flock ; and though he meet  
The shepherds keeping watch with dogs and spears,  
Yet will he not be driven thence until 365  
He makes a spring into the fold and bears  
A sheep away, or in the act is slain,  
Struck by a javelin from some ready hand ; —  
Sarpedon, godlike warrior, thus was moved  
By his great heart to storm the wall and break 370  
Through the strong barrier ; and to Glaucus, son  
Of Lycia's king Hippolochus, he said : —

“ Why, Glaucus, are we honored, on the shores  
Of Lycia, with the highest seat at feasts,  
And with full cups ? Why look men up to us 375  
As to the gods ? And why do we possess  
Broad, beautiful enclosures, full of vines  
And wheat, beside the Xanthus ? Then it well  
Becomes us, foremost in the Lycian ranks  
To stand against the foe, where'er the fight 380  
Is hottest ; so our well-armed Lycian men

Shall say, and truly : ‘ Not ingloriously  
Our kings bear rule in Lycia, where they feast  
On fatlings of the flock, and drink choice wine ;  
For they excel in valor, and they fight 385  
Among our foremost.’ O my friend, if we,  
Leaving this war, could flee from age and death,  
I should not here be fighting in the van,  
Nor would I send thee to the glorious war  
But now, since many are the modes of death 390  
Impending o’er us, which no man can hope  
To shun, let us press on and give renown  
To other men, or win it for ourselves ! ”

He spake ; and Glaucus not unwillingly  
Heard and obeyed. Right on the warriors pressed,  
Leading the Lycian host. Menestheus, son 395  
Of Peteus, saw, and trembled ; for they came  
With evil menace toward his tower. He looked  
Along the Grecian lines in hope to see  
Some chieftain there whose ready help might save 400  
His comrades from their danger. He beheld  
The rulers Ajax, never tired of war,  
Standing with Teucer, who just then had left  
His tent ; and yet they could not hear his shout,  
So fearful was the din that rose to heaven 405  
From all the shields, and crested helms, and gates,  
Smitten with missiles, — for at all the gates  
The Lycians thundered, struggling hard to break  
A passage through them. Then Menestheus called  
A herald near, and bade Thoötes bear 410

A message to the leaders Ajax, thus : —

“Go, nobly born Thoötes, and in haste  
Call Ajax, — call them both, for that were best, —  
Since terrible will be the slaughter here,  
So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on, 415  
Impetuous ever in assault. If there  
The fight be also urgent, then at least  
Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,  
And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.

He spake. The herald listened and obeyed, 420  
And flew along the summit of the wall  
Built by the Greeks. He reached, and stood beside,  
The chieftains Ajax, and addressed them thus : —

“Ajaces, leaders of the warlike Greeks,  
The honored son of noble Peteus asks 425  
That ye will come, though for a little space,  
To aid him and to share his warlike toils ;  
For terrible will be the slaughter there,  
So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on,  
Impetuous ever in assault. If here 430  
The fight be also urgent, then at least  
Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,  
And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.”

He ended. Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Hearkened, and to his fellow-warrior said : — 435

“Here, where the gallant Lycomedes stands,  
Ajax ! remain, and, cheering on the Greeks,  
Lead them to combat valiantly. I go  
To stem the battle there, and when our friends



Are succored I will instantly return."

440

So speaking, Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Departed thence, and with him Teucer, sprung  
From the same father. With them also went  
Pandion, carrying Teucer's crooked bow.  
They came to brave Menestheus at his tower, 445  
And went within the wall and met their friends,  
Hard-pressed, — for gallantly the Lycian chiefs  
And captains, like a gloomy tempest, rushed  
Up the tall breastworks ; while the Greeks withstood  
Their onset, and a mighty clamor rose. 450

Then Telamonian Ajax smote to death  
Epicles, great of soul, Sarpedon's friend :  
Against that chief he cast a huge, rough stone,  
That lay high up beside a pinnacle  
Within the wall. No man with both his hands, — 455  
Such men as now are, — though in prime of youth,  
Could lift its weight ; and yet he wielded it  
Aloft, and flung it. Through the four-coned helm  
It crashed, and brake the skull within. Down plunged  
The Lycian, like a diver, from his place 460  
On the high tower, and life forsook his limbs.  
Then Teucer also wounded with a shaft  
Glaucus, the brave son of Hippolochus,  
As he leaped forth to scale the lofty wall, —  
Wounded him where the naked arm was seen, 465  
And made him leave the combat. Back he sprang,  
Hiding amid the crowd, that so the Greeks  
Might not behold the wounded limb, and scoff.

With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw,  
Yet paused not from the conflict, but took aim 474  
At Thestor's son, Alcmaon, with his spear ;  
Pierced him ; and drew the weapon out. The Greek,  
Following the spear, fell headlong ; and his arms,  
Studded with brass, clashed round him as he fell.  
Then did Sarpedon seize, with powerful hands, 475  
The battlement ; he wrenched it, and it came  
To earth, and laid the rampart's summit bare,  
To make a passage for the assailing host.  
Ajax and Teucer saw, and both took aim  
Together at Sarpedon : Teucer's shaft 480  
Struck in the midst the buckler's glittering belt,  
Just at the bosom ; but Jove warded off  
The death-stroke from his son, lest he should fall  
Beside the galleys. Ajax, springing, struck  
The buckler with his spear, and pierced its folds, 485  
And checked the eager warrior, who gave way  
A little, yet retreated not, but turned,  
Encouraging the godlike Lycians thus : —

“ Where, Lycians, is your fiery valor now ?  
Were I the bravest, it were hard, alone, 490  
For me to force a passage to the fleet,  
Though I have cleared the way. Come on with me !  
Light is the task when many share the toil.”

He spake ; and they who revered his words  
Of exhortation drew more closely round 495  
Their counsellor and sovereign, while the Greeks  
Above them made their phalanxes more strong

Within the wall, — for urgent was the need ;  
Since neither could the gallant Lycians break  
The barrier of the Greeks, and cut their way 501  
Through to the fleet, nor could the warlike Greeks  
Drive back the Lycians when they once had reached  
The rampart. As two men upon a field,  
With measuring-rods in hand, disputing stand  
Over the common boundary, in small space, 505  
Each one contending for the right he claims,  
So, kept asunder by the breastwork, fought  
The warriors over it, and fiercely struck  
The orbèd bull's-hide shields held up before  
The breast, and the light targets. Many a one 510  
Was smitten when he turned and showed the back  
Unarmed, and many wounded through the shield.  
The towers and battlements were steeped in blood  
Of heroes, — Greeks and Trojans. Yet were not  
The Greeks thus put to flight ; but, as the scales 515  
Are held by some just woman, who maintains,  
By spinning wool, her household, — carefully  
She poises both the wool and weights, to make  
The balance even, that she may provide  
A pittance for her babes, — thus equally 520  
Were matched the warring hosts, till Jupiter  
Conferred the eminent glory of the day  
On Hector, son of Priam. He it was  
Who first leaped down into the space within  
The Grecian wall, and, with far-reaching voice, 525  
Thus shouted, calling to the men of Troy : —

“ Rush on, ye knights of Troy ! rush boldly on,  
And break your passage through the Grecian wall,  
And hurl consuming flames against their fleet ! ”

So spake he, cheering on his men. They heard  
And rushed in mighty throngs against the wall, 51  
And climbed the battlements, to charge the foe  
With spears. Then Hector stooped, and seized a  
stone

Which lay before the gate, broad at the base 534  
And sharp above, which two, the strongest men, —  
As men are now, — could hardly heave from earth  
Into a wain. With ease he lifted it,  
Alone, and brandished it : such strength the son  
Of Saturn gave him, that it seemed but light.  
As when a shepherd carries home with ease 540  
A wether's fleece, — he bears it in one hand,  
And little is he cumbered with its weight, —  
So Hector bore the lifted stone. to break  
The beams that strengthened the tall folding-gates.  
Two bars within, laid crosswise, neid them firm, — 545  
Both fastened with one bolt. He came and stood  
Before them ; with wide-parted feet he stood,  
And put forth all his strength, that so his arm  
Might drive the missile home : and in the midst  
He smote the folding-gates. The blow tore off 59  
The hinges ; heavily the great stone fell  
Within : the portals crashed ; nor did the bars  
Withstand the blow : the shattered beams gave way  
Before it ; and illustrious Hector sprang

Into the camp. His look was stern as night ; 553  
 And terribly the brazen armor gleamed  
 That swathed him. With two spears in hand he  
     came,  
 And none except the gods — when once his foot  
 Was on the ground — could stand before his might.  
 His eyes shot fire, and, turning to his men, 560  
 He bade them mount the wall ; and they obeyed :  
 Some o'er the wall, some through the sculptured gate,  
 Poured in. The Achaians to their roomy ships  
 Fled, and a fearful uproar filled the air.

\*

[After a furious conflict the Greeks succeed in driving the Trojans back to the trenches. Hector is wounded by Ajax, but, unknown to the Greeks, is healed by Apollo. They flee once more for refuge to their ships when they see him again leading the van in rapid march. The Trojans press on to the fleet. There is a fierce struggle around the ships. Hector orders his men to bring brands to set fire to

“ . . . a stanch galley, beautiful and swift  
 In which Protesilaüs came to Troy.”

But Ajax

“ beat back  
 With thrusts of his long spear whoever brought  
 The firebrand.”

And thus he

“ siew  
 In close encounter twelve before the fleet.”

These events are recounted in Books XIII-XV, here omitted.]

✱

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## BOOK XVI.

SUCH was the struggle for that gallant bark.  
Meanwhile Patroclus stood beside his friend  
The shepherd of the people, Peleus' son,  
And shed hot tears, as when a fountain sheds  
Dark waters streaming down a precipice. 5  
The great Achilles, swift of foot, beheld  
And pitied him, and spake these wingèd words : —  
“ Why weepest thou, Patroclus, like a girl, —  
A little girl that by her mother's side  
Runs, importuning to be taken up, 10  
And plucks her by the robe, and stops her way,  
And looks at her, and cries, until at last  
She rests within her arms ? Thou art like her,  
Patroclus, with thy tears. Dost thou then bring  
Sad tidings to the Myrmidons or me ? 15  
Or hast thou news from Phthia ? It is said  
That still Menœtius, son of Actor, lives,  
And Peleus also, son of Æacus,  
Among the Myrmidons. Full bitterly  
Should we lament to hear that either died. 20  
Or mournest thou because the Achaians fall  
Through their own folly by the roomy ships ?  
Speak, and hide nothing, for I too would know.”

And thou, O knight Patroclus, with a sigh  
Deep-drawn, didst answer thus : “ Be not displeased,

Achilles, son of Peleus, bravest far 20  
Of all the Achaian army! for the Greeks  
Endure a bitter lot. The chiefs who late  
Were deemed their mightiest are within the ships,  
Wounded or stricken down. There Diomed, 3  
The gallant son of Tydeus, lies, and there  
Ulysses, the great spearman, wounded both ;  
And Agamemnon ; and Eurypylus,  
Driven from the field, an arrow in his thigh.  
Round them the healers, skilled in remedies, 35  
Attend and dress their painful wounds, while thou,  
Achilles, sittest here implacable.  
O, never be such fierce resentments mine  
As thou dost cherish, who art only brave  
For mischief! Whom wilt thou hereafter aid, 40  
If now thou rescue not the perishing Greeks?  
O merciless! it cannot surely be  
That Peleus was thy father, or the queen  
Thetis thy mother ; the green sea instead  
And rugged precipices brought thee forth, 45  
For savage is thy heart. But if thou heed  
The warning of some god, if thou hast heard  
Aught which thy goddess-mother has received  
From Jove, send me at least into the war,  
And let me lead thy Myrmidons, that thus 5  
The Greeks may have some gleam of hope. And giv  
The armor from thy shoulders. I will wear  
Thy mail, and then the Trojans, at the sight,  
May think I am Achilles, and may pause

From fighting, and the warlike sons of Greece, 55  
Tired as they are, may breathe once more, and gain  
A respite from the conflict. Our fresh troops  
May easily drive back upon their town  
The weary Trojans from our tents and fleet."

So spake he, sighing ; rash and blind, he asked 60  
Death for himself and evil destiny.

Achilles the swift-footed also drew  
A heavy sigh, and thus in turn he spake :—

"What, O divine Patroclus, hast thou said ?

I fear no omen yet revealed to me ; 65  
Nor has my goddess-mother told me aught  
From Jove ; but ever in my heart and soul  
Rankles the painful sense of injury done  
By one who, having greater power, deprives  
An equal of his right, and takes away 70  
The prize he won. This is my wrong, and this  
The cause of all my bitterness of heart.

Her whom the sons of Greece bestowed on me  
As my reward, a trophy of my spear,  
After the sack of a fenced city, — her 75  
Did Agamemnon, son of Atreus, take  
Out of my hands, as if I were a wretch,  
A worthless outcast. But let that affront  
Be with the things that were. It is not well  
To bear a grudge forever. I have said 80  
My anger should not cease to burn until  
The clamor of the battle and the assault  
Should reach the fleet. But go thou and put on

My well-known armor ; lead into the field  
My Myrmidons, men that rejoice in war, 8;  
Since like a lowering cloud the men of Troy  
Surround the fleet, and the Achaians stand  
In narrow space close pressed beside the sea,  
And all the city of Ilium flings itself  
Against them, confident of victory, 90  
Now that the glitter of my helm no more  
Flashes upon their eyes. Yet very soon  
Their flying host would fill the trenches here  
With corpses, had but Agamemnon dealt  
Gently with me ; and now their squadrons close 95  
Around our army. Now no more the spear  
Is wielded by Tydides Diomed  
In rescue of the Greeks ; no more the shout  
Of Agamemnon's hated throat is heard ;  
But the man-queller Hector, lifting up 100  
His voice, exhorts the Trojans, who, in throngs,  
Raising the war-cry, fill the plain, and drive  
The Greeks before them. Gallantly lead on  
The charge, Patroclus ; rescue our good ships ;  
Let not the enemy give them to the flames, 105  
And cut us off from our desired return.  
Follow my counsel ; bear my words in mind ;  
So shalt thou win for me among the Greeks  
Great honor and renown, and they shall bring  
The beautiful maiden back with princely gifts. 110  
When thou hast driven the assailants from the fleet,  
Return thou hither. If the Thunderer,

Husband of Juno, suffer thee to gain  
That victory, seek no further to prolong  
The combat with the warlike sons of Troy, 115  
Apart from me, lest I be brought to shame,  
Nor, glorying in the battle and pursuit,  
Slaying the Trojans as thou goest, lead  
Thy men to Troy, lest from the Olympian mount  
One of the ever-living gods descend 120  
Against thee : Phœbus loves the Trojans well.  
But come as soon as thou shalt see the ships  
In safety ; leave the foes upon the plain  
Contending with each other. Would to Jove  
The All-Father, and to Pallas, and the god 125  
Who bears the bow, Apollo, that of all  
The Trojans, many as they are, and all  
The Greeks, not one might be reprieved from death,  
While thou and I alone were left alive  
To overthrow the sacred walls of Troy.” 130

So talked they with each other. Ajax, whelmed  
Beneath a storm of darts, meantime but ill  
Endured the struggle, for the will of Jove  
And the fierce foe prevailed. His shining helm  
Rang fearfully, as on his temples fell, 135  
Stroke following after stroke, the weapons hurled  
Against its polished studs. The buckler borne  
Firmly on his left arm, and shifted oft  
From side to side, had wearied it, and yet  
The Trojans, pressing round him, could not drive,  
With all their darts, the hero from his place. 140

Heavily heaved his panting chest ; his limbs  
Streamed with warm sweat ; there was no breathing-  
time ;

On danger danger followed, toil on toil.

Now, Muses, dwellers of Olympus, tell 143  
How first the galleys of the Greeks were fired.

Hector drew near, and smote with his huge sword  
The ashen spear of Ajax just below  
The socket of the blade, and cut the stem  
In two. The son of Telamon in vain 150

Brandished the severed weapon, while afar  
The brazen blade flew off, and ringing fell  
To earth. Then Ajax in his mighty mind  
Acknowledged that the gods were in the war,  
And shuddered, knowing that the Thunderer 155

Was thwarting all his warlike purposes,  
And willed the victory to Troy. The chief  
Withdrew beyond the reach of spears, while fast  
The eager enemy hurled the blazing brands  
At the swift ship, and wrapped the stern in flames  
Unquenchable. Achilles saw, and smote 160

His thigh, and spake : " Patroclus, noble friend  
And knight, make haste : already I behold  
The flames that rage with fury at the fleet.  
Now, lest the enemy seize our ships and we 165  
Be barred of our return, put quickly on  
Thy armor ; be my task to call the troops."

He spake : Patroclus then in glittering brass  
Arrayed himself ; and first around his thighs

He put the beautiful greaves, and fastened them 175  
With silver clasps ; around his chest he bound  
The breastplate of the swift Æacides,  
With star-like points, and richly chased ; he hung  
The sword with silver studs and blade of brass  
Upon his shoulders, and with it the shield 175  
Solid and vast ; upon his gallant head  
He placed the glorious helm with horse-hair plume,  
That grandly waved on high. Two massive spears  
He took, that fitted well his grasp, but left  
The spear which great Achilles only bore, 180  
Heavy and huge and strong, and which no arm  
Among the Greeks save his could poise ; his strength  
Alone sufficed to wield it. 'T was an ash  
Which Chiron felled in Pelion's top, and gave  
To Peleus, that it yet might be the death 185  
Of heroes. Then he called, to yoke with speed  
The steeds, Automedon, whom he esteemed  
Next to Achilles, that great scatterer  
Of armies ; for he found him ever firm  
In battle, breasting faithfully its shock. 190  
Automedon led forth to take the yoke  
Xanthus and Balius, coursers that in speed  
Were like the wind. Podargè brought them forth  
To Zephyrus, while she, the Harpy, grazed  
By ocean's streams. Upon the outer side 195  
He joined to them the noble Pedasus,  
Brought by Achilles from the captured town  
Where ruled Eëtion. Though of mortal stock,

Well might he match with those immortal steeds.

Meanwhile Achilles armed the Myrmidons, 203  
Passing from tent to tent. Like ravening wolves,  
Terribly strong, that, having slain among  
The hills an antlered stag of mighty size,  
Tear and devour it, while their jaws are stained  
With its red blood, then gather in a herd 205  
About some darkly flowing stream, and lap  
The sullen water with their slender tongues,  
And drop the clots of blood from their grim mouths,  
And, although gorged, are fierce and fearless still, —  
So came the leaders of the Myrmidons, 210  
In rushing crowds, about the valiant friend  
Of swift Æacides. Among them stood  
Achilles, great in war, encouraging  
The charioteers and warriors armed with shields.

Achilles, dear to Jupiter, had led 215  
Fifty swift barks to Ilium, and in each  
Were fifty men, companions at the oar.  
O'er these he gave command to five ; himself,  
Supreme in power, was ruler over all.  
One band the nobly armed Menestheus led, 220  
Son of Spercheius. To that river-god,  
Beautiful Polydora brought him forth,  
Daughter of Peleus ; she, a mortal maid,  
Met an immortal's love. Yet Borus, son  
Of Periëres, owned the boy and took 225  
The mother for his bride, with princely dower.  
Eudorus led the second band, a youth



Of warlike mould, whom Polymela bore,  
Daughter of Phylas, graceful in the dance.

. . . . . 230

The mighty Argus-queller saw the maid  
Tmong the choir of those who danced and sang  
At Dian's festival, the huntress-queen,  
Who bears the golden shafts; he saw and loved

. . . . . 235

The damsel, and she bore a gallant son,  
Eudorus, swift of foot and brave in war.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

The stout Echecleus, son of Actor, brought 240

The mother to his house, with liberal dower.

The aged Phylas reared the child she left

Tenderly as a son, and loved him well.

Pisander, warlike son of Mæmalus,

Commanded the third squadron ; none like him 245

Among the Myrmidons could wield the spear

Except Pelides. Phoenix, aged knight,

Led the fourth squadron. With the fifth and 250

There came Alcimedon, Laerceus' son,

A leader. When their ranks were duly formed, 255

Achilles spake to them in earnest words : —

“ Now, Myrmidons, forget no single word  
Of all the threats ye uttered against Troy  
Since first my wrath began. Ye blame me much,  
And say : ‘ Hard-hearted son of Peleus, sure 255  
Thy mother must have suckled thee on gall ;

For sternly thou dost keep us in the ships,  
Unwilling as we are. We might, at least,  
Crossing the sea, return in our good ships,  
If thus thine anger is to last.' These words 260  
Ye utter oft when our assemblies meet,  
And now the great occasion is at hand  
Which ye have longed for ; now let him whose heart  
Is fearless meet the Trojans valiantly."

He spake, and roused their courage and their  
    might , 265  
And as they heard their king they brought their ranks  
To closer order. As an architect  
Builds up, with closely fitting stones, the wall  
Of some tall mansion, proof against the blast,  
So close were now the helms and bossy shields. 270  
Shield leaned on shield, and helm on helm, and man  
On man, and on the glittering helmet-cones  
The horse-hair plumes with every motion touched  
Each other, so compact the squadrons stood.  
Two heroes, nobly armed, were at their head, 275  
Patroclus and Automedon, and both  
Had but one thought, — to combat in the van.

Entering his tent, Achilles raised the lid  
Of a fair coffer, beautifully wrought,  
Which silver-footed Thetis placed on board 280  
His bark, and filled with tunics, cloaks well lined,  
And fleecy carpets. There he also kept  
A goblet richly chased, from which no lip  
Of man, save his, might drink the dark red wine,

Nor wine be poured to any god save Jove, 285  
The mighty Father. This he took in hand  
And purified with sulphur first, and then  
Rinsed with clear water. Next, with washen hands,  
He drew the dark red wine, and stood without,  
In the open space, and, pouring out the wine, 290  
Prayed with his eyes turned heavenward, not un-  
heard

By Jupiter, who wields the thunderbolt.

“Dodonian Jove, Pelasgian, sovereign King,  
Whose dwelling is afar, and who dost rule  
Dodona winter-bound, where dwell thy priests, 295  
The Selli, with unwashen feet, who sleep  
Upon the ground! Thou once hast heard my prayer,  
And thou hast honored me, and terribly  
Avenged me on the Greeks. Accomplish yet  
This one request of mine. I shall remain 300  
Among the rows of ships, but in my stead  
I send my comrade, who will lead to war  
My vast array of Myrmidons. With him,  
O God of Thunders, send the victory.  
Make his heart bold ; let even Hector learn 305  
Whether my follower, though alone, can wage  
Successful war, or conquer only then  
When I go forth with him into the field  
Of slaughter. When he shall have beaten back  
The assailants from the fleet, let him return 310  
Unharm'd to my good galleys and to me.  
With all his arms and all his valiant men.”

So spake he, offering prayer, and Jupiter,  
The Great Disposer, hearkened. Half the prayer  
The All-Father granted him, and half denied : 315  
To drive the storm of battle from the fleet  
He granted, but denied his friend's return  
In safety. When the warrior thus had prayed,  
And poured the wine to Father Jove, he went  
Into his tent again, and there replaced 320  
The goblet in the coffer. Coming forth,  
He stood before the entrance to behold  
The terrible encounter of the hosts.

The newly armed, led by their gallant chief,  
Patroclus, marched in warlike order forth, 325  
And in high hope, to fall upon the foe.  
As wasps, that by the wayside build their cells,  
Angered from time to time by thoughtless boys, —  
Whence mischief comes to many, — if by chance  
Some passing traveller should unwittingly 330  
Disturb them, all at once are on the wing,  
And all attack him, to defend their young  
So fearless and so fierce the Myrmidons  
Poured from their fleet, and mighty was the din.  
Patroclus with loud voice exhorted them : — 335

“O Myrmidons, companions of the son  
Of Peleus, bear in mind, my friends, your fame  
For valor, and be men, that we who serve  
Achilles, we who combat hand to hand,  
May honor him by our exploits, and teach 340  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon how he erred

Slighting the bravest warrior of the Greeks."

These words awoke the courage and the might  
Of all who heard them, and in close array  
They fell upon the Trojans. Fearfully 348  
The fleet around them echoed to the sound  
Of Argives shouting. When the Trojans saw,  
In glittering arms, Menœtius' gallant son  
And his attendant, every heart grew faint  
With fear ; the close ranks wavered ; for they thought  
That the swift son of Peleus at the fleet 351  
Had laid aside his wrath, and was again  
The friend of Agamemnon. Eagerly  
They looked around for an escape from death.

Then first Patroclus cast his shining spear 355  
Into the crowd before him, where they fought  
Most fiercely round the stern of the good ship  
Of brave Protesilaus. There it smote  
Pyræchmes, who had led from Amydon,  
On the broad Axius, his Pæonian knights. 356  
Through his right shoulder went the blade ; he fell,  
Heavily groaning, to the earth. His band  
Of warriors from Pæonia, panic-struck,  
Fled from Patroclus as they saw their chief  
Cut off, their bravest in the battle-field. 357  
So from the ship he drave the foe, and quenched  
The blazing fire. There lay the half-burnt bark,  
While with a mighty uproar fled the host  
Of Troy, and from between the beakèd ships  
Poured after them with tumult infinite 358

The Greeks. As when from some high mountain-top  
The God of Lightnings, Jupiter, sweeps off  
The overshadowing cloud, at once appear  
The watch-towers and the headland heights and  
lawns

All in full light, and all the unmeasured depth 375  
Of ether opens, so the Greeks, when thus  
Their fleet was rescued from the hostile flame,  
Breathed for a space ; and yet they might not cease  
From battle, for not everywhere alike  
Were chased the Trojans from the dark-hulled ships  
Before the Greeks, but struggled still to keep 384  
The mastery, and yielded but to force.

Then in that scattered conflict of the chiefs  
Each Argive slew a warrior. With his spear  
The brave son of Menœtius made a thrust 385  
At Areilochus, and pierced his thigh,  
Just as he turned away, and through the part  
Forced the keen weapon, splintering as it went  
The bone, and brought the Trojan to the ground ;  
And warlike Menelaus pierced the breast 390  
Of Thoas where the buckler left it bare,  
And took his life. The son of Phyleus saw  
Amphiclus rushing on, and with his spear  
Met him and pierced his leg below the knee,  
Where brawniest is the limb. The blade cut through  
The sinews, and his eyes were closed in night. 396  
There fought the sons of Nestor. One of these,  
Antilochus, transfixed with his good spear

Atymnius through the flank, and brought him down  
At his own feet. With sorrow Maris saw 400  
His brother fall, and toward Antilochus  
Flew to defend the corpse ; but ere he strook,  
The godlike Thrasymedes, with a blow  
That missed not, smote his shoulder, tearing off  
With the spear's blade upon the upper arm 405  
The muscles from the bone. With ringing arms  
He fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.  
Thus were two brothers by two brothers slain,  
And sent to Erebus ; two valiant friends  
Were they of King Sarpedon, and the sons 410  
Of Amisodarus, who reared and fed  
Chimera, the destroyer of mankind.

Oilean Ajax, springing forward, seized  
On Cleobulus, for the struggling crowd  
Hindered his flight. He took the Trojan's life, 415  
Smiting the neck with his huge-handled sword ;  
The blade grew warm with blood, and cruel fate  
Brought darkness o'er the dying warrior's eyes.  
Peneleus fought with Lycon ; each had cast  
His spear and missed his aim, and now with swords  
The twain encountered. Lycon dealt a stroke 420  
Upon the crested helmet of his foe,  
And the blade failed him, breaking at the hilt.  
Meantime Peneleus smote beneath the ear  
The neck of Lycon : deep the weapon went ; 425  
The severed head, held only by the skin,  
Dropped to one side, and life forsook the limbs.

Meriones, o'ertaking Acamas,  
 In rapid flight, discharged a mighty blow  
 On his left shoulder as he climbed his car ; 430  
 He fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.  
 Then plunged Idomencus the cruel spear  
 Into the mouth of Erymas.

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And the black cloud of death came over him.  
 Thus every Grecian leader slew his man.

As ravening wolves that spring on lambs and kids,  
 And seize them, wandering wide among the hills 440  
 Beyond the keeper's care, and bear them off,  
 And rend with cruel fangs their helpless prey,  
 So fiercely did the Achaians fling themselves  
 Upon the men of Troy, who only thought 445  
 Of flight from that tumultuous strife, and quite  
 Forgot their wonted valor. All the while  
 The greater Ajax sought to hurl his spear  
 At Hector, clad in brazen mail, who yet,  
 Expert in battle, kept his ample chest 450  
 Hid by his bull's-hide shield, and, though he heard  
 The hiss of darts and clash of spears, and saw  
 The fortune of the field deserting him,  
 Lingered to rescue his beloved friends.

As from the summit of Olympus spreads 455



A cloud into the sky that late was clear,  
When Jove brings on the tempest, with such speed  
In clamorous flight the Trojans left the fleet,  
Yet passed they not the trench in seemly plight.  
The rapid steeds of Hector bore him safe 460  
Across with all his arms, while, left between  
The high banks of the trench, the Trojan host  
Struggled despairingly. The fiery steeds,  
Harnessed to many a chariot, left it there  
With broken pole. Patroclus followed close, 465  
With mighty voice encouraging the Greeks,  
And meditating vengeance on the foe,  
That noisily ran on, and right and left  
Were scattered, filling all the ways. The dust  
Rose thick and high, and spread, and reached the  
clouds, 470

As with swift feet the Trojan coursers held  
Their way to Ilium from the tents and ships.  
Patroclus where he saw the wildest rout  
Drave thither, shouting threats. Full many a chief  
Fell under his own axle from his car, 475  
And chariots with a crash were overthrown.  
The swift, immortal horses which the gods  
Bestowed on Peleus leaped the trench at once,  
Eager to reach the plain. As eagerly  
Patroclus longed to overtake and smite 480  
Hector, whose steeds were hurrying him away.

As when, in autumn time, the dark-brown earth  
Is whelmed with water from the stormy clouds,

When Jupiter pours down his heaviest rains,  
 Offended at men's crimes who override 485  
 The laws by violence, and drive justice forth  
 From the tribunals, heedless of the gods  
 And their displeasure, — all the running streams  
 Are swelled to floods, — the furious torrents tear  
 The mountain slopes, and, plunging from the heights  
 With mighty roar, lay waste the works of men, 491  
 And fling themselves into the dark-blue sea, —  
 Thus with loud tumult fled the Trojan horse.

Patroclus, having cut the nearest bands  
 Of Troy in pieces, made his warriors turn 495  
 Back to the fleet, and, eager as they were,  
 Stopped the pursuit that led them toward the town.  
 Then, in the area bounded by the sea,  
 River, and lofty wall, he chased and smote  
 And took full vengeance. With his glittering spear  
 He wounded Pronoüs where the buckler left 501  
 The breast exposed ; the Trojan with a clash  
 Fell to the earth, and life forsook his limbs.  
 Advancing in his might, Patroclus smote  
 Thestor, the son of Enops, as he sat 505  
 Cowering upon his sumptuous seat, o'ercome  
 With fear, and dropped the reins. Through his  
 right cheek

Among the teeth Patroclus thrust his spear,  
 And o'er the chariot's border drew him forth  
 With the spear's stem. As when an angler sits 510  
 Upon a jutting rock, and from the sea

Draws a huge fish with line and gleaming hook,  
So did Patroclus, with his shining spear,  
Draw forth the panting Trojan from his car,  
And shook him clear : he fell to earth and died. 515

As Eryalus then came swiftly on,  
Patroclus flung a stone, and on the brow  
Smote him ; the Trojan's head, beneath the blow,  
Parted in two within the helm ; he fell  
Headlong to earth, a prey to ghastly death. 520  
Then slew he Erymas, Amphoterus,  
Epaltes, Pyris, Ipheus, Echius,  
Tlepolemus, Damastor's son, and next  
Euippus ; nor was Polymelus spared,  
The son of Argias, — smitten all, and thrown, 525  
Slain upon slain, along their mother earth.

And now Sarpedon, as he saw his friends,  
The unbelted Lycians, falling by the hand  
Of Menœtiades, exhorted thus  
The gallant Lycians : “ Shame upon you all, 530  
My Lycians ! whither do you flee ? Be bold !  
For I myself will meet this man, and learn  
Who walks the field in triumph thus, and makes  
Such havoc in our squadrons ; for his hand  
Has laid full many a gallant warrior low.” 535

He spake, and from his car with all his arms  
Sprang to the ground, while on the other side  
Patroclus, as he saw him come, leaped down  
And left his chariot. As on some tall rock  
Two vultures, with curved talons and hooked beaks,

Fight screaming, so these two with furious cries 541  
Advanced against each other. When the son  
Of crafty Saturn saw them meet, his heart  
Was touched with pity, and he thus bespake  
His spouse and sister Juno : “ Woe is me ! 545  
Sarpedon, most beloved of men, is doomed  
To die, o’ercome by Menœtiades.

And now I halt between two purposes, —  
Whether to bear him from this fatal fight,  
Alive and safe, to Lycia’s fertile fields, 550  
Or let him perish by his enemy’s hand.”

Imperial, large-eyed Juno answered thus : —  
“ What words, dread son of Saturn, hast thou said !  
Wouldst thou deliver from the common lot  
Of death a mortal doomed long since by fate ? 555  
Do as thou wilt, but be thou sure of this, —  
The other gods will not approve. And bear  
In mind these words of mine. If thou shouldst send  
Sarpedon home to Lycia safe, reflect  
Some other god may claim the right, like thee, 560  
To rescue his beloved son from death  
In battle ; for we know that in the war  
Round Priam’s noble city are many sons  
Of gods, who will with vehement anger see  
Thy interposing hand. Yet if he be 565  
So dear to thee, and thou dost pity him,  
Let him in mortal combat be o’ercome  
By Menœtiades, and when the breath  
Of life has left his frame, give thou command

To Death and gentle Sleep to bear him hence 577  
To the broad realm of Lycia. There his friends  
And brethren shall perform the funeral rites ;  
There shall they build him up a tomb, and rear  
A column, — honors that become the dead."

She ceased, nor did the All-Father disregard 575  
Her words. He caused a bloody dew to fall  
Upon the earth in sorrow for the son  
Whom well he loved, and whom Patroclus soon  
Should slay upon the fertile plain of Troy,  
Far from the pleasant land that saw his birth. 580

The warriors now drew near. Patroclus slew  
The noble Thrasymelus, who had been  
Sarpedon's valiant comrade in the war.  
Below the belt he smote him, and he fell  
Lifeless. Sarpedon threw his shining lance ; 585  
It missed, but struck the courser Pedasus  
In the right shoulder. With a groan he fell  
In dust, and, moaning, breathed his life away.  
Then the two living horses sprang apart,  
And the yoke creaked, and the entangled reins 590  
Were useless, fastened to the fallen horse.  
Automedon, the mighty spearman, saw  
The remedy, and from his brawny thigh  
He drew his sword, and cut the outside horse  
Loose from his fellows. They again were brought  
Together, and obeyed the reins once more ; 596  
And the two chiefs renewed the mortal fight.

And now, again, Sarpedon's shining spear

Was vainly flung ; the point, in passing o'er  
 Patroclus's left shoulder, gave no wound. 66.

In turn, Patroclus, hurling not in vain  
 His weapon, smote him where the midriff's web  
 Holds the tough heart. He fell as falls an oak  
 Or poplar or tall pine, which workmen hew  
 Among the mountains with their sharpened steel 605  
 To frame a ship. So he before his steeds  
 And chariot fell upon the bloody dust,  
 And grasped it with his hands, and gnashed his teeth.

As when a lion coming on a herd  
 Seizes, amid the crowd of stamping beeves, 610  
 A tawny and high-mettled bull, that dies  
 Bellowing in fury in the lion's jaws, —  
 Like him, indignant to be overcome,  
 The leader of the bucklered Lycian host,  
 Laid prostrate by Patroclus, called by name 615  
 His dear companion, and addressed him thus :—

“ Beloved Glaucus, mighty among men !  
 Now prove thyself a hero, now be bold.  
 Now, if thou have a warrior's spirit, think  
 Of nought but battle. Go from rank to rank, 620  
 Exhorting all the Lycian chiefs to fight  
 Around Sarpedon. Combat thou for me  
 With thy good spear, for I shall be to thee  
 A shame and a reproach through all thy days,  
 If here the Greeks, beside whose ships I fall, 625  
 Bear off my armor. Stand thou firm, and stir  
 Thy people up to combat valiantly.”

While he was speaking, death crept o'er his sight  
And stopped his breath. Patroclus set his heel  
Against his bosom, and plucked out the spear ; 630  
The midriff followed it, and thus he drew  
The life and weapon forth at once. Meantime  
The Myrmidons held fast the snorting steeds,  
That, loosened from the Lycian's car, were bent  
On flight. The grief of Glaucus as he heard 635  
His comrade's voice was bitter, and his heart  
Ached at the thought that he could bring no aid.

He seized his arm and pressed it in his grasp,  
For there the wound which Teucer's arrow left,  
When Glaucus stormed the wall and Teucer's shafts  
Defended it, still pained him grievously, 640  
And thus he prayed to Phœbus, archer-god : —

“ Give ear, O king ! wherever thou abide,  
In the opulent realm of Lycia, or in Troy ;  
For everywhere thou hearest those who cry 645  
To thee in sorrow, and great sorrow now  
Is on me. Grievous is the wound I bear ;  
Sharp are the pains that pierce my hand ; the blood  
Cannot be stanch'd ; my very arm becomes  
A burden ; I can wield the spear no more 650  
With a firm grasp, nor combat with the foe.  
A mighty chief — Sarpedon, son of Jove —  
Has perished, and the father came not nigh  
To aid his son. Yet come thou to my aid,  
O monarch-god ! and heal this painful wound, 655  
And give me strength to rally to the fight

The Lycian warriors, and myself contend  
Valiantly for the rescue of the dead." 656

So prayed he : Phœbus hearkened, and at once  
Assuaged the pain, and stanchèd the purple blood  
In the deep wound, and fillèd his frame with strength.  
The warrior felt the change, rejoiced to know  
That with such friendly speed the mighty god  
Granted his prayer. And first he went among  
The Lycian chiefs, exhorting them to wage 663  
Fierce battle for Sarpedon. Then he sought,  
Walking with rapid strides, the Trojan chiefs,  
Agenor, nobly born, Polydamas,  
The son of Panthoüs, Æneas next,  
And Hector mailed in brass. By him he stood, 670  
And thus accosted him with wingèd words : —

“ O Hector, thou art careless of the fate  
Of thine allies, who for thy sake, afar  
From those they love, and from their native land,  
Pour out their lives ; thou bringest them no aid. 675  
Sarpedon lies in death, the chief who led  
The bucklered Lycians, who with justice swayèd  
The realm of Lycia, and defendèd it  
With valor. Him hath brazen Mars beneath  
The weapon of Patroclus smitten down. 680  
Come then, my friends, repulse we gallantly  
These Myrmidons ; else will they bear away  
His armor and insult his corpse, to avenge  
The havoc we have made among the Greeks  
Who perished by our weapons at the fleet.” 685



He spake, and grief immitigable seized  
The Trojans ; for the slain, though stranger-born,  
Had been a pillar of the realm of Troy,  
And many were the troops that followed him,  
And he was bravest of them all in war. 690

Then rushed the Trojans fiercely on the Greeks,  
With Hector, sorrowing for Sarpedon's fall,  
Leading them on, while the bold-hearted chief,  
Patroclus Menœtiades, aroused  
The courage of the Greeks. He thus addressed 695  
The warriors Ajax, eager like himself  
For combat : " Be it now your welcome task,  
O warriors Ajax, to drive back the foe ;  
He who first sprang across the Grecian wall,  
Sarpedon, lies a corpse, and we must now 700  
Dishonor the dead chief, and strip from him  
His armor, and strike down with our good spears  
Whoever of his comrades shall resist."

He spake, and all were resolute to beat  
The enemy back ; and when, on either side, 705  
Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks,  
Had put their phalanxes in firm array,  
They closed, with dreadful shouts and horrid clash  
Of arms, in fight around the dead, while Jove  
Drew o'er that deadly fray an awful veil 710  
Of darkness, that the struggle for the corpse  
Of his dear son might rage more furiously.  
The Trojans first drave back the dark-eyed Greeks,  
For one was in the onset smitten down,

Not the least valiant of the Myrmidons, — 715  
The son of brave Agacles, nobly born  
Epeigeus, who aforetime, when he ruled  
The populous Budeium, having slain  
A noble kinsman, fled a suppliant  
To Peleus and the silver-footed queen, 720  
Thetis, his consort, and by them was sent,  
With terrible Achilles, to the coast  
Of courser-breeding Ilium and the siege  
Of Troy. As now he stooped to seize the dead.  
Illustrious Hector smote him with a stone 725  
Upon the forehead, cleaving it in two  
In the strong helmet ; headlong on the corse  
He fell, and cruel death crept over him.  
With grief Patroclus saw his comrade slain,  
And broke his way among the foremost ranks. 730  
As a swift hawk that chases through the air  
Starlings and daws, so didst thou dart among  
Trojans and Lycians, for thy wrath was roused,  
O knight Patroclus ! by thy comrade's death.  
And now his hand struck Sthenelaüs down, 735  
The dear son of Ithæmenes ; he flung  
A stone that crushed the sinews of the neck  
Back drew illustrious Hector, and with him  
The warriors who were fighting in the van.  
As far as one can send a javelin, 740  
When men contend in martial games, or meet  
Their deadly enemies in war, so far  
Withdrew the Trojans, and the Greeks pursued.

The leader of the bucklered Lycian host,  
Glaucus, was first to turn against his foes. 745  
He slew the brave Bathycles, the dear son  
Of Chalcon, who in Hellas had his home,  
And was the richest of the Myrmidons.  
The Lycian, turning on him suddenly  
As he drew near pursuing, sent his spear 750<sup>v</sup>  
Right through his breast, and with a clash he fell.  
Great was the sorrow of the Greeks to see  
That valiant warrior fall ; the men of Troy  
Exulted, and pressed round him in a crowd.  
Nor lacking was the valor of the Greeks, 755  
Who met them manfully. Meriones  
Struck down a Trojan chief, Laogonus,  
Onetor's valiant son. His father stood  
Priest at the altar of Idæan Jove,  
And like a god was honored by the realm. 760  
Below the jaw and ear Meriones  
Smote him, and instantly the life forsook  
His limbs, and fearful darkness shrouded him.  
Straight at Meriones Æneas aimed  
His brazen spear to smite him, as he came, 765  
Beneath his buckler ; but the Greek beheld  
The weapon in the air, and, stooping low,  
Escaped it ; over him it passed, and stood  
Fixed in the earth behind him, where its stem  
Trembled, for now the rapid steel had spent 770  
Its force. As thus it quivered in the ground,  
Æneas, who perceived that it had left

His powerful hand in vain, was vexed, and said :  
“ Had I but struck thee, dancer as thou art,  
Meriones, my spear had suddenly 775  
Ended thy dancing.” Then Meriones,  
The skilful spearman, answered : “ Thou art brave,  
But thou wilt find it hard to overcome  
The might of all who gather to repulse  
Thy onset. Thou art mortal, and if I, 780  
Aiming at thee with my good spear, should pierce  
Thy bosom, valiant as thou art and proud  
Of thy strong arm, thy death would bring me praise,  
And send thy soul where gloomy Pluto dwells.”

He spake ; the brave Patroclus heard, and thus  
Rebuked him : “ Why wilt thou, Meriones, 786  
With all thy valor, stand to make a speech ?  
The foe, my friend, will not be forced to leave  
The corpse by insults ; some of them must die.  
In deeds the issue of a battle lies ; 790  
Words are for counsel. Now is not the time  
To utter swelling phrases, but to fight.”

He ended, and went on ; the godlike man  
Followed his steps. As when from mountain dells  
Rises, and far is heard, a crashing sound 795  
Where woodmen fell the trees, such was the noise  
From those who fought on that wide plain, — the din  
Of brass, of leather, and of tough bull's-hide  
Smitten with swords and two-edged spears. No eye,  
Although of keenest sight, would then have known  
Noble Sarpedon, covered as he lay, 801

From head to foot, with weapons, blood, and dust ;  
And still the warriors thronged around the dead.  
As when in spring-time at the cattle-stalls  
Flies gather, humming, when the milk is drawn, 805  
Round the full pails, so swarmed around the corpse  
The combatants ; nor once did Jove withdraw  
His bright eyes from the stubborn fray, but still  
Gazed, planning how Patroclus should be slain.  
Uncertain whether, in the desperate strife 810  
Over the great Sarpedon, to permit  
Illustrious Hector with his spear to lay  
The hero dead, and make his arms a spoil,  
Or spare him yet a while, to make the war  
More bloody. As he pondered, this seemed best .  
That the brave comrade of Achilles first 816  
Should put to flight the Trojans and their chief,  
Hector the brazen-mailed, pursuing them  
Toward Troy with slaughter. To this end he sent  
Into the heart of Hector panic fear, 820  
Who climbed his car and fled, and bade the rest  
Flee also, for he saw how Jove had weighed  
The fortunes of the day. Now none remained,  
Not even the gallant Lycians, when they saw  
Their monarch lying wounded to the heart 825  
Among a heap of slain ; for Saturn's son  
In that day's strife had caused a multitude  
To fall in death. Now when the Greeks had stripped  
Sarpedon of the glittering brazen mail,  
The brave son of Menœtius bade his friends 830

Convey it to the hollow ships. Meanwhile  
The Cloud-compeller spake to Phœbus thus : —

“ Go now, beloved Phœbus, and withdraw  
Sarpedon from the weapons of the foe ;  
Cleanse him from the dark blood, and bear him  
thence,

835

And lave him in the river-stream, and shed  
Ambrosia o’er him. Clothe him then in robes  
Of heaven, consigning him to Sleep and Death,  
Twin brothers, and swift bearers of the dead,  
And they shall lay him down in Lycia’s fields, 840  
That broad and opulent realm. There shall his  
friends

And kinsmen give him burial, and shall rear  
His tomb and column, — honors due the dead.”

He spake : Apollo instantly obeyed  
His father, leaving Ida’s mountain height, 845  
And sought the field of battle, and bore off  
Noble Sarpedon from the enemy’s spears,  
And laved him in the river-stream, and shed  
Ambrosia o’er him. Then in robes of heaven  
He clothed him, giving him to Sleep and Death, 850  
Twin brothers, and swift bearers of the dead,  
And they, with speed conveying it, laid down  
The corpse in Lycia’s broad and opulent realm.

Meantime Patroclus, urging on his steeds  
And charioteer, pursued, to his own hurt, 855  
Trojans and Lycians. Madman ! had he then  
Obeyed the counsel which Pelides gave,

The bitter doom of death had not been his.  
But stronger than the purposes of men  
Are those of Jove, who puts to flight the brave, 860  
And takes from them the victory, though he  
Impelled them to the battle ; and he now  
Urged on Patroclus to prolong the fight.

Who first, when thus the gods decreed thy death,  
Fell by thy hand, Patroclus, and who last ? 865  
Adrastus first, Autonöus next, and then  
Echeclus ; then died Perimus, the son  
Of Meges ; then with Melanippus fell  
Epistor ; next was Elasmus o'ercome,  
And Mulius, and Pylartes. These he slew, 870  
While all the rest betook themselves to flight.

Then had the Greeks possessed themselves of Troy,  
With all its lofty portals, by the hand  
And valor of Patroclus, for his rage  
Was terrible beyond the rage of all 875  
Who bore the spear, had not Apollo stood  
On a strong tower to menace him with ill,  
And aid the Trojans. Thrice Patroclus climbed  
A shoulder of the lofty wall, and thrice  
Apollo, striking his immortal hands 880  
Against the glittering buckler, thrust him down ;  
And when, for the fourth time, the godlike man  
Essayed to mount the wall, the archer-god,  
Phœbus, encountered him with fearful threats :  
“ Noble Patroclus, hold thy hand, nor deem 885  
The city of the warlike Trojans doomed

To fall beneath thy spear, nor by the arm  
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou."

He spake ; Patroclus, fearful of the wrath  
Of the archer-god, withdrew, and stood afar, 890  
While Hector, at the Scæan gates, restrained  
His coursers, doubtful whether to renew  
The fight by mingling with the crowd again,  
Or gather all his host within the walls  
By a loud summons. As he pondered thus, 895  
Apollo stood beside him in the form  
Of Asius, a young warrior and a brave,  
Uncle of Hector, the great horse-tamer,  
And brother of Queen Hecuba, and son  
Of Dymas, who in Phrygia dwelt beside 900  
The streams of the Sangarius. Putting on  
His shape and aspect, thus Apollo said : —

" Why, Hector, dost thou pause from battle thus ?  
Nay, it becomes thee not. Were I in might  
Greater than thou, as I am less, full soon 905  
Wouldst thou repent this shrinking from the war.  
Come boldly on, and urge thy firm-paced steeds  
Against Patroclus ; slay him on the field,  
And Phœbus will requite thee with renown."

He spake, and mingled in the hard-fought fray, 910  
While noble Hector bade his charioteer,  
The brave Cebriones, ply well the lash,  
And join the battle. Phœbus went before,  
Entering the crowd, and spread dismay among  
The Greeks, and gave the glory of the hour 915



To Hector and the Trojans. Little heed  
Paid Hector to the rest, nor raised his arm  
To slay them, but urged on his firm-paced steeds  
To meet Patroclus, who, beholding him,  
Leaped from his car. In his left hand he held 920  
A spear, and with the other lifting up  
A white, rough stone, the largest he could grasp,  
Flung it with all its force. It flew not wide,  
Nor flew in vain, but smote Cebriones,  
The warlike chief who guided Hector's steeds, 925  
A spurious son of Priam the renowned.  
The sharp stone smote his forehead as he held  
The reins, and crushed both eyebrows in ; the bone  
Resisted not the blow ; the warrior's eyes  
Fell in the dust before his very feet. 930  
Down from the sumptuous seat he plunged, as dives  
A swimmer, and the life forsook his limbs.  
And this, Patroclus, was thy cruel jest : —  
“ Truly a nimble man is this who dives  
With such expertness. Were this, now, the sea, 935  
Where fish are bred, and he were searching it  
For oysters, he might get an ample store  
For many men, in leaping from a ship,  
Though in a storm, so skilfully he dives  
Even from the chariot to the plain. No doubt 940  
There must be divers in the town of Troy.”  
He spake, and sprang upon Cebriones.  
With all a lion's fury, which attacks  
The stables and is wounded in the breast,

And perishes through his own daring ; thus, 97  
Patroclus, didst thou fall upon the slain,  
While Hector, hastening also, left his steeds,  
And both contended for Cebriones.  
As lions for the carcass of a deer  
Fight on a mountain summit, hungry both, 950  
And both unyielding, thus two mighty men  
Of war, Patroclus Menœtiades  
And glorious Hector, eager each to smite  
His adversary with the cruel spear,  
Fought for Cebriones. The slain man's head 955  
Was seized by Hector's powerful hand, whose grasp  
Relaxed not, while Patroclus held the foot ;  
And, thronging to the spot, the other Greeks  
And Trojans mingled in the desperate strife.

As when the east wind and the south contend 960  
In the open mountain grounds, and furiously  
Assail the deep old woods of beech and ash  
And barky cornel, flinging their long boughs  
Against each other with a mighty roar,  
And crash of those that break, so did the Greeks 965  
And Trojans meet with mutual blows, and slay  
Each other ; nor had either host a thought  
Of shameful flight. Full many a trenchant spear  
Went to its mark beside Cebriones,  
And many a wingèd arrow that had left 970  
The bowstring ; many a massive stone was hurled  
Against the ringing bucklers, as they fought  
Around the dead, while he, the mighty, lay

Stretched on the ground amid the eddying dust,  
Forgetful of his art of horsemanship. 97

While yet the sun was climbing to his place  
In middle heaven, the men of either host  
Were smitten by the weapons, and in both  
The people fell ; but when he stooped to the west  
The Greeks prevailed, and from that storm of darts  
And tumult of the Trojans they drew forth 981  
Cebriones, and stripped him of his arms.

Still rushed Patroclus onward, bent to wreak  
His fury on the Trojans. Fierce as Mars,  
He charged their squadrons thrice with fearful shouts,  
And thrice he laid nine warriors in the dust. 986

But as with godlike energy he made  
The fourth assault, then clearly was it seen,  
Patroclus, that thy life was near its end,  
For Phœbus terribly in that fierce strife 990

Encountered thee. Patroclus saw him not  
Advancing in the tumult, for he moved  
Unseen in darkness. Coming close behind,  
He smote, with open palm, the hero's back  
Between the ample shoulders, and his eyes 995  
Reeled with the blow, while Phœbus from his head  
Struck the tall helm, that, clanking, rolled away  
Under the horses' feet ; its crest was soiled  
With blood and dust, though never till that hour  
Had dust defiled its horse-hair plume ; for once 1000  
That helmet guarded an illustrious head,  
The glorious brows of Peleus' son, and now

Jove destined it for Hector, to be worn  
In battle ; and his death was also near.  
The spear Patroclus wielded, edged with brass, 1005  
Long, tough, and huge, was broken in his hands ;  
And his broad buckler, dropping with its band,  
Lay on the ground, while Phœbus, son of Jove,  
Undid the fastenings of his mail. With mind  
Bewildered, and with powerless limbs, he stood 1010  
As thunderstruck. Then a Dardanian named  
Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, who excelled  
His comrades in the wielding of the spear,  
The race, and horsemanship, approaching, smote  
Patroclus in the back with his keen spear, 1015  
Between the shoulder-blades. Already he  
Had dashed down twenty warriors from their cars,  
Guiding his own, a learner in the art  
Of war. The first was he who threw a lance  
At thee, Patroclus, yet o'ercame thee not ; 1020  
For, plucking from thy back its ashen stem,  
He fled, and mingled with the crowd, nor dared  
Await thy coming, though thou wert unarmed,  
While, weakened by that wound and by the blow  
Given by the god, Patroclus turned and sought 1025  
Shelter from danger in the Grecian ranks ;  
But Hector, when he saw the gallant Greek  
Thus wounded and retreating, left his place  
Among the squadrons, and, advancing, pierced  
Patroclus with his spear, below the belt, 1030  
Driving the weapon deep. The hero fell

With clashing mail, and all the Greeks beheld  
His fall with grief. As when a lion bears  
A stubborn boar to earth, what time the twain  
Fight on the mountains for a slender spring, 1035  
Both thirsty and both fierce, the lion's strength  
Lays prone his panting foe, so Priam's son  
Slew, fighting hand to hand, the valiant Greek,  
Son of Menœtius, who himself had slain  
So many. Hector gloried over him 1040  
With wingèd words : " Patroclus, thou didst think  
To lay our city waste, and carry off  
Our women captive in thy ships to Greece.  
Madman ! in their defence the fiery steeds  
Of Hector sweep the battle-field, and I, 1045  
Mightiest of all the Trojans, with the spear  
Will guard them from the doom of slavery.  
Now vultures shall devour thee, wretched youth !  
Achilles, mighty though he be, has brought  
No help to thee, though doubtless when he sent 1050  
Thee forth to battle, and remained within,  
He charged thee thus : ' Patroclus, flower of knights,  
Return not to the fleet until thy hand  
Hath torn the bloody armor from the corpse  
Of the man-queller Hector.' So he spake, 1055  
And filled with idle hopes thy foolish heart."

Then thou, Patroclus, with a faltering voice,  
Didst answer thus : " Now, Hector, while thou mayst,  
Utter thy boast in swelling words, since Jove  
And Phœbus gave the victory to thee. 1060

Easily have they vanquished me ; 't was they  
 Who stripped the armor from my limbs, for else,  
 If twenty such as thou had met me, all  
 Had perished by my spear. A cruel fate  
 O'ertakes me, aided by Latona's son, 1065  
 The god, and by Euphorbus among men.  
 Thou who shalt take my spoil art but the third ;  
 Yet hear my words, and keep them in thy thought.  
 Not long shalt thou remain alive ; thy death  
 By violence is at hand, and thou must fall, 1070  
 Slain by the hand of great Æacides."

While he was speaking, death stole over him  
 And veiled his senses, while the soul forsook  
 His limbs and flew to Hades, sorrowing  
 For its sad lot, to part from life in youth 1075  
 And prime of strength. Illustrious Hector thus  
 Answered the dying man : " Why threaten me,  
 Patroclus, with an early death ? Who knows  
 That he, thy friend, whom fair-haired Thetis bore,  
 Achilles, may not sooner lose his life, 1080  
 Slain by my spear ? " He spake, and set his heel  
 Upon the slain, and from the wound drew forth  
 His brazen spear and pushed the corpse aside,  
 And with the weapon hurried on to smite  
 Godlike Automedon, the charioteer 1085  
 Of swift Æacides ; but him the steeds  
 Fleet-footed and immortal, which the gods  
 Bestowed on Peleus, swiftly bore away.

[Book xvii, which we omit, describes how the Greeks fight furiously for the body of Patroclus and how they are hard-pressed by their foes. Still

“the warriors Ajax hold in check

The Trojans ; yet they followed close, and two  
More closely than the rest, — Æneas, son  
Of old Anchises, and the illustrious chief,  
Hector.”]

### BOOK XVIII.

AS thus they fought with all the rage of fire,  
Antilochus, the nimble-footed, came  
With tidings to Achilles. Him he found  
Before his lofty galleys, deep in thought  
Of what he knew had happened. With a sigh 5  
The hero to his mighty spirit said : —

“ Ah me ! why should the Grecians thus be driven  
In utter disarray across the plain ?  
I tremble lest the gods should bring to pass  
What most I dread. My mother told me once 10  
That the most valiant of the Myrmidons,  
While yet I live, cut off by Trojan hands,  
Shall see the sun no more. It must be so :  
The brave son of Menœtius has been slain.  
Unhappy ! ’T was my bidding that when once 15  
The enemy with his firebrands was repulsed,  
He should not think to combat gallantly  
With Hector, but should hasten to the fleet.”

As thus he mused, illustrious Nestor's son  
Drew near Achilles, and with eyes that shed 20  
Warm tears he gave his sorrowful message thus :—

“Son of the warlike Peleus, woe is me !  
For bitter are the tidings thou must hear  
Of what should not have been. Patroclus lies  
A naked corpse, and over it the hosts 25  
Are fighting ; crested Hector hath his arms.”

He spake, and a black cloud of sorrow came  
Over the chieftain. Grasping in both hands  
The ashes of the hearth, he showered them o'er  
His head, and soiled with them his noble face. 30  
They clung in dark lumps to his comely vest.  
Prone in the dust of earth, at his full length,  
And tearing his disordered hair, he lay.  
Then wailed aloud the maidens whom in war  
He and Patroclus captured. Forth they came, 35  
And, thronging round him, smote their breasts and  
swooned.

Antilochus mourned also, and shed tears,  
Holding Achilles by the hand, for much  
His generous nature dreaded that the chief  
Might aim at his own throat the sword he wore. 40

Loud were the hero's cries, and in the deep  
His gracious mother, where she sat beside  
Her aged father, heard them. She too raised  
A wail of sorrow. All the goddesses,  
Daughters of Nereus, dwelling in the depths 45  
Of ocean, gathered to her side There came



Glaucè, Thaleia, and Cymodocè,  
 Nesæa, Speio, Halia with large eyes,  
 And Thoa, and Cymothöè ; nor stayed  
 Actæa, Limnoreia, Melita, 50  
 Amphithöè, Iæra, Agavè,  
 Doto, and Proto, and Dynamenè.  
 There came Dexamènè, Amphinomè,  
 Pherusa, Callianira, Panopè,  
 Doris, and Galateia, the renowned. 55  
 With these Nemertes and Apseudes came,  
 And Callianassa. Clymenè was there,  
 Janeira and Janassa, and with them  
 Mæra, and Amatheia with bright hair,  
 And Orithya, and whoever else, 60  
 Children of Nereus, bide within the deep.  
 The concourse filled the glimmering cave ; they beat  
 Their bosoms, while the sorrowing Thetis spake : —  
 “ Hear, sister Nereids, that ye all may know  
 The sharpness of my sorrows. Woe is me, 65  
 Unhappy ! Woe is me ! in evil hour,  
 The mother of a hero, — me who gave  
 Birth to so noble and so brave a son,  
 The first among the warriors, saw him grow  
 Like a green sapling, reared him like a plant 70  
 Within a fruitful field, and sent him forth  
 With his beaked ships to Ilium and the war  
 Against the Trojans. Never shall I see  
 That son returning to his home, the halls  
 Of Peleus. While he lives and sees the light 75

Of day his lot is sorrow, nor can I  
 Help him in aught, though at his side ; and yet  
 I go to look on my beloved son,  
 And learn from him what grief, while he remains  
 Aloof from war, o'ertakes him in his tent." 80

She spake, and left the cavern. All the nymphs  
 Went with her weeping. Round their way the waves  
 Of ocean parted. When they reached the fields  
 Of fertile Troas, up the shore they went  
 In ordered files to where, a numerous fleet, 85  
 Drawn from the water, round Achilles lay  
 The swift ships of the Myrmidons. To him  
 His goddess mother came, and with a cry  
 Of grief embraced the head of her dear son,  
 And, mourning o'er him, spake these wingèd  
 words :— 90

“Why weepest thou, my son? What sorrow now  
 O'ercomes thy spirit? Speak, and hide it not.  
 All thou didst pray for once, with lifted hands,  
 Has been fulfilled by Jove ; the sons of Greece,  
 Driven to their galleys, and with thy good help 95  
 Withdrawn from them, are routed and disgraced.”

The swift Achilles, sighing deeply, made  
 This answer : “O my mother! true it is  
 Olympian Jove hath done all this for me ;  
 But how can that delight me, since my friend, 100  
 My well-beloved Patroclus, is no more?  
 He whom, of all my fellows in the war,  
 I prized the most, and loved as my own self,

Is lost to me, and Hector, by whose hand  
 He was cut off, has spoiled him of his arms, — 105  
 His dreaded arms, a wonder to the sight  
 And glorious. . . . .

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Yet would that thou hadst evermore remained 110  
 Among the immortal dwellers of the deep,  
 And Peleus had espoused a mortal maid,  
 Since now thy heart must ache with infinite grief  
 For thy slain son, whom thou shalt never more  
 Welcome returning to his home. No wish 115  
 Have I to live or to concern myself

In men's affairs, save this : that Hector first,  
 Pierced by my spear, shall yield his life, and pay  
 The debt of vengeance for Patroclus slain."

And Thetis, weeping, answered : "O my son ! 120  
 Soon must thou die ; thou sayest true ; that fate  
 Hangs over thee as soon as Hector dies."

Again the swift Achilles, sighing, spake :  
 "Then quickly let me die, since fate denied  
 That I should aid my friend against the foes 125  
 That slew him. Far from his own land he fell,  
 And longed for me to rescue him. And now,  
 Since I am never more to see the land  
 I love, and since I went not to defend  
 Patroclus, nor the other Greeks, my friends, 130  
 Of whom so many have fallen by the hand  
 Of noble Hector, but beside the fleet

Am sitting here, a useless weight on earth,  
Mighty in battle as I am beyond  
The other Grecian warriors, though excelled 135  
By other men in council, — would that Strife  
Might perish among gods and men, with Wrath,  
Which makes even wise men cruel, and, though sweet  
At first as dropping honey, growing, fills  
The heart with its foul smoke. Such was my rage,  
Aroused by Agamemnon, king of men. 141  
Yet now, though great my wrong, let things like  
these

Rest with the past, and, as the time requires,  
Let us subdue the spirit in our breasts.  
I go in quest of Hector, by whose hand 145  
My friend was slain. My death will I accept  
Whene'er to Jove and to the other gods  
It shall seem good to send it. Hercules,  
Though mighty and beloved of Jupiter,  
The son of Saturn, could not shun his death, 150  
For fate and Juno's cruel wrath prevailed  
Against him. I shall lie in death like him,  
If a like fate be measured out for me.  
Yet now shall I have glory ; I shall do  
What many a Trojan and Dardanian dame, 155  
Deep-bosomed, wiping with both hands the tears  
From their fair cheeks, shall bitterly lament ;  
And well shall they perceive that, till this hour,  
I paused from war. Thou lov'st me ; but seek not  
To keep me from the field, for that were vain." 160

The silver-footed Thetis thus rejoined :  
 " Truly, my son, thy purpose is not ill,  
 To rescue thy endangered friends from death.  
 But with the Trojans are thy beautiful arms,  
 Brazen and dazzling bright ; their crested chief. 16  
 Hector, exults to wear them : no long space,  
 I think, will he exult ; his death is near.  
 Yet go not to the battle-field until  
 Thine eyes shall look upon me yet again.  
 I come to-morrow with the sun, and bring 17  
 Bright arms, the work of Vulcan's royal hand."

So having said, and turning from her son,  
 She thus bespake her sisters of the sea :  
 " Return to the broad bosom of the deep,  
 To its gray Ancient and my father's halls, 175  
 And tell him all. I hasten to ascend  
 The summits of Olympus, there to ask  
 Of Vulcan, the renowned artificer,  
 Armor of glorious beauty for my son."

She spake : at once they plunged into the deep, 180  
 While Thetis, silver-footed goddess, sought  
 Olympus, whence it was her hope to bring  
 New armor for her son. As thus her feet  
 Bore her toward heaven, the Achaians, fleeing fast,  
 With infinite clamor, driven before the arm 185  
 Of the man-queller Hector, reached the ships  
 And Hellespont. Nor could the well-armed Greeks  
 Bear off Patroclus from the shower of darts ;  
 For rushing on them came both foot and horse,

And Hector, son of Priam, like a flame 190  
 In fury. Thrice illustrious Hector seized  
 The body by the heels to drag it off,  
 And called his Trojans with a mighty shout.  
 Thrice did the chieftains Ajax, terrible  
 In resolute valor, drive him from the dead. 195  
 Yet kept he to his purpose, confident  
 In his own might, now charging through the crowd,  
 Now standing firm and shouting to his men,  
 And never losing ground. As when, at night,  
 Herdsmen that watch their cattle strive in vain 200  
 To drive a lion, fierce and famine-pinched,  
 From some slain beast, so the two Ajaxes,  
 With all their valor, vainly strove to keep  
 Hector, the son of Priam, from the corpse.  
 And now would he have dragged it thence, and won  
 Infinite glory, had not Iris come — 206  
 The goddess whose swift feet are like the wind —  
 To Peleus' son, a messenger from heaven,  
 In haste, unknown to Jupiter and all  
 The other gods, — for Juno sent her down, — 210  
 To bid the hero arm. She came and stood  
 Beside him, speaking thus with wingèd words :—  
 “ Pelides, rise, most terrible of men,  
 In rescue of Patroclus, over whom  
 They struggle fiercely at the fleet ; for there 215  
 They slay each other, — these who fight to keep  
 The dead, and those, the men of Troy, who charge  
 To drag him off to Ilium's airy heights ;

And chief, illustrious Hector longs to seize  
The corpse, and from the delicate neck to hew 220  
The head, and fix it on a stake. Arise,  
Loiter no longer ;— rise, ashamed to leave  
Patroclus to be torn by Trojan dogs.  
For thine will be the infamy, if yet  
The corpse be brought dishonored to thy tent.” 225

The swift Achilles listened and inquired :  
“ Which of the gods, O Iris, speaks by thee ? ”  
And Iris, whose swift feet are like the wind,  
Answered : “ The glorious spouse of Jupiter,  
Juno, hath sent me. Even Saturn’s son, 230  
On his high throne, knows not that I am sent,  
Nor any other of the gods who dwell  
Upon Olympus overspread with snow.”

“ But how,” the swift Achilles asked again,  
“ Shall I go forth to war ? They have my arms, 235  
And my beloved mother strictly bade  
That I should put no armor on until  
I saw her face again. She promised me  
A suit of glorious mail from Vulcan’s hand.  
Nor know I any warrior here whose arms 240  
Might serve me, save, perhaps, it were the shield  
Of Telamonian Ajax, who, I hope,  
Is in the van, and dealing death among  
The foe, in vengeance for Patroclus slain.”

Then the swift-footed Iris spake again : 245  
“ They have thy glorious armor ; that we know  
But go thou to the trench, and show thyself

To them of Troy, that, haply smit with fear,  
They may desist from battle, and the host  
Of Grecian warriors, overtoiled, may breathe 254  
In a brief respite from the stress of war."

So the fleet Iris spake, and passed away,  
And then arose Achilles, dear to Jove,  
While o'er his ample shoulders Pallas held  
Her fringed ægis. The great goddess caused 258  
A golden cloud to gather round his head  
And kindled in the cloud a dazzling flame.  
And as when smoke, ascending to the sky,  
Hangs o'er some city in a distant isle,  
Which enemies beleaguer, swarming forth 260  
From their own city, and in hateful strife  
Contend all day, but when the sun goes down  
Forthwith blaze many bale-fires, sending up  
A brightness which the neighboring realms may see,  
That haply they may send their ships and drive 265  
The war away, — so from the hero's head  
That flame streamed upward to the sky. He came  
Without the wall and stood beside the trench,  
Nor mingled with the Greeks, for he revered  
His mother's words. He stood and called aloud, 270  
And Pallas, from the host, returned his shout, —  
A shout that carried infinite dismay  
Into the Trojan squadrons. As the sound  
Of trumpet rises clear when deadly foes  
Lay siege to a walled city such was heard 275  
The clear shout uttered by Æacides.



The hearts of all who heard that brazen voice  
 Were troubled, and their steeds with flowing manes  
 Turned backward with the chariots, — such the  
       dread

Of coming slaughter. When the charioteers 280  
 Beheld the terrible flame that played unquenched  
 Upon the brow of the magnanimous son  
 Of Peleus, lighted by the blue-eyed maid  
 Minerva, they were struck with panic fear.  
 Thrice o'er the trench Achilles shouted ; thrice 285  
 The men of Troy and their renowned allies  
 Fell into wild disorder. Then there died,  
 Entangled midst their chariots, and transfixed  
 By their own spears, twelve of their bravest chiefs.  
 The Greeks bore off Patroclus from the field 290  
 With eager haste, and placed him on a bier,  
 And there the friends that loved him gathered round  
 Lamenting. With them swift Achilles came,  
 The hot tears on his cheeks, as he beheld  
 His faithful comrade lying on his bier, 295  
 Mangled with many wounds, whom he had sent  
 With steeds and car to battle, never more  
 To welcome him alive on his return.

Now Juno, large-eyed and august, bade set  
 The never-wearied sun ; unwillingly 300  
 He sank into the ocean streams. Then paused  
 The noble Greeks from that ferocious strife,  
 Deadly in equal measure to both hosts.  
 The Trojans also paused, and from their cars

Unharnessed the fleet steeds, and ere they took 305  
Their evening meal assembled to consult.

Standing they held the council ; no man cared  
To sit, for all were trembling from the hour  
When, long a stranger to the bloody field,  
Achilles showed himself again. And now 310

The son of Panthoüs, wise Polydamas,  
Began to speak. Beyond the rest he saw  
Things past and things to come, and he had been  
Hector's companion, born in the same night,  
Mighty in speech as Hector with the spear. 315  
With prudent admonitions thus he spake :—

“Consider well, my friends. My counsel is  
That we return, nor wait the holy morn  
Here, by the fleet and in the open plain,  
Far from our city ramparts. While this man 320  
Was wroth with Agamemnon, we maintained  
A strife of far less peril with the Greeks,  
And I was ever ready to encamp  
By night beside the galleys, which we hoped  
To make our prize ; but now I fear the might 325  
Of swift Pelides. He will not remain  
Content upon the space between the fleet  
And town, where Greeks and Trojans wage a war  
Of changeful fortune, but will strive to take  
The city, and to carry off our wives. 330  
March we then homeward. Let my words prevail,—  
It must be so. The gentle Night now keeps  
The nimble-footed hero from the war.

But if to-morrow, issuing forth in arms,  
He find us here, there are among us those 335  
Who will have cause to know him. Gladly then  
Will he find refuge who escapes his arm  
In sacred Troy, and many a Trojan corpse  
Will feed the dogs and vultures. May mine ear  
Hear of it never. But if ye will heed 340  
My words, though sorrowful, ye shall be safe  
Assembled in the city squares at night.  
The lofty towers and gates, with massive beams  
Polished and strongly fitted each to each,  
Will keep the town. To-morrow we shall take, 345  
At dawn, our station on the towers, arrayed  
In armor, and his difficult task will be,  
Far from his ships, to fight us from below ;  
And after he has tired his high-necked steeds  
With coursing round the ramparts to and fro, 350  
Back to his galleys he must go ; nor yet  
With all his valor can he force his way  
Into the town to lay its dwellings waste, —  
The dogs will feed upon his carcass first.”

And crested Hector answered with a frown : 355  
“The counsel thou hast given, Polydamas,  
Pleases me not, — that we return to be  
Pent up in Troy. Are ye not weary yet  
Of lying long imprisoned within walls  
And towers? The time has been that in all lands,  
Wherever human speech is heard, the fame 360  
Of Priam’s city, for its treasured gold

And brass, was in all mouths. Those treasures now  
Have passed away ; our dwellings have them not.  
Much that we had was sold on Phrygia's coast, 365  
And in Mæonia's pleasant land, for Jove  
'The mighty was displeased with us. But now,  
When politic Saturn's son hath granted me  
To win great glory at the fleet, and hold  
The Greeks imprisoned by the sea, refrain,  
Idler, from laying counsels such as these  
Before the people. Not a Trojan here  
Will follow them, nor would I suffer it.  
Now hearken all, and act as I advise :  
First banquet, rank by rank, throughout the host, 375  
And set your guards, and each of you keep watch ;  
And then, if any Trojan stands in fear  
For his possessions, let him bring them all  
Into the common stock, to be consumed ;  
Better that we enjoy them than the Greeks. 380  
To-morrow, with the dawn and all in arms,  
We will do battle at the roomy ships  
Valiantly. If in truth the noble son  
Of Peleus choose to rise and to defend  
The ships, so much the worse for him, since I 385  
Shall not for him desert the field, but stand  
Firmly against him, whether he obtain  
The victory or I. The chance of war  
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain."

So Hector spake : the Trojans shouted forth 390  
Applause, the madmen ! Pallas took away

Their reason ; all approved the fatal plan  
Of Hector ; no one ventured to commend  
The sober counsel of Polydamas.

And then they banqueted throughout the host ; 3.  
But all night long the Achaians mourned with tears  
Patroclus, while Pelides in the midst,  
Leading the ceaseless lamentation, placed  
His slaughter-dealing hands upon the breast  
Of his companion with continual sighs. 408

As a maned lion, from whose haunt within  
The thick, dark wood a hunter has borne off  
The whelps, returning finds them gone, and grieves,  
And roams the valleys, tracking as he goes  
The robber, bent to find him, for his rage 409  
Is fierce, — with such fierce sorrow Peleus' son  
Spake, deeply sighing, to his Myrmidons : —

“O, idle were the words which once I spake,  
When in our palace-halls I bade the chief  
Menœtius bear a cheerful heart. I said 410  
That I would bring to Opus yet again,  
Laden with spoil from Ilium overthrown,  
His valiant son. But Jove doth not fulfil  
The plans of men. That both of us should stain  
Earth with our blood in Troy was the decree 41  
Of fate, and never will the aged knight  
Peleus receive me in his palace-halls,  
Returning from the war, nor Thetis, she  
Who gave me birth ; the earth will hold me here.  
And now, since after thee I take my place 420

In earth, Patroclus, I will not perform  
 Thy funeral rites before I bring to thee  
 The arms and head of the magnanimous chief  
 Hector, who slew thee. By thy funeral pile  
 I will strike off in vengeance for thy death 425  
 The heads of twelve illustrious Trojan youths.  
 Thou meanwhile, lying at the beakèd ships,  
 Shalt be lamented night and day, with tears,  
 By many a Trojan and Dardanian maid,  
 Deep-bosomed, won by our victorious spears 430  
 After hard wars and opulent cities sacked."

Thus having said, the great Achilles bade  
 Place a huge tripod on the fire in haste,  
 To cleanse Patroclus from the clotted blood.  
 They brought and set upon the glowing hearth 435  
 A tripod for the bath, and in it poured  
 Water, and piled the wood beneath. The flame  
 Crept up the vessel's rounded sides and warmed  
 The water. When within the murmuring brass  
 It boiled, they washed the dead, and with rich oil 440  
 Anointed him, and filled the open wounds  
 With ointment nine years old ; and laying him  
 Upon a couch, they spread from head to foot  
 Fine linen over him, and covered all  
 With a white mantle. Through the hours of night  
 The Myrmidons, lamenting their dead chief, 4  
 Wept round the swift Achilles. Then did Jove  
 Thus to his wife and sister Juno speak :—

"Large-eyed, imperial Juno, thou hast now

Accomplished thy desire, for thou hast roused 45  
The swift Achilles. There is not a doubt  
The long-haired Argives owe their birth to thee."

And large-eyed Juno answered : "What strange  
words,

Austere Saturnius, hast thou said? A man,  
A mortal far less skilled in shaping means 455  
To compass ends, might do what I have done  
Against his fellow-man. Then should not I —  
Who boast to be the chief of goddesses  
By birthright, and because I bear the name  
Of wife to thee who rulest o'er the gods — 460  
Plan evil to the Trojans, whom I hate?"

So talked they. Silver-footed Thetis came  
Meanwhile to Vulcan's halls, eternal, gemmed  
With stars, a wonder to the immortals, wrought  
Of brass by the lame god. She found him there 465  
Sweating and toiling, and with busy hand  
Plying the bellows. He was fashioning  
Tripods, a score, to stand beside the wall  
Of his fair palace. All of these he placed  
On wheels of gold, that, of their own accord, 470  
They might roll in among the assembled gods,  
And then roll back, a marvel to behold.  
So far they all were finished ; but not yet  
Were added the neat handles, and for these  
The god was forging rivets busily. 475  
While thus he labored, with a mind intent  
Upon his skilful task, on silver feet

Came Thetis. Charis, of the snowy veil,  
The beautiful, whom the great god of fire,  
Vulcan, had made his wife, beheld, and came 480  
Forward to meet her, seized her hand, and said : —

“O Thetis of the flowing robe, beloved  
And honored, what has brought thee to our home  
Thou dost not often visit us. Come in,  
That I may pay the honors due a guest.” 485

So the bright goddess spake, and led the way,  
And seated Thetis on a sumptuous throne,  
With silver studs divinely wrought, and placed  
A footstool, and called out to Vulcan thus :  
“Come, Vulcan ; Thetis here hath need of thee.” 490

And the great artist, Vulcan, thus replied :  
“Then of a truth a goddess is within  
Whom I must ever honor and revere ;  
Who from the danger of my terrible fall  
Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought  
To cast me from her sight, for I was lame. 495  
Then great had been my misery, had not  
Eurynomè and Thetis in their laps  
Received me as I fell, — Eurynomè,  
Daughter of billowy Ocean. There I dwelt 500  
Nine years, and many ornaments I wrought  
Of brass, — clasps, buckles, bracelets, necklaces, —  
Within a vaulted cave, round which the tides  
Of the vast ocean murmured and flung up  
Their foam ; nor any of the gods or men 505  
Knew of my hiding-place, save only they



Who saved me, Thetis and Eurynomè.  
And now, as she is with us, I must make  
To fair-haired Thetis some thank-offering  
For having rescued me. Haste, spread the board 570  
Amplly with generous fare, while I shall lay  
Aside my bellows and my implements."

He spake, and from his anvil-block arose  
A mighty bulk ; his weak legs under him,  
Halting, moved painfully. He laid apart  
His bellows from the fire, and gathered up  
The scattered implements with which he wrought,  
And locked them in a silver chest, and wiped  
With a moist sponge his face and both his hands,  
Stout neck and hairy chest. He then put on 520  
His tunic, took his massive regal wand  
Into his hand, and, tottering, sallied forth.  
Two golden statues, like in form and look  
To living maidens, aided with firm gait  
The monarch's steps. And mind was in their  
breasts, 525

And they had speech and strength, and from the gods  
Had learned becoming arts. Beside their lord  
They walked and tended him. As he drew near,  
Halting, to Thetis on the shining throne,  
He took the goddess by the hand and said : — 530

"What cause, O Thetis of the flowing robe,  
Honored and dear, has brought thee to our home?  
Not often com'st thou hither. Freely say  
Whatever lies upon thy mind. My heart

Commands me to obey, if it be aught 535  
That can be done and may be done by me."

And Thetis answered, with a gush of tears :  
" O Vulcan ! of the goddesses who dwell  
Upon Olympus, is there one who bears  
Such bitter sorrows as Saturnian Jove 540  
Inflicts on me, distressed above them all ?  
Me, of the ocean deities, he forced  
To take a mortal husband, — Peleus, son  
Of Æacus. Within his palace-halls, 545  
Worn with a late old age, my husband lies  
Now I have other woes ; for when a son  
Was granted me, and I had brought him forth  
And reared him, flourishing like a young plant,  
A sapling in a fertile field, and great 550  
Among the heroes, — thus maturely trained,  
I sent him with his beakèd ships to Troy,  
To combat with her sons ; but never more  
Will it be mine to welcome him returned  
Home to the halls of Peleus. While to me 555  
He lives, and sees the sunshine, he endures  
Affliction, nor can I, though at his side,  
Aid him in aught. The maiden whom the Greeks  
Decreed him as his prize, the king of men,  
Atrides, took away, and grief for her 560  
Consumes his heart. The Trojans keep the Greeks  
Beleaguered by their ships, nor suffer them  
To pass beyond their gates. The elder chiefs

Implored him to relent, and offered him  
 Large presents ; he refused to avert the doom 564  
 That threatened them himself, but sent instead  
 Patroclus to the war with his own arms,  
 And with him sent much people. All the day  
 They fought before the Scæan gates ; and then  
 Had Ilium fallen, but that Apollo slew 570  
 The brave son of Menœtius, who had caused  
 Vast slaughter, — slew him fighting in the van  
 Of war, and gave the glory of his death  
 To Hector. Therefore I approach thy knees,  
 And ask for him, my son, so soon to die, 575  
 Buckler and helm, and beautiful greaves, shut close  
 With clasps, and all the other arms complete,  
 Which in the war my son's companion lost.  
 For now Achilles lies upon the ground  
 Bitterly grieving in his inmost soul." 584

And Vulcan, the great artist, answered her :  
 " Be comforted, and take no further thought  
 Of this ; for would I could as certainly  
 Shield him from death's dread summons when his  
                   hour

Is come at last, as I shall have for him 585  
 Beautiful armor ready to put on,  
 And such as every man, of multitudes  
 Who look on it hereafter, shall admire."

So speaking he withdrew, and went where lay  
 The bellows, turned them toward the fire, and bade  
 The work begin. From twenty bellows came 59

Their breath into the furnaces, — a blast  
Varied in strength as need might be ; for now  
They blew with violence for a hasty task,  
And then with gentler breath, as Vulcan pleased 595  
And as the work required. Upon the fire  
He laid impenetrable brass, and tin,  
And precious gold and silver ; on its block  
Placed the huge anvil, took the ponderous sledge,  
And held the pincers in the other hand. 600

And first he forged the huge and massive shield,  
Divinely wrought in every part, — its edge  
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.  
A silver belt hung from it, and its folds  
Were five ; a crowd of figures on its disk 605  
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill,  
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here  
The great deep and the never-resting sun  
And the full moon, and here he set the stars  
That shine in the round heaven, — the Pleiades, 610  
The Hyades, Orion in his strength,  
And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,  
That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,  
Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.

There placed he two fair cities full of men. 615  
In one were marriages and feasts ; they led  
The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,  
Along the streets, with many a nuptial song.  
There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres  
Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors 620

Stood and admired. Meanwhile a multitude  
Was in the forum, where a strife went on, —  
Two men contending for a fine, the price  
Of one who had been slain. Before the crowd  
One claimed that he had paid the fine, and one 625  
Denied that aught had been received, and both  
Called for the sentence which should end the strife.  
The people clamored for both sides, for both  
Had eager friends ; the heralds held the crowd  
In check ; the elders, upon polished stones, 630  
Sat in a sacred circle. Each one took,  
In turn, a herald's sceptre in his hand,  
And, rising, gave his sentence. In the midst  
Two talents lay in gold, to be the meed  
Of him whose juster judgment should prevail. 635

Around the other city sat two hosts  
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,  
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth, —  
All that their pleasant homes contained, — and yield  
The assailants half. As yet the citizens 640  
Had not complied, but secretly had planned  
An ambush. Their beloved wives meanwhile,  
And their young children, stood and watched the  
walls,

With aged men among them, while the youths  
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head, 645  
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,  
Stately and large in form, and over all  
Conspicuous, in bright armor, as became

The gods ; the rest were of an humbler size.  
And when they reached the spot where they should lie  
In ambush, by a river's side, a place 651  
For watering herds, they sat them down, all armed  
In shining brass. Apart from all the rest  
They placed two sentries, on the watch to spy 654  
The approach of sheep and hornèd kine. Soon came  
The herds in sight ; two shepherds walked with them,  
Who, all unweeting of the evil nigh,  
Solaced their task with music from their reeds.  
The warriors saw and rushed on them, and took  
And drave away large prey of beeves, and flocks 66  
Of fair white sheep, whose keepers they had slain.  
When the besiegers in their council heard  
The sound of tumult at the watering place,  
They sprang upon their nimble-footed steeds,  
And overtook the pillagers. Both bands 665  
Arrayed their ranks and fought beside the stream,  
And smote each other. There did Discord rage,  
And Tumult, and the great Destroyer, Fate.  
One wounded warrior she had seized alive,  
And one unwounded yet, and through the field 671  
Dragged by the foot another, dead. Her robe  
Was reddened o'er the shoulders with the blood  
From human veins. Like living men they ranged  
The battle-field, and dragged by turns the slain.  
There too he sculptured a broad fallow field 675  
Of soft rich mould, thrice ploughed, and over which  
Walked many a ploughman, guiding to and fro

His steers, and when on their return they reached  
 The border of the field the master came  
 To meet them, placing in the hands of each 641  
 A goblet of rich wine. Then turned they back  
 Along the furrows, diligent to reach  
 Their distant end. All dark behind the plough  
 The ridges lay, a marvel to the sight,  
 Like real furrows, though engraved in gold. 689

There, too, the artist placed a field which lay  
 Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands  
 The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell  
 Upon the ground ; there binders tied them fast  
 With bands, and made them sheaves. Three bind-  
 ers went 690

Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,  
 Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,  
 Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,  
 The master stood among them by the side  
 Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced. 695  
 Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak  
 Prepared a feast apart ; they sacrificed  
 A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids  
 Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.

A vineyard also on the shield he graved, 701  
 Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily  
 Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all ;  
 The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.  
 He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge  
 Of tin. One only path there was by which 706

The vintagers could go to gather grapes.  
Young maids and striplings of a tender age  
Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,  
A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,  
And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.  
They danced around him, beating with quick feet 711  
The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.

And there the artist wrought a herd of beeves,  
High-horned, and sculptured all in gold and tin  
They issued lowing from their stalls to seek 715  
Their pasture, by a murmuring stream, that ran  
Rapidly through its reeds. Four herdsmen, graved  
In gold, were with the beeves, and nine fleet dogs  
Followed. Two lions, seizing on a bull  
Among the foremost cattle, dragged him off 720  
Fearfully bellowing ; hounds and herdsmen rushed  
To rescue him. The lions tore their prey,  
And lapped the entrails and the crimson blood.  
Vainly the shepherds pressed around and urged  
Their dogs, that shrank from fastening with their  
teeth 725

Upon the lions, but stood near and bayed.

There also did illustrious Vulcan grave  
A fair, broad pasture, in a pleasant glade,  
Full of white sheep, and stalls, and cottages,  
And many a shepherd's fold with sheltering roof. 730

And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought  
A dance, — a maze like that which Dædalus,  
In the broad realm of Gnosus once contrived



For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths  
And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs, 73<sup>a</sup>  
Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore  
Fine linen robes ; the youths had tunics on  
Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily.  
The maids wore wreaths of flowers ; the young men  
swords

Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now 74<sup>a</sup>  
In a swift circle, — as a potter whirls  
With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,  
Sitting before it, — then again they crossed  
Each other, darting to their former place.  
A multitude around that joyous dance 74<sup>b</sup>  
Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd  
Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves  
About among the band that trod the dance.

Last on the border of that glorious shield  
He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream. 75<sup>a</sup>

And when that huge and massive shield was done,  
He forged a corselet brighter than the blaze  
Of fire ; he forged a solid helm to fit  
The hero's temples, shapely and enchased  
With rare designs, and with a crest of gold. 75<sup>b</sup>  
And last he forged him greaves of ductile tin.

When the great artist Vulcan saw his task  
Complete, he lifted all that armor up  
And laid it at the feet of her who bore  
Achilles. Like a falcon in her flight, 76<sup>a</sup>  
Down plunging from Olympus capped with snow,  
She bore the shining armor Vulcan gave.

## BOOK XIX.

**I**N saffron-colored mantle from the tides  
Of Ocean rose the Morning to bring light  
To gods and men, when Thetis reached the fleet,  
Bringing the gift of Vulcan. There she found  
Her son, who, bending o'er Patroclus, wept  
Aloud, and all around a troop of friends  
Lamented bitterly. Beside him stood  
The glorious goddess, took his hand, and said : —

“Leave we the dead, my son, since it hath pleased  
The gods that he should fall ; and now receive  
This sumptuous armor, forged by Vulcan's hand,  
Beautiful, such as no man ever wore.”

The goddess spake, and laid the armor down  
Before Achilles ; as they touched the earth,  
The well-wrought pieces clanked, and terror seized  
The Myrmidons. No one among them all  
Dared fix his gaze upon them ; all shrank back.  
Achilles only, as he saw them, felt  
His spirit roused within him. In his eyes  
A terrible brightness flashed, as if of fire.  
He lifted up the god's magnificent gift  
Rejoicing, and, when long his eyes had dwelt  
Delighted on the marvellous workmanship,  
Thus to his mother said, in wingèd words : —

“A god indeed, my mother, must have given

These arms, the work of heavenly hands : no man  
Could forge them. Now I arm myself for war.  
But for the valiant Menœtiades  
I greatly fear that flies will gather round  
The wounds inflicted by the spear, and worms 30  
Be bred within them, to pollute the corpse  
Now that the life is gone, and taint the whole."

And silver-footed Thetis answered thus :  
" Son, have no care for that. The task be mine  
To drive away the importunate swarm that feed 35  
On heroes slain in battle. Though it lie  
The whole year long, the body shall remain  
Even more than uncorrupted. Call thou now  
To council all the Achaian chiefs ; renounce  
Thy feud with Agamemnon, king of men, 40  
And arm for war, and put on all thy might."

She spake, and called a fiery courage up  
Within the hero's breast. The goddess then  
Infused ambrosia and the ruddy juice  
Of nectar through the nostrils of the dead 45  
Into the frame, to keep it from decay.

Along the beach the great Achilles went,  
Calling with mighty shouts the Grecian chiefs.  
Then even they who till that day remained  
Beside the fleet, — the pilots and the men 50  
Who held the helm, the stewards of the ships,  
And the purveyors, — all made haste to swell  
The assembly, for they knew that he who long  
Had borne no part in the disastrous war

Had now come forth. Two ministers of Mars, 55  
 The brave Tydides and the nobly born  
 Ulysses, both supported by their spears,  
 Came halting, for their wounds were painful yet ;  
 They came and sat among the foremost chiefs.

And last came Agamemnon, king of men, 60  
 Wounded, for he had felt in thick of fight  
 The edge of the sharp spear which Coön bore,  
 Antenor's son. Now when the Greeks were all  
 Assembled, swift Achilles rose and said :—

“ Atrides, of a truth it would have been 65  
 Better for both of us had we done this  
 At first, though sorely angered, when we strove  
 For a girl's sake so fiercely. Would that she  
 Had perished in my ships, by Dian's shaft,  
 The day on which I laid Lyrnessus waste ! 70  
 So many Greeks would then have not been forced,  
 Slain by the enemy's hand, to bite the dust  
 Of the great earth, while I was brooding o'er  
 My wrath. All that was for the good of Troy  
 And Hector ; but the Greeks, I think, will long 75  
 Remember our contention. Let us leave  
 These things among the things that were, and  
 though

They make us grieve, let us subdue our minds  
 To what the time requires. Here then my wrath  
 Shall end ; it is not meet that it should burn 80  
 Forever. Hasten thou and rouse to war  
 The long-haired Greeks, that I may yet again

Go forth among the men of Troy, and learn  
 If they design to encamp another night  
 Before the fleet. There is among them all 85  
 No man, I ween, who will not joyfully  
 Sit down when he escapes my deadly spear."

He ended, and the Achaians all rejoiced  
 To hear the brave Pelides thus renounce  
 His anger. Agamemnon, king of men, 90  
 Then rose. He came not forth into the midst,  
 But stood beside his seat, and thus he spake :—

"O friends, Achaian heroes, ministers  
 Of Mars! Whoever rises up to speak  
 'T is well to hear him through, and not break in 95  
 Upon his speech, else is the most expert  
 Confounded. Who amid a clamorous throng  
 Can listen or can speak? The orator  
 Of clearest voice must utter it in vain.

Now I address Pelides ; for the rest, 100  
 Hearken ye all, and ponder what I say.  
 The Greeks speak often of this feud, and cast  
 The blame on me. Yet was I not the cause,  
 But Jupiter and Fate, and she who walks  
 In darkness, dread Erynnis. It was they 105  
 Who filled my mind with fury in the hour  
 When from Achilles I bore off his prize.  
 What could I do? A deity prevails  
 In all things, Atè, mighty to destroy,  
 Daughter of Jove, and held in awe by all. 110

• • • • •

And now since I have borne the penalty,  
And Jupiter it was who took away  
My reason, I would gladly make amends 176  
With liberal gifts. But rise and join the war ;  
Inflame the courage of the rest ; the gifts  
Will I supply, — all that were promised thee  
When nobly born Ulysses yesterday  
Went to thy tents. Or, if it please thee, wait, 175  
Though armed for battle, and my train shall bring  
The treasures from my ship, that thou mayst see  
My presents are peace-offerings indeed.”

The swift of foot, Achilles, answered thus :  
“ Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men ! 180  
Whether, O Agamemnon, thou wilt give  
Gifts, as is meet, or keep them, rests with thee.  
Now let us think of war ; it is not well  
To waste the hour in talking, and put off  
The mighty work that we have yet to do. 185  
Let every Greek among you, as he sees  
Achilles fighting in the foremost ranks,  
And slaughtering the Trojan phalanxes,  
Take heart and boldly combat with his man.”

And then Ulysses, wise in council, spake, 190  
Answering Achilles : “ Nay, thou shouldst not thus,  
Brave as thou art, lead on the sons of Greece,  
Yet fasting, to the conflict with the men  
Of Troy beside their city. No brief space  
The struggle will endure when once the foes 195  
Rush on each other, and a god inspires

Both hosts with fury. Bid the Achaians take  
 In their swift galleys food and wine ; in these  
 Are force and vigor. No man can endure  
 To combat all the day till set of sun, 204  
 Save with the aid of food, however great  
 The promptings of his valor ; for his limbs  
 Grow heavy, thirst and hunger weaken him,  
 And his knees fail him as he walks. Not so  
 The warrior well supplied with food and wine : 205  
 He fights the foe all day ; a resolute heart  
 Is in his bosom ; nor does weariness  
 O'ertake him till all others leave the field.  
 Now let the people be dismissed awhile,  
 And a repast be ordered. Let the king, 210  
 Atrides, bring into the assembly here  
 His gifts, that all the Greeks may look on them,  
 And thou rejoice to see them. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . 215  
 . . . . . Thus let thy heart  
 Be satisfied. Yet let the monarch spread  
 A sumptuous banquet in his tent for thee,  
 That thy redress may be complete. And thou,  
 Atrides, wilt hereafter be more just 21  
 To others. It dishonors not a king  
 To make amends to one whom he has wronged."

And then King Agamemnon spake in turn :  
 " Son of Laertes, gladly have I heard  
 What thou hast said, and well hast thou discoursed

Of all things in their order. I will take 226  
The oath of which thou speakest, — so my heart  
Commands me. In the presence of a god  
I take it, and commit no perjury.

Now let Achilles, though he longs for war, 237  
Delay awhile ; and all assembled here,  
Remain ye on the ground till from my ship  
The gifts are brought. This charge and this com-  
mand

I give to thee, Ulysses. Take with thee  
A band of youths, the noblest of the host, 235  
And bring the presents promised yesterday  
To Peleus' son, and hither let them lead  
The women. Meantime let Talthybius haste  
To bring from our broad camp a boar, which I  
Will offer up to Jove and to the Sun." 240

The swift of foot, Achilles, thus replied :  
“ Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,  
These things are for the time when there shall come  
A pause from battle, and this warlike heat  
Within my breast shall cool. They whom the spear  
Of Hector, son of Priam, has o'ercome 246  
Lie mangled on the earth, since Jupiter  
Awarded him the glory of the day : —  
And ye propose a banquet. I would call  
The sons of Greece to rush into the war 250  
Unfed and fasting, and when this disgrace  
Shall be avenged, I would, at sunset, spread  
A liberal feast. Be sure that I, till then,



Taste neither food nor drink, while my slain friend  
Lies gashed with weapons in my tent, amidst 255  
His sorrowing comrades. Little I regard  
The things of which thou speakest, for my thoughts  
Are all of bloodshed and of dying groans."

Ulysses, the sagacious, thus rejoined :  
"Achilles, son of Peleus, bravest far 260  
Of all the Achaians, mightier with the spear  
By no small odds than I, yet do I stand  
In prudence much above thee ; I have lived  
More years, and more have learned. Let then thy  
mind

Accept what I shall say. Men soon become 265  
Weary of warfare, even when the sword  
Lays its most ample harvest on the earth.  
But fewer sheaves are reaped when Jupiter,  
The arbiter of battles, turns the scale.  
It is not well that we of Greece should mourn 270  
The dead with fasting, since from day to day  
Our warriors fall in numbers. Where were then  
Respite from daily fasts? Lay we our slain  
In earth and mourn a day. We who outlive  
The cruel combat should refresh ourselves 275  
With food and wine, that we may steadily  
Maintain in arms the conflict with the foe.  
And then let no man idly wait to hear  
A further call to war, — for it will come  
Freighted with evil to the man who skulks 280  
Among the ships, — but let us all go forth

To wage fierce battle with the knights of Troy."

He spake, and summoned to his side the sons  
Of glorious Nestor, and Meriones,  
And Meges, son of Phyleus, and with them 285  
Thoas, and Lycomedes, Creon's son,  
And Melanippus. Straight they took their way  
To Agamemnon's tent, and there their task  
Was done as quickly as the word was given. 289  
They brought seven tripods forth, the promised gifts,  
And twenty burnished caldrons, and twelve steeds,  
And led away seven graceful women trained  
In household arts, — the maid with rosy cheeks,  
Briseis, was the eighth. Ulysses came,  
Leading the way, and bearing, duly weighed, 295  
Ten talents, all of gold. The Achaian youths  
Followed, and placed the presents in the midst  
Of that assembly. Agamemnon rose ;  
And then Talthybius, who was like a god  
In power of voice, came near and took his place 300  
Beside the monarch, holding in his hands  
A boar. The son of Atreus drew a knife,  
Which hung by the great scabbard of his sword,  
And, cutting off the forelock of the boar,  
Prayed with uplifted hands to Jupiter : 305  
Meantime the Greeks in silence kept their seats,  
And, as became them, listened to the king,  
Who looked into the sky above, and said : —

"Now first bear witness, Jove, of all the gods  
Greatest and best, and also Earth and Sun, 310

And Furies dwelling under Earth, who take  
Vengeance on men forsworn, that never I  
Have laid my hand upon the maid  
Briseis. She hath dwelt inviolate 323  
Within my tents. If yet in aught I say  
Lurk perjury, then may the blessed gods  
Heap on my head the many miseries  
With which they punish those who falsely swear !”

He spake, and drew the unrelenting blade 324  
Across the animal's throat. Talthybius took  
And swung the carcass round, and cast it forth  
Into the gray sea's depths, to be the food  
Of fishes. Then again Achilles rose  
Among the warlike sons of Greece, and said : — 325

“Great sorrows thou dost send, O Father Jove !  
Upon mankind ; for never would the son  
Of Atreus have provoked the wrath that burned  
Within my bosom, never would have thought  
To bear away the maiden from my tent 330  
In spite of me, had it not been the will  
Of Jupiter that many a Greek should die.  
But banquet now, and then prepare for war.”

So spake Achilles, and at once dissolved  
The assembly, each repairing to his ship 331  
Save the large-hearted Myrmidons, who still  
Were busy with the gifts, and carried them  
Toward their great general's galley. These they laid  
Carefully in the tents, and seated there

The women, while the attentive followers drave 340  
The coursers to the stables. When the maid  
Briseis, beautiful as Venus, saw  
Patroclus lying gashed with wounds, she sprang  
And threw herself upon the dead, and tore  
Her bosom, her fair cheeks and delicate neck ; 345  
And thus the graceful maiden, weeping, said :—

“Patroclus, dear to my unhappy heart !  
I left thee in full life, when from this tent  
They led me ; I return and find thee dead,  
O chieftain of the people ! Thus it is 350  
That sorrow upon sorrow is my lot.  
Him to whose arms my father, in my youth,  
And gracious mother gave me as a bride,  
I saw before our city pierced and slain,  
And the three brothers whom my mother bore 355  
Slain also, — brothers whom I dearly loved.  
Yet thou, when swift Achilles struck to earth  
My hapless husband, and laid waste the town  
Of godlike Mynes, wouldst not suffer me  
To weep despairingly ; for thou didst give 360  
Thy word to make me yet the wedded wife  
Of great Achilles, bear me in the fleet  
To Phthia, and prepare the wedding feast  
Among the Myrmidons. O ever kind !  
I mourn thy death, and cannot be consoled.” 365

Weeping she spake ; the women wept with her  
Seemingly for the dead, but each, in truth,  
For her own griefs. Meanwhile the elders came

Around Achilles, praying him to join  
The banquet, but the chief, with sighs, refused. 374

“Dear comrades, if ye love me, do not thus  
Press me to sit and feast. A mighty woe  
Weighs down my spirit ; it is my resolve  
To wait and bear until the setting sun.”

So saying, he dismissed the other kings. 375  
The sons of Atreus, and the high-born chief  
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,  
And Phœnix, aged knight, alone remained,  
And anxiously they sought to comfort him  
In his great grief ; but comfort would he none 380  
Ere entering the red jaws of war. He drew  
Deep sighs, and, thinking on Patroclus, spake :

“The time has been when thou too, hapless one,  
Dearest of all my comrades, wouldst have spread  
With diligent speed before me in my tent 385  
A genial banquet, while the Greeks prepared  
For desperate battle with the knights of Troy.  
Thou liest now a mangled corse, and I,  
Through grief for thee, refrain from food and drink,  
Though they are near. No worse calamity 390  
Could light on me, not even should I hear  
News of my father’s death, who haply now  
Tenderly mourns with tears his absent son  
In Phthia, while upon a foreign coast  
I wage for hated Helen’s sake the war 395  
Against the Trojans ; or were I to hear  
Tidings that my beloved son had died,

The noble Neoptolemus, who now,  
 If living, is in Scyros, growing up  
 To manhood. Once the hope was in my heart 400  
 That I alone should perish here at Troy,  
 Far from the Argive pastures full of steeds,  
 And thou return to Phthia and bring home  
 My son from Scyros in thy ship, and show  
 The youth my wealth, my servants, and my hails, 405  
 High-roofed and spacious. For my mind misgives  
 That Peleus either lives not, or endures  
 A painful age, and hardly lives, yet waits  
 To hear the sorrowful news that I am slain."

So spake he weeping, and the elders sighed 410  
 To see his tears, as each recalled to mind  
 Those whom he left at home, while Saturn's son  
 Beheld their grief with pity, and bespake  
 His daughter Pallas thus with wingèd words :—

"My child, wilt thou desert that valiant man? 415  
 And shall Achilles be no more thy care?  
 Lo, by his ships, before their lofty prows,  
 He sits, lamenting his beloved friend.  
 The rest are at the banquet ; he remains  
 Apart from them, and fasting. Hasten thou ; 420  
 With nectar and ambrosial sweets refresh  
 His frame, that hunger overtake him not."

As thus he spake he sent the goddess forth  
 Eager to do her errand. Plunging down,  
 In form a shrill-voiced harpy with broad wings, 425  
 She cleft the air. The Greeks throughout the camp

Were putting on their armor. She infused  
Into the hero's frame ambrosial sweets  
And nectar, that his limbs might not grow faint  
With hunger. Then the goddess sought again 430  
The stable mansion of Almighty Jove,  
While all the Greeks came pouring from the fleet.

As when the flakes of snow fall thick from heaven,  
Driven by the north wind sweeping on the clouds  
Before it, so from out the galleys came 435  
Helms crowding upon helms that glittered fair,  
Strong hauberks, bossy shields, and ashen spears.  
The gleam of armor brightened heaven and earth,  
And mighty was the sound of trampling feet.  
Amidst them all the great Achilles stood, 440  
Putting his armor on ; he gnashed his teeth ;  
His eyes shot fire ; a grief too sharp to bear  
Was in his heart, as, filled with rage against  
The men of Troy, he cased his limbs in mail,  
The gift of Vulcan, from whose diligent hand 445  
It came. And first about his legs he clasped  
The beautiful greaves, with silver fastenings,  
Fitted the corselet to his bosom next,  
And from his shoulders hung the brazen sword  
With silver studs, and then he took the shield, 450  
Massive and broad, whose brightness streamed as  
far

As the moon's rays. And as at sea the light  
Of beacon, blazing in some lonely spot  
By night, upon a mountain summit, shines

To mariners whom the tempest's force has driven 457  
Far from their friends across the fishy deep,  
So from that glorious buckler of the son  
Of Peleus, nobly wrought, a radiance streamed  
Into the sky. And then he raised and placed  
Upon his head the impenetrable helm 460  
With horse-hair plume. It glittered like a star,  
And all the shining tufts of golden thread,  
With which the maker's hand had thickly set  
Its cone, were shaken. Next the high-born chief  
Tried his new arms, to know if they were well 465  
Adjusted to his shape, and left his limbs  
Free play. They seemed like wings, and lifted up  
The shepherd of the people. Then he drew  
From its ancestral sheath his father's spear,  
Heavy and huge and tough. No man of all 470  
The Grecian host could wield that weapon save  
Achilles only. 'T was a Pelian ash,  
Which Chiron for his father had cut down  
On Pelion's highest peak, to be the death  
Of heroes. Meantime, busy with the steeds, 475  
Automedon and Alcimus put on  
Their trappings and their yoke, and round their  
necks  
Bound the fair collars, thrust into their mouths  
The bit, and backward drew the reins to meet  
The well-wrought chariot. Then Automedon 480  
'Took in his hand the showy lash, and leaped  
Into the seat. Behind him, all equipped



For war, Achilles mounted, in a blaze  
Of arms that dazzled like the sun, and thus  
Called to his father's steeds with terrible voice :—

“Xanthus and Balius, whom Podargè bore, — 486  
A noble stock, — I charge you to bring back  
Into the Grecian camp, the battle done,  
Him whom ye now are bearing to the field,  
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.” 490

Swift-footed Xanthus from beneath the yoke  
Answered him with bowed head and drooping mane  
That, flowing through the yoke-ring swept the  
ground, —

For Juno gave him then the power of speech :—

“For this one day, at least, we bear thee safe, 495  
O fiery chief, Achilles ! but the hour  
Of death draws nigh to thee, nor will the blame  
Be ours ; a mighty god and cruel fate  
Ordain it. Not through our neglect or sloth  
Did they of Troy strip off thy glorious arms 500  
From slain Patroclus. That invincible god,  
The son of golden-haired Latona, smote  
The hero in the foremost ranks, and gave  
Glory to Hector. Even though our speed  
Were that of Zephyr, fleetest of the winds, 505  
Yet certain is thy doom to be o'ercome  
In battle by a god and by a man.”

Thus far he spake, and then the Furies checked  
His further speech. Achilles, swift of foot,  
Replied in anger : “Xanthus, why foretell 510

My death? It is not needed ; well I know  
 My fate, — that here I perish, far away  
 From Peleus and my mother. I shall fight  
 Till I have made the Trojans sick of war."

He spake, and, shouting to his firm-paced steeds,  
 Drave them, among the foremost, toward the war. 516

## BOOK XX.

THUS, O Pelides, did the sons of Greece,  
 Impatient for the battle, arm themselves,  
 By their beaked ships, around thee. Opposite,  
 Upon a height that rose amidst the plain,  
 The Trojans waited. Meantime Jupiter  
 Sent Themis from the Olympian summit, ploughed  
 With dells, to summon all the immortal ones  
 To council. Forth she went from place to place,  
 Bidding them to the palace halls of Jove.  
 Then none of all the Rivers failed to join 10  
 The assembly, save Oceanus, and none  
 Of all the Nymphs were absent whose abode  
 Is in the pleasant groves and river-founts  
 And grassy meadows. When they reached the halls  
 Of cloud-compelling Jove they sat them down 15  
 On shining thrones, divided each from each  
 By polished columns, wrought for Father Jove  
 By Vulcan's skill. Thus all to Jove's abode

Were gathered. Neptune had not disobeyed  
The call. He left the sea, and took his seat 20  
Among them, and inquired the will of Jove.

“Why, wielder of the lightning, dost thou call  
The gods again to council? Do thy plans  
Concern the Greeks and Trojans? For the war  
Between their hosts will be rekindled soon.” 25

And thus the Cloud-compeller Jove replied :  
“Thou who dost shake the shores, thou knowest  
well

The purpose of my mind, and for whose sake  
I call this council. Though so soon to die,  
They are my care. Yet will I keep my place, 30  
Seated upon the Olympian mount, and look  
Calmly upon the conflict. All of you  
Depart, and aid the Trojans or the Greeks,  
As it may list you. For should Peleus’ son  
Alone do battle with the men of Troy, 35  
Their squadrons could not stand before the assault  
Of the swift-footed warrior for an hour.  
Beforetime, at the sight of him they fled,  
O’ercome with fear, and now, when he is roused  
To rage by his companion’s death, I fear 40  
Lest, though it be against the will of fate,  
He level with the ground the walls of Troy.”

Saturnius spake, and moved the hosts to join  
In desperate conflict. All the gods went forth  
To mingle with the war on different sides. 45  
Juno and Pallas hastened to the fleet

With Neptune, he who makes the earth to shake,  
And Hermes, god of useful arts, and shrewd  
In forecast. Vulcan also went with them,  
Strong and stern-eyed, yet lame, his feeble legs 50  
Moving with labor. To the Trojan side  
Went crested Mars, Apollo with his locks  
Unshorn, Diana mighty with the bow,  
Latona, Xanthus, and the Queen of smiles,  
Venus ; for while the gods remained apart 55  
From men, the Achaian host was high in hope  
Because Achilles, who so long had left  
The war, now reappeared upon the field,  
And terror shook the limbs of every son  
Of Troy when he beheld the swift of foot, 60  
Pelides, terrible as Mars — that curse  
Of human-kind — in glittering arms again.  
But when the dwellers of Olympus joined  
The crowd of mortals, Discord, who makes mad  
The nations, rose and raged ; Minerva raised 65  
Her war-cry from the trench without the wall,  
And then she shouted from the sounding shore ;  
While, like a cloudy whirlwind, opposite,  
Moved Mars, and fiercely yelled, encouraging  
The men of Troy, as on the city heights 70  
He stood, or paced with rapid steps the hill  
Beside the Simoïs, called the Beautiful.

Thus, kindling hate between the hosts, the gods  
Engaged, and hideous was the strife that rose  
Among them. From above, with terrible crash, 75

Thundered the father of the blessed gods  
And mortal men, while Neptune from below  
Shook the great earth and lofty mountain peaks.  
Then watery Ida's heights and very roots,  
The city of Troy, and the Greek galleys, quaked. 84  
Then Pluto, ruler of the nether world,  
Leaped from his throne in terror, lest the god  
Who makes the earth to tremble, cleaving it  
Above him, should lay bare to gods and men  
His horrible abodes, the dismal haunts 85  
Which even the gods abhor. Such tumult filled  
The field of battle when the immortals joined  
The conflict. Then against King Neptune stood  
Phœbus Apollo, with his wingèd shafts,  
And Pallas, goddess of the azure eyes, 90  
Confronted Mars. Encountering Juno came  
The sister of Apollo, archer-queen  
And huntress, Dian of the golden bow.  
The helpful Hermes, god of useful arts,  
Opposed Latona, and the mighty stream 95  
Called Xanthus by the immortals, but by men  
Scamander, with his eddies strong and deep,  
Stood face to face with Vulcan in the field.

So warred the gods with gods. Meantime the son  
Of Peleus, ranging through the thick of fight, 10  
Sought only Hector, Priam's son, whose blood  
He meant to pour to greedy Mars, the god  
Of carnage. But Apollo, who impels  
Warriors to battle, stirred Æneas up

To meet Pelides. First he filled his heart 105  
With resolute valor, and then took the voice  
Of Priam's son, Lycaon. In his shape  
Thus spake Apollo, son of Jupiter :—

“Æneas, prince of Troy, where now are all  
The boasts which thou hast made before the chiefs  
Of Troy at banquets, that thou yet wouldst meet 111  
Pelides in the combat hand to hand?”

Æneas made reply : “Priamides,  
Why dost thou bid me, when thou knowest me  
Unwilling, meet in combat Peleus' son, 115  
The mighty among men? It will not be  
For the first time if I confront him now.

He chased me once from Ida with his spear,—  
Me and my fellows, when he took our herds  
And laid Lyrnessus waste and Pedasus. 120

But Jove, who gave me strength and nimble feet,  
Preserved me ; I had else been slain by him  
And by Minerva, for the goddess went  
Before him, giving him the victory

And moving him to slay the Leleges 125  
And Trojans with the brazen spear he bore.

’Tis not for mortal man to fight the son  
Of Peleus, at whose side there ever stands  
One of the immortal gods, averting harm.  
And then his weapon flies right on, nor stops 130

Until it bites the flesh. Yet were the god  
To weigh the victory in an equal scale,  
Achilles would not vanquish me with ease,

Though he might boast his frame were all of brass."

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove. 135

"Pray, warrior, to the eternal gods. They say  
That Venus gave thee birth, who has her own  
From Jove. His mother is of lower rank  
Than thine. Thine is a child of Jove, but his  
A daughter of the Ancient of the Deep. 140  
Strike at him with that conquering spear of thine,  
Nor let him scare thee with stern words and threats."

He said, and breathed into the prince's breast  
Fresh valor, as, arrayed in glittering arms,  
He pressed to where the foremost warriors fought ;  
Yet not unseen by Juno's eye went forth 145  
The son of old Anchises. She convened  
The gods in council, and addressed them thus :—

"Neptune and Pallas, what shall now be done?  
Consider ye. Æneas, all arrayed 150  
In glittering arms, is pressing on to meet  
Pelides. Phœbus sends him. Let us join  
To turn him back, or let some one of us  
Stand near Achilles, fill his limbs with strength,  
Nor let his heart grow faint, but let him see 155  
That we, the mightiest of the immortals, look  
On him with favor, and that those who strive  
Amid the war and bloodshed to protect  
The sons of Troy are empty boasters all.  
For this we came from heaven to interpose 160  
In battle, that Achilles may endure  
No harm from Trojan hands, although, no doubt,

Hereafter he must suffer all that Fate  
 Spun for him when his mother brought him forth.  
 But if he hear not, from some heavenly voice, 165  
 Of this assurance, fear may fall on him  
 When, haply, in the battle he shall meet  
 Some god ; for when revealed to human sight  
 The presence of the gods is terrible."

And then did Neptune, he who shakes the earth,  
 Make answer : "Juno, it becomes thee ill 171  
 To be so greatly vexed. I cannot wish  
 A contest with the other gods, though we  
 In power excel them. Rather let us sit  
 Apart, where we can look upon the war, 175  
 And leave it to mankind. And yet if Mars  
 Or Phœbus should begin the fight, or seek  
 To thwart Achilles or restrain his arm,  
 There will be cause for us to join the strife  
 In earnest, and I deem that they full soon, 180  
 The contest ended, will return to join  
 The assembled gods upon the Olympian mount,  
 Forced to withdraw by our all-potent hands."

So spake the dark-haired god, and led the way  
 To the high mound of godlike Hercules, 185  
 Raised from the earth by Trojans, with the aid  
 Of Pallas, that the hero there might find  
 A refuge when the monster of the deep  
 Should chase him from the sea-beach to the plain,  
 With other gods beside him Neptune there 190  
 Sat down and drew a shadow, which no sight



Could pierce, around their shoulders. Other gods,  
Upon the hill called Beautiful, were grouped  
Round thee, Apollo, archer-god, and Mars,  
Spoiler of cities. On both sides they sat, 195  
Devising plans, unwilling to begin  
The fierce encounter, though Almighty Jove  
From where he sat in heaven commanded it.

The warriors thronged into the field, which shone  
With brazen armor and caparisons 200  
Of steeds ; earth trembled with the sounding tramp  
Of marching squadrons. From the opposing ranks  
Two chieftains, each the bravest of his host,  
Impatient to engage, — Anchises' son,  
Æneas, and the great Achilles, — came. 205  
And first Æneas, with defiant mien  
And nodding casque, stood forth. He held his shield  
Before him, which he wielded right and left,  
And shook his brazen spear. On the other side,  
Pelides hurried toward him, terrible 210  
As is a lion, which the assembled hinds  
Of a whole village chase and seek to slay,  
While on he stalks, contemning their assault ;  
But if the arrow of some strong-armed youth  
Have smitten him, he stands, and gathers all 215  
His strength to spring, with open jaws and teeth  
Half hid in foam, and uttering fearful growls  
From his deep chest ; he lashes with his tail  
His sides and sinewy thighs to rouse himself  
To combat, and then, grimly frowning, leaps 220

To slay, or by the foremost youths be slain,  
So sprang Achilles, moved by his bold heart  
To meet the brave Æneas. As the twain  
Drew near each other, the swift-footed chief,  
The great Achilles, was the first to speak : — 225

“Why, O Æneas, hast thou come so far  
Through this vast crowd to seek me? Does thy  
heart

Bid thee confront me in the hope to gain  
The place which Priam holds, and to bear rule  
Over the knights of Troy? Yet shouldst thou take  
My life, think not that Priam in thy hand 231  
Will place such large reward. He has his sons,  
Nor is he fickle, but of stable mind.

Or will the Trojans, if thou slayest me,  
Bestow on thee broad acres, of a soil 235  
Fruitful exceedingly, and suited well  
To vines or to the plough, which thou mayst till  
That also, as I hope, thou wilt obtain  
With difficulty ; for, unless I err,  
I forced thee once to flee before my spear. 240

Dost thou remember, when thou wert alone  
Among thy beeves, I drave thee, running fast,  
Down Ida's steeps? Then didst thou never turn  
To face me, but didst seek a hiding-place  
Within Lyrnessus, which I also took 245  
And wasted, with the aid of Father Jove  
And Pallas. From the town I led away  
The women, never to be free again.

Jove and the other gods protected thee  
 That day. Yet will they not protect thee now, 250  
 As thou dost vainly hope. Withstand me not,  
 I counsel thee, but hide thyself among  
 The crowd before thou suffer harm, for he  
 Who sees past evils only is a fool."

And then Æneas answered : " Do not think, 255  
 Pelides, with such words to frighten me,  
 As if I were a beardless boy. I too  
 Might use reproach and taunt ; but well we know  
 Each other's birth and lineage, through report  
 Of men, although by sight I know not thine, 260  
 Nor know'st thou mine. They say that thou art  
 sprung

From Peleus the renowned, and from the nymph  
 Of ocean, fair-haired Thetis, while I boast  
 My birth from brave Anchises, and can claim  
 Venus as mother. Two of these to-day 265  
 Must weep the death of a beloved son,  
 For we are not to part, I think, nor end  
 The combat after a few childish words ;  
 Yet let me speak, that thou mayst better know  
 Our lineage, known already far and wide. 270  
 Jove was the father, cloud-compelling Jove,  
 Of Dardanus, by whom Dardania first  
 Was peopled, ere our sacred Troy was built  
 On the great plain, — a populous town ; for men  
 Dwelt still upon the roots of Ida fresh 275  
 With many springs. To Dardanus was born

King Erichthonius, richest in his day  
Of mortal men, and in his meadows grazed  
Three thousand mares, exulting in their brood  
Of tender foals. Of some of this vast herd 280  
Boreas became enamored as they fed.  
He came to them in likeness of a steed  
That wore an azure mane, and they brought forth  
Twelve foals, which all were females, of such speed  
That when they frolicked on the teeming earth 285  
They flew along the topmost ears of wheat  
And broke them not, and when they sported o'er  
The mighty bosom of the deep they ran  
Along the hoary summits of its waves.  
To Erichthonius Tros was born, who ruled 290  
The Trojans, and from Tros there sprang three sons  
Of high renown, — Ilus, Assaracus,  
And godlike Ganymede, most beautiful  
Of men ; the gods beheld and caught him up  
To heaven, so beautiful was he, to pour 295  
The wine to Jove, and ever dwell with them.  
And Ilus had a son, Laomedon,  
Of mighty fame, to whom five sons were born,  
Tithonus, Priam, Lampus, Clytius,  
And Hicetaon, trained to war by Mars. 300  
Assaracus begat my ancestor,  
Capys, to whom Anchises owes his birth.  
Anchises is my father ; Priam's son  
Is noble Hector. Such I claim to be  
My lineage and my blood ; but Jove at will 305

Gives in large measure, or diminishes,  
Men's warlike prowess ; and the power of Jove  
Is over all. But let us talk no more  
Of things like these, as if we were but boys,  
While here in the mid-field we stand between 310  
The warring armies. Both of us might cast  
Reproaches at each other, many and foul,  
Such as no galley of a hundred oars  
Could bear and float. Men's tongues are voluble,  
And endless are the modes of speech, and far 315  
Extends from side to side the field of words.  
Such as thou utterest it will be thy lot  
To hear from others. But what profits it  
For us to rail and wrangle, in high brawl,  
Like women angered to the quick, that rush 320  
Into the middle of the street and scold  
With furious words, some true and others false,  
As rage may prompt them? Me thou shalt not move  
With words from my firm purpose ere thou raise  
Thy arm against me. Let us hasten first 325  
To prove the temper of our brazen spears."

He spake, and hurled his brazen spear to smite  
The dreadful shield, a terror in men's eyes ;  
That mighty buckler rang with the strong blow.  
Achilles, as it came, held forth his shield 330  
With nervous arm far from him, for he feared  
That the long javelin of his valiant foe  
Might pierce it. Idle fear ; he had not thought  
That the bright armor given him by the gods

Not easily would yield to force of man. 335  
Nor could the rapid spear that left the hand  
Of brave Æneas pierce the shield ; the gold,  
The gift of Vulcan, stopped it. Through two folds  
It went, but three remained ; for Vulcan's skill  
Fenced with five folds the disk, — the outer two 340  
Of brass, the inner two of tin ; between  
Was one of gold, and there the brazen spear  
Was stayed. And then in turn Achilles threw  
His ponderous spear, and struck the orbèd shield  
Borne by Æneas near the upper edge, 345  
Where thinnest was the brass and thinnest lay  
The bullock's hide. The Pelian ash broke through ;  
The buckler crashed ; Æneas, stooping low,  
Held it above him, terrified ; the spear,  
Tearing both plate and hide of that huge shield, 350  
Passed over him, and, eager to go on,  
Plunged in the earth and stood. He, when he saw  
The massive lance which he had just escaped  
Fixed in the earth so near him, stood awhile  
As struck with fear, and with despairing looks. 355  
Achilles drew his trenchant sword and rushed  
With fury on Æneas, uttering  
A fearful shout. Æneas lifted up  
A stone, a mighty weight, which no two men,  
As men are now, could raise, yet easily 360  
He wielded it. Æneas then, to save  
His threatened life, had smitten with the stone  
His adversary's buckler or his helm,

And with his sword Pelides had laid dead  
 The Trojan, had not he who shakes the earth, 364  
 Neptune, beheld him in that perilous hour,  
 And instantly addressed the immortal gods :—

“ My heart, ye gods, is heavy for the sake  
 Of the great-souled Æneas, who will sink  
 To Hades overcome by Peleus’ son. 370

Rash man ! he listened to the archer-god  
 Apollo, who has now no power to save  
 The chief from death. But, guiltless as he is,  
 Why should he suffer evil for the wrong  
 Of others ? He has always sought to please 375

With welcome offerings the gods who dwell  
 In the broad heaven. Let us withdraw him, then,  
 From this great peril, lest, if he should fall  
 Before Achilles, haply Saturn’s son

May be displeased. And ’t is the will of fate 380  
 That he escape ; that so the Dardan race,  
 Beloved by Jove above all others sprung  
 From him and mortal women, may not yet  
 Perish from earth and leave no progeny.

For Saturn’s son already holds the house 385  
 Of Priam in disfavor, and will make  
 Æneas ruler o’er the men of Troy,  
 And his sons’ sons shall rule them after him.”

Imperial Juno with large eyes replied :  
 “ Determine, Neptune, for thyself, and save 390  
 Æneas, or, all blameless as he is,  
 Abandon him to perish by the hand

Of Peleus' son, Achilles. We have sworn —  
 Minerva and myself — that never we  
 Would aid in aught the Trojans to escape 395  
 Their day of ruin, though the town of Troy  
 Sink to the dust in the destroying flames, —  
 Flames kindled by the warlike sons of Greece."

And then did Neptune, shaker of the shores,  
 Go forth into the battle and amidst 400  
 The clash of spears, and come where stood the  
 chiefs,

Æneas and his mighty foe, the son  
 Of Peleus. Instantly he caused to rise  
 A darkness round the eyes of Peleus' son,  
 And from the buckler of Æneas drew 405  
 The spear with ashen stem and brazen blade,  
 And laid it at Achilles' feet, and next  
 He lifted high Æneas from the ground  
 And bore him thence. O'er many a warrior's head,  
 And many a harnessed steed, Æneas flew, 410  
 Hurl'd by the god, until he reached the rear  
 Of that fierce battle, where the Caucons stood  
 Arrayed for war. The shaker of the shores  
 Drew near, and said to him in wingèd words :—

"What god, Æneas, moved thee to defy 415  
 Madly the son of Peleus, who in might  
 Excels thee, and is dearer to the gods?  
 Whenever he encounters thee in arms  
 Give way, lest thou, against the will of fate,  
 Pass down to Hades. When he shall have met 420



His fate and perished, thou mayst boldly dare  
 To face the foremost of the enemy ;  
 No other of the Greeks shall take thy life.

He spake, and having thus admonished him  
 He left Æneas there, and suddenly 425  
 Swept off the darkness that so thickly rose  
 Around Achilles, who, with sight now clear,  
 Looked forth, and, sighing, said to his great soul : —

“ How strange is this ! My eyes have seen to-day  
 A mighty marvel. Here the spear I flung 430  
 Is lying on the earth, and him at whom  
 I cast it, in the hope to take his life,  
 I see no longer. Well beloved, no doubt,  
 Is this Æneas by the immortal gods.  
 Yet that, I thought, was but an empty boast 435  
 Of his. Well, let him go ; I cannot think  
 That he who gladly fled from death will find  
 The courage to encounter me again.  
 And now will I exhort the Greeks to fight  
 This battle bravely, while I go to prove 440  
 The prowess of the other chiefs of Troy.”

He spake, and, cheering on the soldiery,  
 He sprang into the ranks : “ Ye noble Greeks,  
 Avoid no more the Trojans ; press right on.  
 Let each man single out his man, and fight 445  
 With eager heart. ’T is hard for me to chase,  
 With all my warlike might, so many men,  
 And fight with all. Not even Mars, the god,  
 Although immortal, nor Minerva’s self,

Could combat with so vast a multitude 459  
 Unwearied ; yet whatever I can do,  
 With hands and feet and strength, I give my word  
 Not to decline, or be remiss in aught.  
 I go to range the Trojan files, where none,  
 I think, will gladly stand to meet my spear." 455

Such stirring words he uttered, while aloud  
 Illustrious Hector called, encouraging  
 The men of Troy, and promising to meet  
 Achilles : " Valiant Trojans, do not quail  
 Before Pelides. In the strife of words 460  
 I too might bear my part against the gods ;  
 But harder were the combat with the spear,  
 For greater is their might than ours. The son  
 Of Peleus cannot make his threatenings good.  
 A part will he perform and part will leave 465  
 Undone. I go to wait him ; I would go  
 Although his hands were like consuming flame, —  
 His hands like flame, his strength the strength of  
 steel."

He spake : the Trojans at his stirring word  
 Lifted their lances, and the adverse hosts 470  
 Joined battle with a fearful din. Then came  
 Apollo and admonished Hector thus : —

" Hector, encounter not Achilles here  
 Before the armies, but amidst the throng  
 And tumult of the battle, lest perchance 475  
 He strike thee with the javelin or the sword."

He spake : the Trojan chief, dismayed to hear

The warning of the god, withdrew among  
The crowded ranks. Meantime Achilles sprang

Upon the Trojans with a terrible cry, 480

And slew a leader of the host, the brave

Iphition, whom a Naiad, at the foot

Of snowy Tmolus, in the opulent vale

Of Hyda, bore to the great conqueror

Of towns, Otrynteus. As he came in haste, 484

The noble son of Peleus with his spear

Smote him upon the forehead in the midst,

And cleft the head in two. He fell ; his arms

Clashed, and Achilles boasted o'er him thus :—

“ Son of Otrynteus, terrible in arms, 490

Thou art brought low ; thou meetest here thy death,

Though thou wert born by the Gygæan lake

Where lie, by fishy Hyllus and the stream

Of eddying Hermus, thy paternal fields.”

Thus boastfully he spake, while darkness came 495

Over Iphition's eyes, and underneath

The chariots of the Greeks who foremost fought

His corse was mangled. Next Achilles smote

Antenor's son, Demoleon, gallantly

Breasting the onset of the Greeks. He pierced 500

His temple through the helmet's brazen cheek ;

The brass stayed not the blow ; the eager spear

Brake through the bone, and crushed the brain

within,

And the brave youth lay dead. Achilles next

Struck down Hippodamas ; he pierced his back 504

As, leaping from his car, the Phrygian fled  
 Before him. With a moan he breathed away  
 His life, as moans a bull when dragged around  
 The altar of the Heliconian king  
 By youths on whom the god that shakes the earth 519  
 Looks down well pleased. With such a moaning  
 sound

The fiery spirit left the Phrygian's frame.

Then sprang Achilles with his spear to slay  
 The godlike Polydorus, Priam's son,  
 Whose father bade him not to join the war, 519  
 For he was younger than the other sons,  
 And dearest of them all. In speed of foot  
 He had no peer. Yet, with a boyish pride  
 To show his swiftness, in the foremost ranks  
 He ranged the field, until he lost his life. 520

Him with a javelin the swift-footed son  
 Of Peleus smote as he was hurrying by.  
 The weapon pierced the middle of his back,  
 Where, by its golden rings, the belt was clasped  
 Above the double corselet. . . . 525

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . When Hector saw

His brother thus upon the earth, there came  
 A darkness o'er his eyes, nor could he bear 531  
 Longer to stand aloof; but, brandishing  
 His spear, came forward like a rushing flame  
 To meet the son of Peleus, who beheld

And bounded toward him, saying boastfully :

‘So, he is near whose hand hath given my heart 535

Its deepest wound, who slew my dearest friend.

No more are we to shun each other now,

Timidly stealing through the paths of war.”

And then he said to Hector with a frown :

“Draw nearer, that thou mayst the sooner die.” 540

The crested Hector, undismayed, replied :

“Pelides, do not hope with empty words

To frighten me, as if I were a boy.

Insults and taunts I could with ease return.

I know that thou art brave ; I know that I 545

In might am not thy equal ; but the event

Rests in the laps of the great gods, and they

May, though I lack thy prowess, give thy life

Into my hands when I shall cast my spear.

The weapon that I bear is keen like thine.” 550

Thus having spoken, brandishing his spear,

He sent it forth ; but with a gentle breath

Minerva turned it from the glorious Greek,

And laid it at the noble Hector’s feet.

Then did Achilles, resolute to slay 555

His enemy, rush against him with a shout

Of fury ; but Apollo, with such power

As gods put forth, withdrew him thence, and spread

A darkness round him. Thrice the swift of foot,

Achilles, rushed against him with his spear, 560

And thrice he smote the cloud. But when once

more,

In godlike might, he made the assault, he spake  
These wingèd words of menace and reproach : —

“Hound as thou art, thou hast once more escaped  
Thy death ; for it was near. Again the hand 565  
Of Phœbus rescues thee ; to him thy vows  
Are made ere thou dost trust thyself amidst  
The clash of javelins. I shall meet thee yet  
And end thee utterly, if any god  
Favor me also. I will now pursue 570  
And strike the other Trojan warriors down.”

He spake, and in the middle of the neck  
Smote Dryops with his spear. The Phrygian fell  
Before him at his feet. He left him there,  
And wounding with his spear Philetor's son, 575  
Demuchus, tall and valiant, in the knee,  
Stayed him until he slew him with his sword.  
Then from their chariot to the ground he cast  
Laogonus and Dardanus, the sons  
Of Bias, piercing with a javelin one, 580  
And cutting down the other with his sword.


And Tros, Alastor's son, who came to him  
And clasped his knees, in hope that he would spare  
A captive, — spare his life, nor slay a youth  
Of his own age, — vain hope ! he little knew 585  
That not by prayers Achilles could be moved,  
Nor was he pitiful, nor mild of mood,  
But hard of heart, — while Tros embraced his knees  
And passionately sued, Pelides thrust  
His sword into his side ; the liver came 590

Forth at the wound ; the dark blood gushing filled  
The Phrygian's bosom ; o'er his eyes there crept  
A darkness, and his life was at an end.

Approaching Mulius next, Achilles smote  
The warrior at the ear ; the brazen point 594  
Passed through the other ear ; and then he slew  
Agenor's son, Echeclus, letting fall  
His heavy-hilted sword upon his head  
Just in the midst ; the blade grew warm with blood,  
And gloomy death and unrelenting fate 600  
Darkened the victim's eyes. Achilles next  
Wounded Deucalion, thrusting through his arm  
The brazen javelin, where the sinews met  
That strung the elbow. While with powerless arm  
The wounded Trojan stood awaiting death, 605  
Achilles drove his falchion through his neck.  
Far flew the head and helm, the marrow flowed  
From out the spine, and stretched upon the ground  
Deucalion lay. Pelides still went on,  
O'ertaking Rigmus, the renownèd son 610  
Of Peireus, from the fruitful fields of Thrace,  
And smote him in the stomach with his lance.  
There hung the weapon fixed ; the wounded man  
Fell from the car. At Areïthoüs  
The charioteer, who turned his steeds to flee, 614  
Achilles sent his murderous lance, and pierced  
His back, and dashed him from the car, and left  
His horses wild with fright. As when, among  
The deep dells of an arid mountain-side,

A great fire burns its way, and the thick wood 60  
Before it is consumed, and shifting winds  
Hither and thither sweep the flames, so ranged  
Achilles in his fury through the field  
From side to side, and everywhere o'ertook  
His victims, and the earth ran dark with blood. 625

As when a yeoman underneath the yoke  
Brings his broad-fronted oxen to tread out  
White barley on the level threshing-floor,  
The sheaves are quickly trodden small beneath  
The heavy footsteps of the bellowing beasts, 630  
So did the firm-paced coursers, which the son  
Of Peleus guided, trample with their feet  
Bucklers and corpses, while beneath the car  
Blood steeped the axle, and the chariot-seat  
Dripped on its rim with blood, that from below 635  
Was splashed upon them by the horses' hoofs  
And by the chariot-wheels. Such havoc made  
Pelides in his ardor for renown,  
Till his invincible hands were foul with blood.





[Book XXI is omitted. This describes how Achilles continues his dreadful slaughter as the Trojans flee before him to the city.

“None now dared without the walls  
To wait for others, or remain to know  
Who had escaped with life, and who were slain  
In battle; eagerly they flung themselves  
Into the city,— every one whose feet  
And knees had borne him from the field alive.”

None but Hector — whose

“adverse fate  
Detained him still without the walls of Troy,  
And near the Scæan gates.”]

## BOOK XXII.

THUS were they driven within the city walls  
Like frightened fawns, and there dispersing  
cooled

Their sweaty limbs, and quenched their eager thirst,  
And rested on the battlements. The Greeks,  
Bearing their shields upon their shoulders, came  
Close to the ramparts. Hector's adverse fate  
Detained him still without the walls of Troy,  
And near the Scæan gates. Meantime the god  
Apollo to the son of Peleus said :—

“O son of Peleus! why pursue me thus  
With thy swift feet, — a mortal man in chase

Of an immortal? That I am a god  
Thou seest not yet, but turnest all thy rage  
On me, and, having put the host of Troy  
To rout, dost think of them no more. They find<sup>15</sup>  
A refuge in their town, while far astray  
Thou wanderest hither. Thou hast not the power  
To slay me ; I am not of mortal birth."

The swift Achilles angrily replied :  
" O archer-god, thou most unjust of all<sup>20</sup>  
The immortals ! thou hast wronged me, luring me  
Aside ; since many a warrior I had forced  
To bite the dust before they reached the gates  
Of Ilium but for thee, who from my grasp  
Hast snatched the glory and hast rescued them<sup>25</sup>  
Thou didst not fear my vengeance ; yet if power  
Were given me, I would punish thee for this."

He spake, and with heroic purpose turned  
Toward Ilium. As a steed that wins the race  
Flies at his utmost speed across the plain,<sup>30</sup>  
And whirls along the chariot, with such speed  
The son of Peleus moved his rapid feet.

The aged monarch Priam was the first  
To see him as he scoured the plain, and shone  
Like to the star which in the autumn time<sup>35</sup>  
Rises and glows among the lights of heaven  
With eminent lustre at the dead of night, —  
Orion's Hound they call it, — bright indeed,  
And yet of baleful omen, for it brings  
Distressing heat to miserable men.<sup>40</sup>

So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast  
As on he flew. The aged Priam groaned,  
And smote his head with lifted hands, and called  
Aloud, imploring his beloved son,  
Who eagerly before the city gate 45  
Waited his foe Achilles. Priam thus,  
With outstretched hands, besought him piteously :—  
“ O wait not, Hector, my beloved son,  
To combat with Pelides, thus alone  
And far from succor, lest thou meet thy death, 50  
Slain by his hand, for he is mightier far  
Than thou art. Would that he, the cruel one,  
Were but as much the favorite of the gods  
As he is mine ! then should the birds of prey  
And dogs devour his carcass, and the grief 55  
That weighs upon my spirit would depart.  
I have been robbed by him of many sons, —  
Brave youths, whom he has slain or sold as slaves  
In distant isles ; and now I see no more  
Among our host on whom the gates are closed 60  
My Polydorus and Lycaon, whom  
The peerless dame Laothoë bore to me.  
If yet they are within the Grecian camp,  
I will redeem their lives with brass and gold ;  
For I have store, which Altes, the renowned 65  
And aged, gave his daughter. If they live  
No longer, but have passed to the abode  
Of Hades, bitter will our sorrow be, —  
Mine and their mother's, — but the popular grief

Will sooner be consoled if thou fall not, 70  
Slain by Achilles. Come within the walls,  
My son, that thou mayst still be the defence  
Of Ilium's sons and daughters, nor increase  
The glory of Pelides with the loss  
Of thine own life. Have pity upon me, 75  
Who only live to suffer, — whom the son  
Of Saturn, on the threshold of my age,  
Hath destined to endure a thousand griefs,  
And then to be destroyed, — to see my sons  
Slain by the sword, my daughters dragged away 80  
Into captivity, their chambers made  
A spoil, our infants dashed against the ground  
By cruel hands, the consorts of my sons  
Borne off by the ferocious Greeks ; and last,  
Perchance the very dogs which I have fed 85  
Here in my palaces and at my board,  
The guardians of my doors, when, by the spear  
Or sword, some enemy shall take my life,  
And at my threshold leave me stretched a corpse,  
Will rend me, and, with savage greediness, 90  
Will lap my blood, and in the porch lie down.  
When one in prime of youth lies slain in war,  
Gashed with the spear, his wounds become him well,  
And honor him in all men's eyes ; but when  
An aged man is slain, and his white head 95  
And his white beard and limbs are foully torn  
By ravening dogs, there is no sadder sight."

So the old monarch spake, and with his hands

Tore his gray hair, but moved not Hector thus.  
 Then came, with lamentations and in tears, 100  
 The warrior's mother forward. One hand laid  
 Her bosom bare ; she pressed the other hand  
 Beneath it, sobbed, and spake these wingèd words :—

“ Revere this bosom, Hector, and on me  
 Have pity. If when thou wert but a babe 105  
 I ever on this bosom stilled thy cries,  
 Think of it now, beloved child ; avoid  
 That dreadful chief ; withdraw within the walls,  
 Nor madly think to encounter him alone.

. . . . . If he 110  
 Should slay thee, I shall not lament thy death  
 Above thy bier, — I, nor thy noble wife, —  
 But far from us the greedy dogs will throng  
 To mangle thee beside the Grecian fleet.”

Thus, weeping bitterly, the aged pair 115  
 Entreated their dear son, yet moved him not.  
 He stood and waited for his mighty foe  
 Achilles, as a serpent at his den,  
 Fed on the poisons of the wild, awaits  
 The traveller, and, fierce with hate of man, 120  
 And glaring fearfully, lies coiled within.  
 So waited Hector with a resolute heart,  
 And kept his ground, and, leaning his bright shield  
 Against a tower that jutted from the walls,  
 Conferred with his great soul impatiently : — 125

“ Ah me ! if I should pass within the walls,  
 Then will Polydamas be first to cast

Reproach upon me ; for he counselled me  
To lead the Trojans back into the town  
That fatal night which saw Achilles rise 135  
To join the war again. I yielded not  
To his advice ; far better if I had.  
Now, since my fatal stubbornness has brought  
This ruin on my people, I most dread  
The censure of the men and long-robed dames 145  
Of Ilium. Men less brave than I will say,  
' Foolhardy Hector in his pride has thrown  
His people's lives away.' So will they speak,  
And better were it for me to return,  
Achilles slain, or, slain myself by him, 150  
To perish for my country gloriously.  
But should I lay aside this bossy shield  
And this stout helm, and lean against the wall  
This spear, and go to meet the gallant son  
Of Peleus, with a promise to restore 155  
Helen and all the treasure brought with her  
To Troy by Paris, in his roomy ships, —  
All that the war was waged for, — that the sons  
Of Atreus may convey it hence, besides  
Wealth drawn from all the hoards within the town,  
And to be shared among the Greeks ; for I 160  
Would bind the Trojans by a solemn oath  
To keep back nothing, but divide the whole —  
Whate'er of riches this fair town contains —  
Into two parts — But why should I waste thought  
On plans like these ? I must not act the part 165

Of suppliant to a man who may not show  
Regard or mercy, but may hew me down  
Defenceless, with my armor laid aside  
As if I were a woman. Not with him 164  
May I hold parley from a tree or rock,  
As youths and maidens with each other hold  
Light converse. Better 't were to rush at once  
To combat, and the sooner learn to whom  
Olympian Jove decrees the victory." 165

Such were his thoughts. Achilles now drew near.  
Like crested Mars, the warrior-god, he came.  
On his right shoulder quivered fearfully  
The Pelian ash, and from his burnished mail  
There streamed a light as of a blazing fire, 170  
Or of the rising sun. When Hector saw,  
He trembled, nor could venture to remain,  
But left the gates and fled away in fear.  
Pelides, trusting to his rapid feet,  
Pursued him. As, among the mountain wilds, 175  
A falcon, fleetest of the birds of air,  
Darts toward a timid dove that wheels away  
To shun him by a sidelong flight, while he  
Springs after her again and yet again,  
And screaming follows, certain of his prey, — 180  
Thus onward flew Achilles, while as fast  
Fled Hector in dismay, with hurrying feet,  
Beside the wall. They passed the Mount of View,  
And the wind-beaten fig-tree, and they ran  
Along the public way by which the wall 185

Was skirted, till they came where from the ground  
The two fair springs of eddyng Xanthus rise, —  
One pouring a warm stream from which ascends  
And spreads a vapor like a smoke from fire ;  
The other, even in summer, sending forth 190  
A current cold as hail, or snow, or ice.  
And there were broad stone basins, fairly wrought,  
At which, in time of peace, before the Greeks  
Had landed on the plain, the Trojan dames  
And their fair daughters washed their sumptuous  
robes. 195

Past these they swept ; one fled, and one pursued, —  
A brave man fled, a braver followed close,  
And swiftly both. Not for a common prize,  
A victim from the herd, a bullock's hide,  
Such as reward the fleet of foot, they ran, — 200  
The race was for the knightly Hector's life.  
As firm-paced coursers, that are wont to win,  
Fly toward the goal, when some magnificent prize,  
A tripod or a damsel, is proposed  
In honor of some hero's obsequies, 205  
So these flew thrice on rapid feet around  
The city of Priam. All the gods of heaven  
Looked on, and thus the Almighty Father spake :—

“ Alas ! I see a hero dear to me  
Pursued around the wall. My heart is grieved 210  
For Hector, who has brought so many thighs  
Of bullocks to my altar on the side  
Of Ida ploughed with glens, or on the heights



Of Ilium. The renowned Achilles now  
Is chasing him with rapid feet around 215  
The city of Priam. Now bethink yourselves,  
And answer. Shall we rescue him from death?  
Or shall we doom him, valiant as he is,  
To perish by the hand of Peleus' son?"

Minerva, blue-eyed goddess, answered thus : 220  
"O Father, who dost hurl the thunderbolt,  
And hide the sky in clouds, what hast thou said?  
Wouldst thou reprieve from death a mortal man,  
Whose doom is fixed? Then do it ; but know this,  
That all the other gods will not approve." 225

Then spake again the Cloud-compeller Jove :  
"Tritonia, my dear child, be calm. I spake  
Of no design. I would be kind to thee.  
Do as thou wilt, and be there no delay."

He spake ; and Pallas from the Olympian peaks,  
Encouraged by his words in what her thought 231  
Had planned already, downward shot to earth.  
Still, with quick steps, the fleet Achilles pressed  
On Hector's flight. As when a hound has roused  
A fawn from its retreat among the hills, 235  
And chases it through glen and forest ground,  
And to close thickets, where it skulks in fear  
Until he overtake it, Hector thus  
Sought vainly to elude the fleet pursuit  
Of Peleus' son. As often as he thought, 240  
By springing toward the gates of Troy, to gain  
Aid from the weapons of his friends who stood

On the tall towers, so often was the Greek  
 Before him, forcing him to turn away  
 From Ilium toward the plain. Achilles thus 245  
 Kept nearest to the city. As in dreams  
 The fleet pursuer cannot overtake,  
 Nor the pursued escape, so was it now ;  
 One followed but in vain, the other fled  
 As fruitlessly. But how could Hector thus 250  
 Have put aside the imminent doom of death,  
 Had not Apollo met him once again,  
 For the last time, and given him strength and speed ?

The great Achilles nodded to his host  
 A sign that no man should presume to strike 255  
 At Hector with his weapon, lest perchance  
 Another, wounding him, should bear away  
 The glory, and Pelides only wear  
 The second honors. When the twain had come  
 For the fourth time beside Scamander's springs, 260  
 The All-Father raised the golden balance high,  
 And, placing in the scales two lots which bring  
 Death's long dark sleep, — one lot for Peleus' son,  
 And one for knightly Hector, — by the midst  
 He poised the balance. Hector's fate sank down 265  
 To Hades, and Apollo left the field.

The blue-eyed goddess Pallas then approached  
 The son of Peleus with these wingèd words :—

“ Renowned Achilles, dear to Jupiter !  
 Now may we, as I hope, at last return 270  
 To the Achaian army and the fleet

With glory, Hector slain, the terrible  
In war. Escape he cannot, even though  
The archer-god Apollo fling himself  
With passionate entreaty at the feet 275  
Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. Stay thou here  
And breathe a moment, while I go to him  
And lure him hither to encounter thee."

She spake, and he obeyed, and gladly stood  
Propped on the ashen stem of his keen spear ; 280  
While, passing on, Minerva overtook  
The noble Hector. In the outward form,  
And with the strong voice of Deiphobus,  
She stood by him and spake these wingèd words : —

"Hard pressed I find thee, brother, by the swift 285  
Achilles, who, with feet that never rest,  
Pursues thee round the walls of Priam's town.  
But let us make a stand and beat him back."

And then the crested Hector spake in turn :  
"Deiphobus, thou ever hast been dear 290  
To me beyond my other brethren, sons  
Of Hecuba and Priam. Now still more  
I honor thee, since thou hast seen my plight,  
And for my sake hast ventured forth without  
The gates, while all the rest remain within." 295

And then the blue-eyed Pallas spake again :  
"Brother ! 't is true, my father, and the queen,  
My mother, and my comrades, clasped my knees  
In turn, and earnestly entreated me  
That I would not go forth, such fear had fallen 300

On all of them ; but I was grieved for thee.  
 Now let us combat valiantly, nor spare  
 The weapons that we bear, and we shall learn  
 Whether Achilles, having slain us both,  
 Will carry to the fleet our bloody spoil, 305  
 Or die himself, the victim of thy spear."

The treacherous goddess spake, and led the way ;  
 And when the advancing chiefs stood face to face,  
 The crested hero, Hector, thus began :—

"No longer I avoid thee as of late, 310  
 O son of Peleus ! Thrice around the walls  
 Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,  
 Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart  
 Bids me encounter thee ; my time is come  
 To slay or to be slain. Now let us call 315  
 The gods to witness, who attest and guard  
 The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow  
 On me the victory, and I take thy life,  
 Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands ;  
 But, stripping off the armor, I will send 320  
 The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :  
 "Accursed Hector, never talk to me  
 Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,  
 Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan 325  
 Evil against the other So between  
 Thyself and me no compact can exist,  
 Or understood intent. First, one of us  
 Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god

Of battles. Summon all thy valor now. 336  
A skilful spearman thou hast need to be,  
And a bold warrior. There is no escape,  
For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain  
By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me  
The evil thou hast done my countrymen, — 338  
My friends whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,  
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim  
From where he stood. He stooped, and over him  
The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth. 340  
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went  
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back  
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,  
While Hector said to his illustrious foe : —

“Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark ; 345  
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,  
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,  
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,  
In hope that I who hear thee may forget  
My might and valor. Think not I shall flee, 350  
That thou mayst pierce my back ; for thou shalt send  
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast  
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn  
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass  
Clean through thee, all its length ! The tasks of war  
For us of Troy were lighter for thy death, 356  
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race !”

He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,

Hurled it, nor missed, but in the centre smote  
 The buckler of Pelides. Far away 360  
 It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed  
 To see that the swift weapon from his hand  
 Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad ;  
 No second spear had he. He called aloud  
 On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus, 365  
 To bring another ; but that chief was far,  
 And Hector saw that it was so, and said : —

“ Ah me ! the gods have summoned me to die.  
 I thought my warrior-friend, Deiphobus,  
 Was by my side ; but he is still in Troy, 370  
 And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death  
 Cannot be far, — is near ; there is no hope  
 Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove  
 And Jove’s great archer-son, who have till now  
 Delivered me. My hour at last is come ; 375  
 Yet not ingloriously or passively  
 I die, but first will do some valiant deed,  
 Of which mankind shall hear in after time.”

He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that  
 hung,  
 Massive and finely tempered, at his side, 380  
 And sprang — as when an eagle high in heaven,  
 Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the  
 plain  
 To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,  
 So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,  
 Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite 385

Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,  
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,  
Before him. On his shining helmet waved  
The fourfold crest ; there tossed the golden tufts  
With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly 394  
Had decked it. As in the still hours of night  
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,  
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,  
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,  
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay 395  
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form  
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant  
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass  
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well  
Each part, save only where the collar-bones 400  
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there  
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most  
In peril. Through that part the noble son  
Of Peleus drave his spear ; it went quite through  
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade 405  
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak  
Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,  
And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall : —

“ Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou  
Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think 410  
Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,  
Who was not near thee to avenge his death.  
Fool ! there was left within the roomy ships  
A mightier one than he, who should come forth,

The avenger of his blood, to take thy life. 415  
Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh ;  
The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."

And then the crested Hector faintly said :

"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,  
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs 420  
To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.  
Accept abundant store of brass and gold,  
Which gladly will my father and the queen,  
My mother, give in ransom. Send to them  
My body, that the warriors and the dames 425  
Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :

"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,  
Nor by my parents. I could even wish  
My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh 430  
In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong  
That I have had from thee. There will be none  
To drive away the dogs about thy head,  
Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me  
Tenfold and twenty-fold the offered gifts, 435  
And promise others, — not though Priam, sprung  
From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.  
Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,  
To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth ;  
But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee." 440

And then the crested Hector, dying, said :

"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw  
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart



Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake  
The anger of the gods may fall on thee, 445  
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,  
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."

Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him  
closed

The night of death ; the soul forsook his limbs,  
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate, — 450  
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.  
Then said the great Achilles to the dead : —

"Die thou ; and I, whenever it shall please  
Jove and the other gods, will meet my fate."

He spake, and, plucking forth his brazen lance, 455  
He laid it by, and from the body stripped  
The bloody mail. The thronging Greeks beheld  
With wonder Hector's tall and stately form,  
And no one came who did not add a wound ;  
And, looking to each other, thus they said : — 460

"How much more tamely Hector now endures  
Our touch than when he set the fleet on fire !"

Such were the words of those who smote the dead ;  
But now, when swift Achilles from the corpse  
Had stripped the armor, he stood forth among 465  
The Achaian host, and spake these wingèd words : —

"Leaders and princes of the Grecian host !  
Since we, my friends, by favor of the gods,  
Have overcome the chief who wrought more harm  
To us than all the rest, let us assault 470  
The town, and learn what they of Troy intend, —

Whether their troops will leave the citadel  
 Since he is slain, or hold it with strong hand,  
 Though Hector is no more. But why give thought  
 To plans like these while yet Patroclus lies 475  
 A corse unwept, unburied, at the fleet?

I never will forget him while I live  
 And while these limbs have motion. Though below  
 In Hades they forget the dead, yet I  
 Will there remember my beloved friend. 480

Now then, ye youths of Greece, move on and chant  
 A pæan, while, returning to the fleet,  
 We bring great glory with us ; we have slain  
 The noble Hector, whom, throughout their town,  
 The Trojans ever worshipped like a god." 485

He spake, and, planning in his mind to treat  
 The noble Hector shamefully, he bored  
 The sinews of his feet between the heel  
 And ankle ; drawing through them leathern thongs  
 He bound them to the car, but left the head 490  
 To trail in dust. And then he climbed the car,  
 Took in the shining mail, and lashed to speed  
 The coursers. Not unwillingly they flew.  
 Around the dead, as he was dragged along,  
 The dust arose ; his dark locks swept the ground. 495  
 That head, of late so noble in men's eyes,  
 Lay deep amid the dust, for Jove that day  
 Suffered the foes of Hector to insult  
 His corse in his own land. His mother saw.  
 And tore her hair, and flung her lustrous veil 500

Away, and uttered piercing shrieks. No less  
His father, who so loved him, piteously  
Bewailed him ; and in all the streets of Troy  
The people wept aloud, with such lament  
As if the towery Ilium were in flames  
Even to its loftiest roofs. They scarce could keep  
The aged king within, who, wild with grief,  
Struggled to rush through the Dardanian gates,  
And, rolling in the dust, entreated all  
Who stood around him, calling them by name : — 510

“ Refrain, my friends, though kind be your intent.  
Let me go forth alone, and at the fleet  
Of Greece will I entreat this man of blood  
And violence. He may perchance be moved  
With reverence for my age, and pity me 515  
In my gray hairs ; for such a one as I  
As Peleus, his own father, by whose care  
This Greek was reared to be a scourge to Troy,  
And, more than all, a cause of grief to me,  
So many sons of mine in life’s fresh prime 520  
Have fallen by his hand. I mourn for them,  
But not with such keen anguish as I mourn  
For Hector. Sorrow for his death will bring  
My soul to Hades. Would that he had died  
Here in my arms ! this solace had been ours, — 525  
His most unhappy mother and myself  
Had stooped to shed these tears upon his bier.”

He spake, and wept, and all the citizens  
Wept with him. Hecuba among the dames

Took up the lamentation, and began : — 530

“ Why do I live, my son, when thou art dead,  
And I so wretched? — thou who wert my boast  
Ever, by night and day, where’er I went,  
And whom the Trojan men and matrons called  
Their bulwark, honoring thee as if thou wert 535  
A god. They glory in thy might no more,  
Since Fate and Death have overtaken thee.”

Weeping she spake. Meantime Andromache  
Had heard no tidings of her husband yet.  
No messenger had even come to say 540  
That he was still without the gates. She sat  
In a recess of those magnificent halls,  
And wove a twofold web of brilliant hues,  
On which were scattered flowers of rare device ;  
And she had given her bright-haired maidens charge  
To place an ample caldron on the fire, 545  
That Hector, coming from the battle-field,  
Might find the warm bath ready. Thoughtless one !  
She knew not that the blue-eyed archer-queen,  
Far from the bath prepared for him, had slain 550  
Her husband by the hand of Peleus’ son.

She heard the shrieks, the wail upon the tower,  
Trembled in every limb, and quickly dropped  
The shuttle, saying to her bright-haired maids : —

“ Come with me, two of you, that I may learn 555  
What now has happened. ’T is my mother’s voice  
That I have heard. My heart leaps to my mouth ;  
My limbs fail under me. Some deadly harm

Hangs over Priam's sons ; far be the hour  
When I shall hear of it. And yet I fear 564  
Lest that Achilles, having got between  
The daring Hector and the city gates,  
May drive him to the plain alone, and quell  
The desperate valor that was ever his ;  
For never would he keep the ranks, but ranged 565  
Beyond them, and gave way to no man's might."

She spake, and from the royal mansion rushed  
Distractedly, and with a beating heart.  
Her maids went with her. When she reached the  
tower

And throng of men, and, standing on the wall, 570  
Looked forth, she saw her husband dragged away  
Before the city. Toward the Grecian fleet  
The swift steeds drew him. Sudden darkness came  
Over her eyes, and in a breathless swoon  
She sank away and fell. The ornaments 575  
Dropped from her brow, — the wreath, the woven  
band,

The net, the veil which golden Venus gave  
That day when crested Hector wedded her,  
Dowered with large gifts, and led her from her home,  
Eëtion's palace. Round her in a throng 580  
Her sisters of the house of Priam pressed,  
And gently raised her in that deathlike swoon.  
But when she breathed again, and to its seat  
The conscious mind returned, as in their arms  
She lay, with sobs and broken speech she said : — 585

“Hector, — O wretched me! — we both were  
born

I to sorrow ; thou at Troy, in Priam's house,  
 And I at Thebè in Eëtion's halls,  
 By woody Placos. From a little child  
 He reared me there, — unhappy he, and I 399  
 Unhappy ! O that I had ne'er been born !  
 Thou goest down to Hades and the depths  
 Of earth, and leavest me in thine abode,  
 Widowed, and never to be comforted.  
 Thy son, a speechless babe, to whom we two 595  
 Gave being, — hapless parents ! — cannot have  
 Thy loving guardianship now thou art dead,  
 Nor be a joy to thee. Though he survive  
 The cruel warfare which the sons of Greece  
 Are waging, hard and evil yet will be 600  
 His lot hereafter ; others will remove  
 His landmarks and will make his fields their own.  
 The day in which a boy is fatherless  
 Makes him companionless ; with downcast eyes  
 He wanders, and his cheeks are stained with tears.  
 Unfed he goes where sit his father's friends, 606  
 And plucks one by the cloak, and by the robe  
 Another. One who pities him shall give  
 A scanty draught, which only wets his lips,  
 But not his palate ; while another boy, 610  
 Whose parents both are living, thrusts him thence  
 With blows and vulgar clamor : ‘ Get thee gone !  
 Thy father is not with us at the feast.’

Then to his widowed mother shall return  
Astyanax in tears, who not long since 618  
Was fed, while sitting in his father's lap,  
On marrow and the delicate fat of lambs.  
And ever when his childish sports had tired  
The boy, and sleep came stealing over him,  
He slumbered, softly cushioned, on a couch 620  
And in his nurse's arms, his heart at ease  
And satiate with delights. But now thy son  
Astyanax, — whom so the Trojans name  
Because thy valor guarded gate and tower, —  
Thy care withdrawn, shall suffer many things. 625  
While far from those who gave thee birth, beside  
The roomy ships of Greece, the restless worms  
Shall make thy flesh their banquet when the dogs  
Have gorged themselves. Thy garments yet remain  
Within the palace, delicately wrought 630  
And graceful, woven by the women's hands ;  
And these, since thou shalt put them on no more,  
Nor wear them in thy death, I burn with fire  
Before the Trojan men and dames ; and all  
Shall see how gloriously thou wert arrayed." 635  
Weeping she spake, and with her wept her maids.

## BOOK XXIII.

SO mourned they in the city ; but the Greeks,  
When they had reached the fleet and Helles-  
pont,

Dispersed, repairing each one to his ship,  
Save that Achilles suffered not his band  
Of Myrmidons to part in disarray.

And thus the chief enjoined his warrior friends :—

“Myrmidons, gallant knights, my cherished  
friends !

Let us not yet unyoke our firm-paced steeds,  
But bring them with the chariots, and bewail  
Patroclus with the honors due the dead,  
And, when we have indulged in grief, release  
Our steeds and take our evening banquet here.”

He spake, and led by him the host broke forth  
In lamentation. Thrice around the dead,  
Weeping, they drave their steeds with stately manes,  
While Thetis in their hearts awoke the sense  
Of hopeless loss ; their tears bedewed the sands,  
And dropped upon their arms, so brave was he  
For whom they sorrowed. Peleus' son began  
The mourning ; on the breast of his dead friend  
He placed his homicidal hands, and said :—

“Hail thou, Patroclus, even amid the shades !  
For now shall I perform what once I vowed :



That, dragging Hector hither, I will give  
 His corse to dogs, and they shall rend his flesh ; 25  
 And at thy funeral pile there shall be slain  
 Twelve noble Trojan youths, to avenge thy death."

So spake he, meditating outrages  
 To noble Hector's corse, which he had flung  
 Beside the bier of Menœtiades, 30  
 Amid the dust. The Myrmidons unbraced  
 Their shining brazen armor, and unyoked  
 Their neighing steeds, and sat in thick array  
 Beside the ship of swift Æacides,  
 While he set forth a sumptuous funeral feast. 35  
 Many a white ox, that day, beneath the axe  
 Fell to the earth, and many bleating goats  
 And sheep were slain, and many fattened swine,  
 White-toothed, were stretched to roast before the  
 flame

Of Vulcan, and around the corse the earth 40  
 Floated with blood. Meantime the Grecian chiefs  
 To noble Agamemnon's royal tent  
 Led the swift son of Peleus, though he went  
 Unwillingly, such anger for the death  
 Of his companion burned within his heart. 45  
 As soon as they had reached his tent, the king  
 Bade the clear-throated heralds o'er the fire  
 Place a huge tripod, that Pelides there  
 Might wash away the bloody stains he bore.  
 Yet would he not, and with an oath replied : — 50

"No! by the greatest and the best of gods,

By Jupiter, I may not plunge my head  
Into the bath before I lay my friend  
Patroclus on the fire, and heap his mound,  
And till my hair is shorn ; for never more 55  
In life will be so great a sorrow mine.  
But now attend we to this mournful feast.  
And with the morn, O king of men, command  
That wood be brought, and all things duly done  
Which may beseem a warrior who goes down 60  
Into the lower darkness. Let the flames  
Seize fiercely and consume him from our sight,  
And leave the people to the tasks of war."

He spake ; they hearkened and obeyed, and all  
Prepared with diligent hands the meal, and each 65  
Sat down and took his portion of the feast.  
And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,  
Most to their tents betook them and to rest.  
But Peleus' son, lamenting bitterly,  
Lay down among his Myrmidons, beside 70  
The murmuring ocean, in the open space,  
Where plashed the billows on the beach. And  
there,  
When slumber, bringing respite from his cares,  
Came softly and enfolded him, — for much  
His shapely limbs were wearied with the chase 75  
Of Hector round the windy Ilium's walls, —  
The soul of his poor friend Patroclus came,  
Like him in all things, — stature, beautiful eyes,  
And voice, and garments which he wore in life.

Beside his head the vision stood and spake :— 80

“ Achilles, sleepest thou, forgetting me?  
Never of me unmindful in my life,  
Thou dost neglect me dead. O, bury me  
Quickly, and give me entrance through the gates  
Of Hades ; for the souls, the forms of those 85  
Who live no more, repulse me, suffering not  
That I should join their company beyond  
The river, and I now must wander round  
The spacious portals of the House of Death.  
Give me thy hand, I pray ; for never more 90  
Shall I return to earth when once the fire  
Shall have consumed me. Never shall we take  
Counsel together, living, as we sit  
Apart from our companions ; the hard fate  
Appointed me at birth hath drawn me down. 95  
Thou too, O godlike man, wilt fall beneath  
The ramparts of the noble sons of Troy.  
Yet this I ask, and if thou wilt obey,  
This I command thee, — not to let my bones  
Be laid apart from thine. As we were reared 100  
Under thy roof together, from the time  
When first Menœtius brought thee, yet a boy,  
From Opus, where I caused a sorrowful death ; —  
For by my hand, when wrangling at the dice,  
Another boy, son of Amphidamas, 105  
Was slain without design, — and Peleus made  
His halls my home, and reared me tenderly,  
And made me thy companion ; — so at last

May one receptacle, the golden vase  
Given by thy gracious mother, hold our bones." 110

The swift Achilles answered : " O most loved  
And honored, wherefore art thou come, and why  
Dost thou command me thus? I shall fulfil  
Obediently thy wish ; yet draw thou near,  
And let us give at least a brief embrace, 115  
And so indulge our grief." He said, and stretched  
His longing arms to clasp the shade. In vain ;  
Away like smoke it went, with gibbering cry,  
Down to the earth. Achilles sprang upright,  
Astonished, clapped his hands, and sadly said : — 120

" Surely there dwell within the realm below  
Both soul and form, though bodiless. All night  
Hath stood the spirit of my hapless friend  
Patroclus near me, sad and sorrowful,  
And asking many duties at my hands, 125  
A marvellous semblance of the living man."

He spake, and moved the hearts of all to grief  
And lamentation. Rosy-fingered Morn  
Dawned on them as around the hapless dead  
They stood and wept. Then Agamemnon sent 130  
In haste from all the tents the mules and men  
To gather wood, and summoned to the task  
Meriones, himself a gallant chief,  
Attendant on the brave Idomeneus.  
These went with woodmen's axes and with ropes 135  
Well twisted, and before them went the mules.  
O'er steep, o'er glen, by straight, by winding ways,

They journeyed till they reached the woodland wilds  
Of Ida fresh with springs, and quickly felled  
With the keen steel the towering oaks that came 140  
Crashing to earth. Then, splitting the great trunks,  
They bound them on the mules, that beat the earth  
With hasty footsteps through the tangled wood,  
Impatient for the plain. Each woodcutter  
Shouldered a tree. for so Meriones, 145  
Companion of the brave Idomeneus,  
Commanded, and at last they laid them down  
In order on the shore, where Peleus' son  
Planned that a mighty sepulchre should rise  
Both for his friend Patroclus and himself. 150

So brought they to the spot vast heaps of wood,  
And sat them down, a numerous crowd. But then  
Achilles bade his valiant Myrmidons  
Put on their brazen mail and yoke their steeds.  
At once they rose, and put their harness on, 155  
And they who fought from chariots climbed their  
seats

With those who reined the steeds. These led the  
van,

And after them a cloud of men on foot  
By thousands followed. In the midst was borne  
Patroclus by his comrades. Cutting off 160  
Their hair, they strewed it, covering the dead.  
Behind the corpse, Achilles in his hands  
Sustained the head, and wept, for on that day  
He gave to Hades his most cherished friend.

Now when they reached the spot which Peleus'  
son 165

Had chosen, they laid down the dead, and piled  
The wood around him, while the swift of foot,  
The great Achilles, bent on other thoughts,  
Standing apart, cut off his amber hair.

Which for the river Sperchius he had long 170  
Nourished to ample growth, and, sighing, turned  
His eyes upon the dark-blue sea, and said :—

“Sperchius, in vain my father made a vow  
That I, returning to my native shore,  
Should bring my hair, an offering to thee, 175  
And slay a consecrated hecatomb,  
And burn a sacrifice of fifty rams,  
Beside the springs where in a sacred field  
Thy fragrant altar stands. Such was the vow  
Made by the aged man, yet hast thou not 180  
Fulfilled his wish. And now, since I no more  
Shall see my native land, the land I love,  
Let the slain hero bear these locks away.”

He spake, and in his dear companion's hands  
He placed the hair, and all around were moved 185  
To deeper grief ; the setting sun had left  
The host lamenting, had not Peleus' son  
Addressed Atrides, standing at his side :—

“Atrides, thou whose word the Greeks obey 190  
Most readily, all mourning has an end.  
Dismiss the people from the pyre to take  
Their evening meal, while we with whom it rests

To pay these mournful duties to the dead  
Will close the rites ; but let the chiefs remain."

This when the monarch Agamemnon heard, 195  
Instantly he dismissed to their good ships  
The people. They who had the dead in charge  
Remained, and heaped the wood, and built a pyre  
A hundred feet each way from side to side. 199  
With sorrowful hearts they raised and laid the corse  
Upon the summit. Then they flayed and dressed  
Before it many fatlings of the flock,  
And oxen with curved feet and crooked horns.  
From these magnanimous Achilles took  
The fat, and covered with it carefully 205  
The dead from head to foot. Beside the bier,  
And leaning toward it, jars of honey and oil  
He placed, and flung, with many a deep-drawn sigh,  
Twelve high-necked steeds upon the pile. Nine  
hounds

There were, which from the table of the prince 210  
Were daily fed ; of these Achilles struck  
The heads from two, and laid them on the wood,  
And after these, and last, twelve gallant sons  
Of the brave Trojans, butchered by the sword ;  
For he was bent on evil. To the pile 215  
He put the iron violence of fire,  
And, wailing, called by name the friend he loved :—

" Rejice, Patroclus, even in the land  
Of souls. Lo ! I perform the vow I made ;  
Twelve gallant sons of the brave men of Troy 22

The fire consumes with thee. For Hector's corse,  
The flames shall not devour it, but the dogs."

Such was his threat ; but Hector was not made  
The prey of dogs, for Venus, born to Jove,  
Drave off by night and day the ravenous tribe, 225  
And with a rosy and ambrosial oil  
Anointed him, that he might not be torn  
When dragged along the earth. Above the spot  
And all around it, where the body lay,  
Phœbus Apollo drew a veil of clouds 230  
Reaching from heaven, that on his limbs the flesh  
And sinews might not stiffen in the sun.

The flame seized not upon the funeral pile  
Of the dead chief. Pelides, swift of foot,  
Bethought him of another rite. He stood 235  
Apart, and offered vows to the two winds,  
Boreas and Zephyr. Promising to bring  
Fair offerings to their shrines, and pouring out  
Libations from a golden cup, he prayed  
That they would haste and wrap the pile in flames,  
And burn the dead to ashes. At his prayer 240  
Fleet Iris on a message to the Winds  
Took instant wing. They sat within the halls  
Of murmuring Zephyr, at a solemn feast.  
There Iris lighted on the threshold-stone. 245  
As soon as they beheld her, each arose  
And bade her sit beside him. She refused  
To seat her at the banquet, and replied :—

“Not now ; for I again must take my way



Over the ocean currents to the land  
Where dwell the Æthiopians, who adore  
The gods with hecatombs, to take my share  
Of sacrifice. Achilles supplicates,  
With promise of munificent offerings,  
Boreas and sounding Zephyrus to come 255  
And blow the funeral structure into flames  
On which, bewailed by all the Grecian host,  
Patroclus lies, and waits to be consumed."

So spake she, and departed. Suddenly  
Arose the Winds with tumult, driving on 260  
The clouds before them. Soon they reached the  
deep ;

Beneath the violence of their sounding breath  
The billows heaved. They swept the fertile fields  
Of Troas, and descended on the pyre,  
And mightily it blazed with fearful roar. 265  
All night they howled and tossed the flames. All  
night

Stood swift Achilles, holding in his hand  
A double beaker ; from a golden jar  
He dipped the wine, and poured it forth, and steeped  
The earth around, and called upon the soul 270  
Of his unhappy friend. As one laments  
A newly married son upon whose corse  
The flames are feeding, and whose death has made  
His parents wretched, so did Peleus' son,  
Burning the body of his comrade, mourn, 275  
As round the pyre he moved with frequent sighs.

Now when the star that ushers in the day  
Appeared, and after it the morning, clad  
In saffron robes, had overspread the sea,  
The pyre sank wasted, and the flames arose 280  
No longer, and the Winds, departing, flew  
Homeward across the Thracian sea, which tossed  
And roared with swollen billows as they went.  
And now Pelides from the pyre apart  
Weary lay down, and gentle slumber soon 285  
Came stealing over him. Meantime the Greeks  
Gathered round Agamemnon, and the stir  
And bustle of their coming woke the chief,  
Who sat upright and thus addressed his friends :—  
“Atrides, and all ye who lead the hosts 290  
Of Greece ! our task is, first to quench the pyre  
With dark red wine where'er the flames have spread,  
And next to gather, with discerning care,  
The bones of Menœtiades. And these  
May well be known ; for in the middle space 295  
He lay, and round about him, and apart  
Upon the border, were the rest consumed, —  
The bodies of the captives and the steeds.  
Be his enclosed within a golden vase,  
And wrapped around with caul, a double fold, 300  
Till I too pass into the realm of Death.  
And be a tomb not over-spacious reared,  
But of becoming size, which afterward  
Ye whom we leave behind in our good ships,  
When we are gone, will build more broad and high.”

So spake the swift Pelides, and the chiefs 304  
Complied ; and first they quenched with dark red  
wine

The pyre, where'er the flames had spread, and where  
Lay the deep ashes ; then, with many tears,  
Gathered the white bones of their gentle friend, 310  
And laid them in a golden vase, wrapped round  
With caul, a double fold. Within the tents  
They placed them softly, wrapped in delicate lawn,  
Then drew a circle for the sepulchre,

And, laying its foundations to enclose 315  
The pyre, they heaped the earth, and, having reared  
A mound, withdrew. Achilles yet detained

The multitude, and made them all sit down,  
A vast assembly. From the ships he brought  
The prizes, — caldrons, tripods, steeds, and mules,  
Oxen in sturdy pairs, and graceful maids, 321

And shining steel. Then for the swiftest steeds  
A princely prize he offered first, — a maid  
Of peerless form, and skilled in household arts,  
And a two-handled tripod of a size 326

For two-and-twenty measures. He gave out  
The second prize, — a mare unbroken yet.

For the third winner in the race he staked  
A caldron that had never felt the fire, 330

Holding four measures, beautiful, and yet  
Untarnished. For the fourth, he offered gold,  
Two talents. For the fifth, and last, remained

A double vessel never touched by fire.  
 He rose and stood, and thus addressed the  
 Greeks : — 335

“ Atrides, and ye other well-armed Greeks,  
 These prizes lie within the chariot-course,  
 And wait the charioteers. Were but these games  
 In honor of another, then would I  
 Contend, and win and carry to my tent 340  
 The first among these prizes. For my steeds,  
 Ye know, surpass the rest in speed, since they  
 Are of immortal birth, by Neptune given  
 To Peleus, and by him in turn bestowed  
 On me his son. But I and they will keep 345  
 Aloof; they miss their skilful charioteer,  
 Who washed in limpid water from the fount  
 Their manes, and moistened them with softening oil.  
 And now they mourn their friend, and sadly stand  
 With drooping heads and manes that touch the  
 ground. 350

Let such of you as trust in their swift steeds  
 And their strong cars prepare to join the games.”

Pelides spake : the abler charioteers  
 Arose, and, first of all, the king of men,  
 Eumelus, eminent in horsemanship, 355  
 The dear son of Admetus. Then arose  
 The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,  
 And led beneath the yoke the Trojan steeds  
 Won from Æneas when Apollo saved  
 That chief from death. The son of Atreus next, 360

The noble Menelaus, yellow-haired,  
 Brought two swift coursers underneath the yoke  
 King Agamemnon's Æthè, and with her  
 His own Podargus. Echepolus once,  
 Anchises' son, sent Æthè as a gift 364  
 To Agamemnon, that he might be free  
 From following with the army to the heights  
 Of Ilium, and enjoy the ease he loved ;  
 For Jove had given him wealth, and he abode  
 On Sicyon's plains. Now, eager for the race, 370  
 She took the yoke. Antilochus, the fourth,  
 The gallant son of the magnanimous king,  
 Neleian Nestor, harnessed next his steeds  
 With stately manes. Swift coursers that were foaled  
 At Pylus drew his chariot. To his side 375  
 His father came and stood, and spake and gave  
 Wise counsels, though the youth himself was wise :—

“ Antilochus, I cannot doubt that Jove  
 And Neptune both have loved thee, teaching thee,  
 Young as thou art, all feats of horsemanship. 380  
 Small is the need to instruct thee. Thou dost know  
 Well how to turn the goal, and yet thy steeds  
 Are slow, and ill for thee may be the event.  
 Their steeds are swift, yet have they never learned  
 To govern them with greater skill **than** thou. 385  
 Now then, dear son, bethink thee heedfully  
 Of all precautions, lest thou miss the prize.  
 By skill the woodman, rather than by strength,  
 Brings down the oak ; by skill the pilot guides

His wind-tossed galley over the dark sea ; 390  
 And thus by skill the charioteer o'ercomes  
 His rival. He who trusts too much his steeds  
 And chariot lets them veer from side to side  
 Along the course, nor keeps a steady rein  
 Straight on, while one expert in horsemanship, 395  
 Though drawn by slower horses, carefully  
 Observes the goal, and closely passes it,  
 Nor fails to know how soon to turn his course,  
 Drawing the leathern reins, and steadily  
 Keeps on, and watches him who goes before. 400  
 Now must I show the goal which, easily  
 Discerned, will not escape thine eye. It stands  
 An ell above the ground, a sapless post,  
 Of oak or larch, — a wood of slow decay  
 By rain, and at its foot on either side 405  
 Lies a white stone ; there narrow is the way,  
 But level is the race-course all around.  
 The monument it is of one long dead,  
 Or haply it has been in former days  
 A goal, as the swift-footed Peleus' son 410  
 Has now appointed it. Approach it near,  
 Driving thy chariot close upon its foot,  
 Then in thy seat lean gently to the left  
 And cheer the right-hand horse, and ply the lash,  
 And give him a loose rein, yet firmly keep 415  
 The left-hand courser close beside the goal, —  
 So close that the wheel's nave may seem to touch  
 The summit of the post ; yet strike thou not

The stone beside it, lest thou lame thy steeds  
And break the chariot, to thy own disgrace 424  
And laughter of the others. My dear son,  
Be on thy guard ; for if thou pass the goal  
Before the rest, no man in the pursuit  
Can overtake or pass thee, though he drave  
The noble courser of Adrastus, named 425  
Arion the swift-footed, which a god  
Bade spring to life, or those of matchless speed  
Reared here in Ilium by Laomedon."

Neleian Nestor spake, and, having thus  
Given all the needful cautions, took his seat 430  
In his own place. Meriones, the fifth,  
Harnessed his steeds with stately manes, and all  
Mounted their chariots. Lots were cast ; the son  
Of Peleus shook the helmet, and the lot  
Of Nestor's son, Antilochus, leaped forth ; 435  
And next the lot of King Eumelus came ;  
And Menelaus, mighty with the spear,  
Had the third lot ; Meriones was next ;  
And to the bravest of them all, the son  
Of Tydeus, fell the final lot and place. 440  
They stood in order, while Achilles showed  
The goal far off upon the level plain,  
And near it, as the umpire of the race,  
He placed the godlike Phœnix, who had been  
His father's armor-bearer, to observe 445  
With judging eye, and bring a true report.  
All raised at once the lash above their steeds,

And smote them with the reins, and cheered them on  
With vehement cries. Across the plain they swept,  
Far from the fleet ; beneath them rose the dust, 450  
A cloud, a tempest, and their tossing manes  
Were lifted by the wind. And now the cars  
Touched earth, and now were flung into the air.  
Erect the drivers stood, with beating hearts,  
Eager for victory, each encouraging 455  
His steeds, that flew beneath the shroud of dust.

But when they turned their course, and swiftly ran  
Back to the hoary deep to close the course,  
Well did the skill of every chief appear.  
They put their horses to the utmost speed, 460  
And then did the quick-footed steeds that drew  
Eumelus bear him on beyond the rest.  
But with his Trojan coursers Diomed  
Came next, so near it seemed that they would mount  
The car before them, and upon the back 465  
And ample shoulders of Eumelus smote  
Their steaming breath ; for as they ran their heads  
Leaned over him. And then would Diomed  
Have passed him by, or would at least have made  
The victory doubtful, had not Phœbus struck, 470  
In his displeasure, from the hero's hand  
The shining scourge. It fell, and to his eyes  
Started indignant tears ; for now he saw  
The others gaining on him, while the speed  
Of his own steeds, which feared the lash no more, 475  
Was slackened. Yet Apollo's stratagem



Was not unseen by Pallas, who o'ertook  
 The shepherd of the people, and restored  
 The scourge he dropped, and put into his steeds  
 New spirit. In her anger she approached 484  
 Eumelus, snapped his yoke, and caused his mares  
 To start asunder from the track ; the pole  
 Was dashed into the ground, and from the seat  
 The chief was flung beside the wheel, his mouth,  
 Elbows, and nostrils torn, his forehead bruised. 485  
 Grief filled his eyes with tears and choked his voice,  
 While Diomed drave by his firm-paced steeds,  
 Outstripping all the rest ; for Pallas nerved  
 Their limbs with vigor, and bestowed on him  
 Abundant glory. After him the son 490  
 Of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus, came,  
 While Nestor's son cheered on his father's steeds : —  
 “ On, on ! press onward with your utmost speed !  
 Not that I bid you strive against the steeds  
 Of warlike Diomed, for Pallas gives 495  
 Swiftmess to them and glory to the man  
 Who holds the reins ; but let us overtake  
 The horses of Atrides, nor submit  
 To be thus distanced, lest the victory  
 Of the mare *Æthè* cover you with shame. 500  
 Fleet as ye are, why linger ? This at least  
 I tell you, and my words will be fulfilled :  
 Look not for kindly care at Nestor's hands,  
 That shepherd of the people, but for death  
 With the sharp steel, if through your fault we take 505

A meaner prize. Then onward and away,  
 With all your strength, for this is my design, --  
 To pass by Menelaus where the way  
 Is narrow, and he cannot thwart my plan."

He spake, and they who feared their master's  
 threat

510

Mended their speed awhile. The warlike son  
 Of Nestor saw just then the narrow pass  
 Within the hollow way, a furrow ploughed  
 By winter floods, which there had torn the course  
 And deepened it. Atrides, to avoid  
 The clash of wheels, drave thither ; thither too  
 Antilochus — who turned his firm-paced steeds  
 A little from the track in which they ran —  
 Followed him close. Atrides saw with fear,  
 And shouted to Antilochus aloud : —

515

520

"Antilochus, thou drivest rashly ; rein  
 Thy horses in. The way is narrow here,  
 But soon will broaden, and thou then canst pass.  
 Beware lest with thy chariot-wheels thou dash  
 Against my own, and harm befall us both."

525

He spake ; but all the more Antilochus  
 Urged on his coursers with the lash, as if  
 He had not heard. As far as flies a quoit  
 Thrown from the shoulder of a vigorous youth  
 Who tries his strength, so far they ran abreast.  
 The horses of Atrides then fell back ;  
 He slacked the reins ; for much he feared the steeds  
 Would dash against each other in the way,

530

And overturn the sumptuous cars, and fling  
The charioteers contending for the prize 535  
Upon the dusty track. With angry words  
The fair-haired Menelaus chided thus :—

“Antilochus, there is no man so prone  
As thou to mischief, and we greatly err,  
We Greeks, who call thee wise. Go now, and yet  
Thou shalt not take the prize without an oath.” 541

Again he spake, encouraging his steeds :  
“Check not your speed, nor sorrowfully stand :  
Their feet and knees will fail with weariness  
Before your own ; they are no longer young.” 545

He spake ; the coursers, honoring his voice,  
Ran with fresh speed, and soon were near to those  
Of Nestor’s son. Meantime the assembled Greeks  
Sat looking where the horses scoured the plain  
And filled the air with dust. Idomeneus, 550  
The lord of Crete, descried the coursers first,  
For on a height he sat above the crowd.

He heard the chief encouraging his steeds,  
And knew him, and he marked before the rest  
A courser, chestnut-colored save a spot 555  
Upon the middle of the forehead, white,  
And round as the full moon. And then he stood  
Upright, and from his place harangued the Greeks :—

“O friends, the chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,  
Am I the sole one that describes the steeds, 560  
Or do ye also? Those who lead the race,  
I think, are not the same, and with them comes

A different charioteer. The mares, which late  
 Were foremost, may have somewhere come to harm.  
 I saw them first to turn the goal, and now 565  
 I can no more discern them, though my sight  
 Sweeps the whole Trojan plain from side to side.  
 Either the charioteer has dropped the reins,  
 And could not duly round the goal, or else  
 Met with disaster at the turn, o'erthrown, 570  
 His chariot broken, and the affrighted mares  
 Darting, unmastered, madly from the way.  
 But rise : look forth yourselves. I cannot well  
 Discern, but think the charioteer is one  
 Who, born of an Ætolian stock, commands 575  
 Among the Argives, — valiant Diomed,  
 A son of Tydeus, tamer of wild steeds.”

And Ajax, swift of foot, Oileus' son,  
 Answered with bitter words : “ Idomeneus,  
 Why this perpetual prating? Far away 580  
 The mares with rapid hoofs are traversing  
 The plain, and thou art not the youngest here  
 Among the Argives, nor hast such sharp eyes  
 Beneath thy brows, yet must thou chatter still.  
 Among thy betters here it ill becomes 585  
 A man like thee to be so free of tongue.  
 The coursers of Eumelus, which at first  
 Outran the rest, are yet before them all,  
 And he is drawing near and holds the reins.”

The Cretan leader angrily rejoined : 59  
 “ Ajax, thou railer, first in brawls, yet known

As in all else below the other Greeks,  
 A man of brutal mood, come, let us stake  
 A tripod or a caldron, and appoint  
 As umpire Agamemnon, to decide 594  
 Which horses are the foremost in the race,  
 That when thou lovest thou mayst be convinced."

He spake : Oilean Ajax, swift of foot,  
 Started in anger from his seat, to cast  
 Reproaches back, and long and fierce had been 600  
 The quarrel if Achilles had not risen,  
 And said : " No longer let this strife go on,  
 Idomeneus and Ajax ! Ill such words  
 Become you ; ye would blame in other men  
 What now ye do. Sit then among the rest, 605  
 And watch the race ; for soon the charioteers  
 Contending for the victory will be here,  
 And each of you — for well ye know the steeds  
 Of the Greek chieftains — for himself will see  
 Whose hold the second place, and whose are first."

He spake : Tydides rapidly drew near, 611  
 Lashing the shoulders of his steeds, and they  
 Seemed in the air as, to complete the course,  
 They flew along, and flung the dust they trod  
 Back on the charioteer. All bright with tin 615  
 And gold, the car rolled after them ; its tires  
 Made but a slender trace in the light dust,  
 So rapidly they ran. And now he stopped  
 Within the circle, while his steeds were steeped  
 In sweat, that fell in drops from neck and breast. 620

Then from his shining seat he leaped, and laid  
His scourge against the yoke. Brave Sthenelus  
Came forward, and at once received the prize  
For Diomed, and bade his comrades lead  
The maid away, and in their arms bear off  
The tripod, while himself unyoked the steeds.

Next the Neleian chief, Antilochus,  
Came with his coursers. More by fraud than speed  
He distanced Menelaus, yet that chief  
Drove his fleet horses near him. Just so far 630  
As runs the wheel behind a steed that draws  
His master swiftly o'er the plain, his tail  
Touching the tire with its long hairs, and small  
The space between them as the spacious plain  
Is traversed, Menelaus just so far 635  
Was distanced by renowned Antilochus.  
For though at first he fell as far behind  
As a quoit's cast, yet was he gaining ground  
Rapidly, now that Agamemnon's mare,  
Æthè the stately-maned, increased her speed, 640  
And Menelaus, had the race for both  
Been longer, would have passed his rival by,  
Nor left the victory doubtful. After him,  
A spear's throw distant, came Meriones,  
The gallant comrade of Idomeneus, 645  
Whose full-maned steeds were slower than the rest,  
And he unskilled in contests such as these.  
And last of all Eumelus came. He drew  
His showy chariot after him, and drove

His steeds before him. Great Achilles saw 65  
 With pity, and from where he stood among  
 The Greeks addressed him thus with wingèd  
 words : —

“The ablest horseman brings his steeds the last,  
 But let us, as is just, confer on him  
 The second prize ; Tydides takes the first.” 65½

He spake, and all approved his words ; and now  
 The mare, to please the Greeks, had been bestowed  
 Upon Eumelus, if Antilochus,  
 Son of magnanimous Nestor, had not risen  
 To plead for justice with Achilles thus : — 66

“Achilles, I shall deem it grave offence  
 If thou fulfil thy word ; for thou wilt take  
 My prize, because thou seest that this man’s car  
 And his fleet steeds have suffered injury,  
 Though he be skilful. Yet he should have prayed  
 To the good gods ; then had he not been seen 66½  
 Bringing his steeds the last. But if thou feel  
 Compassion for him, and if so thou please,  
 Large store of brass and gold is in thy tent,  
 And thine are cattle, and handmaidens thine, 67c  
 And firm-paced steeds ; hereafter give of these  
 A nobler largess, or bestow it now,  
 And hear the Greeks applaud thee. But this prize  
 I yield not ; let the warrior who may claim  
 To take it try with me his strength of arm.” 67½

He ceased : the noble son of Peleus smiled,  
 And, pleased to see Antilochus succeed, —

For he was a beloved friend, — he spake  
 These wingèd words : “ Since, then, Antilochus,  
 Thou wilt that I bestow some recompense 680  
 Upon Eumelus from my store, I give  
 The brazen corselet which my arm in war  
 Took from Asteropæus, edged around  
 With shining tin, — a gift of no mean price.”

He ceased, and sent his friend Automedon 685  
 To bring it from the tent. He went and brought  
 The corselet, and Eumelus joyfully  
 Received it from Achilles. Then arose,  
 Among them Menelaus, ill at ease,  
 And angry with Antilochus. He took 690  
 The sceptre from a herald’s hand, who hushed  
 The crowd to silence, and the hero spake : —

“ Antilochus, who wert till now discreet,  
 What hast thou done? Thou hast disgraced my  
 skill

And wronged my steeds by thrusting in thine own, 695  
 Which were less fleet, before them. Now, ye chiefs  
 And leaders of the Achaians, judge between  
 This man and me, and judge impartially,  
 Lest that some warrior of the Greeks should say  
 That Menelaus, having overcome 700  
 Antilochus by falsehood, led away  
 The mare a prize ; for his were slower steeds,  
 But he the mightier man in feats of arms.  
 Nay, I myself will judge ; and none of all  
 The Greeks will censure me, for what I do 705



Will be but just. Antilochus, step forth,  
 Illustrious as thou art, and in due form,  
 Standing before thy horses and thy car,  
 And taking in thy hand the pliant scourge  
 Which thou just now hast wielded, touch thy steeds,  
 And swear by Neptune, whose embrace surrounds 711  
 The earth, that thou hast wittingly employed  
 No stratagem to break my chariot's speed."

And thus discreet Antilochus replied :  
 "Have patience with me : I am younger far 715  
 Than thou, King Menelaus ; thou art both  
 My elder and my better. Thou dost know  
 The faults to which the young are ever prone ;  
 The will is quick to act, the judgment weak.  
 Bear with me then. The mare which I received 720  
 I cheerfully make over to thy hands.  
 And if thou wilt yet more of what I have,  
 I give it willingly and instantly,  
 Rather, O loved of Jove, than lose a place  
 In thy good-will, and sin against the gods." 725

The son of large-souled Nestor, speaking thus,  
 Led forth the mare, and gave her to the hand  
 Of Menelaus, o'er whose spirit came  
 A gladness. As upon a field of wheat  
 Bristling with ears gathers the freshening dew, 731  
 So was his spirit gladdened in his breast,  
 And he bespoke the youth with wingèd words : —  
 "Antilochus, now shall my anger cease,  
 For hitherto thou hast not shown thyself

Foolish or fickle, though the heat of youth 733  
 Just now hath led thee wrong. In time to come,  
 Beware to practise stealthy arts on men  
 Of higher rank than thou. No other Greek  
 Would easily have made his peace with me.  
 But thou hast suffered much, and much hast done, —  
 Thou, and thy worthy father, and his son, 743  
 Thy brother, — for my sake. I therefore yield  
 To thy petition ; yet I give to thee  
 The mare, though mine she be, that these who stand  
 Around us may perceive that I am not 745  
 Of unforgiving or unyielding mood.”

He spake, and to Noëmon gave the mare, —  
 Noëmon, comrade of Antilochus, —  
 To lead her thence, while for himself he took  
 The shining caldron. Then Meriones, 753  
 Fourth in the race, received the prize of gold, —  
 Two talents. But the fifth prize and the last,  
 The double goblet, still was left unclaimed ;  
 And this Achilles carried through the crowd  
 Of Greeks, and placed in Nestor's hands, and  
 said : — 755

“Receive thou this, O ancient man, to keep  
 In memory of the funeral honors paid  
 Patroclus, whom thou never more shalt see  
 Among the Greeks. I give this prize, which thou  
 Hast not contended for, since thou wilt wield 761  
 No more the cestus, nor wilt wrestle more,  
 Nor hurl the javelin at the mark, nor join

The foot-race ; age lies heavy on thy limbs."

He spake, and gave the prize, which Nestor took,  
Well pleased, and thus with wingèd words re-  
plied :—

764

"Son, thou hast spoken rightly, for these limbs  
Are strong no longer ; neither feet nor hands  
Move on each side with vigor as of yore.  
Would I were but as young, with strength as great,  
As when the Epeians in Buprasium laid

771

King Amarynceus in the sepulchre,  
And funeral games were offered by his sons !  
Then of the Epeians there was none like me,  
Nor of the Pylian youths, nor yet among  
The brave Ætolians. In the boxing-match  
I took the prize from Clytomedes, son  
Of Enops, and in wrestling overcame  
Ancæus the Pleuronian, who rose up  
Against me. In the foot-race I outstripped,  
Fleet as he was, Iphiclus, and beyond  
Phyleus and Polydore I threw the spear.

775

784

Only the sons of Actor won the race  
Against me with their chariot, and they won  
Through force of numbers. Much they envied me,  
And feared lest I should bear away the prize ;  
For largest in that contest of the steeds  
Was the reward, and they were two, — one held,  
Steadily held, the reins, the other swung  
The lash. Such was I once. Now feats like these  
Belong to other, younger men, and I,

785

794

Though eminent among the heroes once,  
 Must do as sad old age admonishes.  
 Go thou, and honor thy friend's funeral  
 With games. Thy gift I willingly accept,  
 Rejoicing that thy thoughts revert to one 792  
 Who loves thee, and that thou forgettest not  
 To pay the honor due to me among  
 The Greeks. The gods will give thee thy reward."

He ceased. The son of Peleus, having heard  
 This praise from Nestor, left him, and passed  
 through 800

The mighty concourse of the Greeks. He laid  
 Before them prizes for the difficult strife  
 Between the boxers. To the middle space  
 He led a mule, and bound him, six years old  
 And strong for toil, unbroken and most hard 805  
 To break, while to the vanquished he assigned  
 A goblet. Rising, he addressed the host:—

"Ye sons of Atreus and ye well-armed Greeks,  
 We call for two of the most skilled to strive  
 For these, by striking with the lifted fist; 810  
 And he to whom Apollo shall decree  
 The victory, acknowledged by you all,  
 Shall have this sturdy mule to lead away.  
 The vanquished takes this goblet as his meed."

He spake. A warrior strong and huge of limb,  
 Skilled in the cestus, named Epeius, son 811  
 Of Panopeus, rose at the word, and laid  
 His hand upon the sturdy mule, and said:—

"Let him appear whose lot will be to take  
 The goblet. No man of the Grecian host 820  
 Will get the mule by overcoming me  
 In combat with the cestus, — so I deem.  
 In that I claim to be the best man here.  
 And should it not suffice that in the war  
 Others surpass me? All cannot excel 825  
 In everything alike. I promise this,  
 And shall fulfil my word, — that I will crush  
 His body, and will break his bones. His friends  
 Should all remain upon the ground to bear  
 Their comrade off when beaten by my hand." 830

He spake, and all were silent. Only rose  
 Euryalus, whose father was the king  
 Mecisteus of Talaion's line, the same  
 Who went to Thebes and overcame, of old,  
 In all the funeral games of Œdipus, 835  
 The sons of Cadmus. To Euryalus  
 Came Diomed, the spearman, bidding him  
 Expect the victory which he greatly wished  
 His friend might gain. Around his waist he drew  
 A girdle, adding straps that from the hide 840  
 Of a wild bull were cut with dextrous care.  
 And, fully now arrayed, the twain stepped forth  
 Into the middle space, and both began  
 The combat. Lifting their strong arms, they  
     brought  
 Their heavy hands together. Fearfully 845  
 Was heard the crash of jaws ; from every limb

The sweat was streaming. As Euryalus  
Looked round, his noble adversary sprang  
And smote him on the cheek, — too rude a blow  
To be withstood ; his shapely limbs gave way 850  
Beneath him. As upon the weedy shore,  
When the fresh north wind stirs the water's face,  
A fish leaps forth to light, and then again  
The dark wave covers it, so sprang and fell  
The chief. Magnanimous Epeius gave 855  
His hands and raised him up ; his friends came  
round

And led him thence with dragging feet, and head  
That drooped from side to side, while from his  
mouth

Came clotted blood. They placed him in the midst,  
Unconscious still, and sent and took the cup. 860

Then, third in order, for the wrestling-match  
The son of Peleus brought and showed the Greeks  
Yet other prizes. To the conqueror  
A tripod for the hearth, of ample size,  
He offered ; twice six oxen, as the Greeks 865  
Esteemed it, were its price. And next he placed  
In view a damsel for the vanquished, trained  
In household arts ; four beeves were deemed her  
price.

Then rose Achilles, and addressed the Greeks :  
“ Ye who would try your fortune in this strife, 870  
Arise.” He spake, and mighty Ajax rose,  
The son of Telamon, and after him

The wise Ulysses, trained to stratagems.  
They, girding up their loins, came forth and stood  
In the mid space, and there with vigorous arms 875  
They clasped each other, locked like rafters framed  
By some wise builder for the lofty roof  
Of a great mansion proof against the winds.  
Then their backs creaked beneath the powerful  
strain

Of their strong hands ; the sweat ran down their  
limbs ; 880

Large wheelks upon their sides and shoulders rose,  
Crimson with blood. Still eagerly they strove  
For victory and the tripod. Yet in vain  
Ulysses labored to supplant his foe,  
And throw him to the ground, and equally 885  
Did Ajax strive in vain, for with sheer strength  
Ulysses foiled his efforts. When they saw  
That the Greeks wearied of the spectacle,  
The mighty Telamonian Ajax said : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born and trained 890  
To wise expedients, lift me up, or I  
Will lift up thee ; and leave the rest to Jove.”

He spake, and raised Ulysses from the ground,  
Who dealt, with ready stratagem, a blow  
Upon the ham of Ajax, and the limb 895  
Gave way ; the hero fell upon his back,  
And on his breast Ulysses, while the host  
Stood wondering and amazed. Ulysses strove,  
In turn, to lift his rival, but prevailed

Only to move him from his place ; he caught 900  
 The knee of Ajax in his own, and both  
 Came to the ground together, soiled with dust.  
 They rose to wrestle still, but from his seat  
 Achilles started, and forbade them thus : —

“ Contend no longer, nor exhaust your strength 905  
 With struggling ; there is victory for both,  
 And equal prizes. Now depart, and leave  
 The field of contest to the other Greeks.”

He spake : they listened and obeyed, and wiped  
 The dust away, and put their garments on. 910  
 And then the son of Peleus placed in sight  
 Prizes of swiftness, — a wrought silver cup  
 That held six measures, and in beauty far  
 Excelled all others known ; the cunning hands  
 Of the Sidonian artisans had given 915  
 Its graceful shape, and over the dark sea  
 Men of Phœnicia brought it, with their wares,  
 To the Greek harbors ; they bestowed it there  
 On Thoas. Afterward Euneüs, son  
 Of Jason, gave it to the hero-chief, 920  
 Patroclus, to redeem a captive friend,  
 Lycaon, Priam's son. Achilles now  
 Brought it before the assembly as a prize,  
 For which, in honor of the friend he loved,  
 The swiftest runners of the host should strive. 925  
 Next, for the second in the race, he showed  
 A noble fatling ox ; and for the last,  
 Gold, half a talent. Then he stood and said



To the Achaians : "Those who would contend  
For these rewards, rise up." And then arose 938  
Oilean Ajax, fleet of foot ; and next  
Ulysses the sagacious ; last upstood  
Antilochus, the son of Nestor, known  
As swiftest of the youths. In due array  
They stood ; Achilles showed the goal. At once 939  
Forward they sprang. Oilean Ajax soon  
Gained on the rest, but close behind him ran  
The great Ulysses. As a shapely maid  
Flinging the shuttle draws with careful hand  
The thread that fills the warp, and so brings near 940  
The shuttle to her bosom, just so near  
To Ajax ran Ulysses, in the prints  
Made by his rival's feet, before the dust  
Fell back upon them. As he ran, his breath  
Smote on the head of Ajax. All the Greeks 941  
Shouted applause to him, encouraging  
His ardor for the victory ; but when now  
They neared the goal, Ulysses silently  
Prayed thus to Pallas : "Goddess, hear my prayer,  
And help these feet to win." The goddess heard,  
And lightened all his limbs, his feet, his hands ; 951  
And just as they were rushing on the prize,  
Ajax, in running, slipped and fell — the work  
Of Pallas — where in heaps the refuse lay  
From entrails of the bellowing oxen slain 955  
In honor of Patroclus by the hand  
Of swift Achilles. Mouth and nostrils both

Were choked with filth. The much-enduring man  
 Ulysses, coming first, received the cup,  
 While Ajax took the ox, and as he stood 968  
 Holding the animal's horn and spitting forth  
 The dirt, he said to those around : " 'T is plain  
 The goddess caused my feet to slide ; she aids  
 Ulysses like a mother." So he said,  
 And the Greeks laughed. And then Antilochus 965  
 Received the third reward, and with a smile  
 Said to the Greeks : " I tell you all, my friends,  
 What you must know already, that the gods  
 Honor the aged ever. Ajax stands  
 Somewhat in years above me, but this chief 970  
 Who takes the prize is of a former age  
 And earlier race of men ; they call him old,  
 But hard it were for any Greek to vie  
 With him in swiftness, save Achilles here."

Such praise he gave Pelides, fleet of foot, 975  
 Who answered : " Thy good word, Antilochus,  
 Shall not be vainly spoken. I will add  
 Yet half a talent to thy gold." He said,  
 And gave the gold ; Antilochus, well pleased,  
 Received it. Then Pelides brought a spear 980  
 Of ponderous length into the middle space,  
 And laid it down, and placed a buckler near  
 And helmet, which had been Sarpedon's arms,  
 And which Patroclus won of him in war.

Then stood Achilles and addressed the Greeks :—

" I call on two, the bravest of the host, 986

To arm themselves and take their spears in hand,  
And in a contest for these weapons put  
Each other to the proof. Whoever first  
Shall wound his adversary, piercing through 998  
The armor to the delicate skin beneath,  
And draw the crimson blood, to him I give  
This beautiful sword of Thrace, with silver studs,  
Won from Asteropæus. And let both  
Bear off these arms, a common gift, and both 995  
Shall sit and banquet nobly in my tent."

He spake, and Telamonian Ajax rose,  
The large of limb; Tydides Diomed,  
The strong, rose also. When they had put on  
Their arms apart from all the host, they came, 1000  
All eager for the combat, to the lists,  
And fearful was their aspect. All the Greeks  
Looked on with dread and wonder, and when now  
Stood face to face the warriors, thrice they rushed  
Against each other; thrice they dealt their blows. 1005  
Then Ajax thrust through Diomed's round shield  
His weapon, but it wounded not; the mail  
Beyond it stopped the stroke. Tydides aimed  
Over his adversary's mighty shield  
A blow to reach his neck. The Greeks, alarmed 1010  
For Ajax, shouted that the strife should cease,  
And both divide the prize. Achilles heard,  
But gave to Diomed the ponderous sword,  
Its sheath, and the fair belt from which it hung.

Again Pelides placed before the host 1015

A mass of iron, shapeless from the forge,  
 Which once the strong Eëtion used to hurl ;  
 But swift Achilles, when he took his life,  
 Brought it with other booty in his ships  
 To Troas. Rising, he addressed the Greeks : — 1026

“ Stand forth, whoever will contend for this,  
 And if broad fields and rich be his, this mass  
 Will last him many years. The man who tends  
 His flocks, or guides his plough, need not be sent  
 To town for iron ; he will have it here.” 1025

He spake, and warlike Polypœtes rose.  
 Uprose the strong Leonteus, who in form  
 Was like a god. The son of Telamon  
 Rose also, and Epeius nobly born ;  
 Each took his place. Epeius seized the mass, 1030  
 And sent it whirling. All the Achaians laughed.  
 The loved of Mars, Leonteus, flung it next,  
 And after him the son of Telamon,  
 The large-limbed Ajax, from his vigorous arm  
 Sent it beyond the mark of both. But when 1035  
 The sturdy warrior Polypœtes took  
 The mass in hand, as far as o’er his beeves  
 A herdsman sends his whirling staff, so far  
 This cast outdid the rest. A shout arose ;  
 The friends of sturdy Polypœtes took 1040  
 The prize, and bore it to the hollow ships.

Achilles for the archers brought forth steel,  
 Tempered for arrow-heads, — ten axes, each  
 With double edge, and single axes ten, —

And from a galley's azure prow took off 1045  
A mast, and reared it on the sands afar,  
And, tying to its summit by the foot  
A timorous dove, he bade them aim at her :  
"Whoever strikes the bird shall bear away  
The double axes to his tent ; while he 1050  
Who hits the cord, but not the bird, shall take  
The single axes, as the humbler prize."

He ceased, and then arose the stalwart king,  
Teucer ; then also rose Meriones,  
The valiant comrade of Idomeneus. 1055  
The lots were shaken in a brazen helm,  
And Teucer's lot was first. He straightway sent  
A shaft with all his strength, but made no vow  
Of a choice hecatomb of firstling lambs  
To Phœbus, monarch-god. He missed the bird, 1060  
Such was the will of Phœbus, but he struck,  
Close to her foot, the cord that made her fast.  
The keen shaft severed it ; the dove flew up  
Into the heavens ; the fillet dropped to earth  
Amid the loud applauses of the Greeks. 1065  
And then Meriones made haste to take  
The bow from Teucer's hand. Long time he held  
The arrow aimed, the while he made a vow  
To Phœbus, the great archer, promising  
A chosen hecatomb of firstling lambs ; 1070  
Then, looking toward the dove, as high in air  
She wheeled beneath the clouds, he pierced her  
breast

Beneath the wing ; the shaft went through and fell,  
 Fixed in the ground, beside Meriones,  
 While the bird settled on the galley's mast 1075  
 With drooping head and open wings. The breath  
 Forsook her soon, and down from that high perch  
 She fell to earth. The people all looked on,  
 Admiring and amazed. Meriones  
 Took up the double axes as his prize, 1087  
 While Teucer bore the others to the fleet.

And then Pelides brought into the midst  
 A ponderous spear, and laid a caldron down  
 Which never felt the fire, inwrought with flowers,  
 Its price an ox. And then the spearmen rose. 1089  
 Atrides Agamemnon, mighty king,  
 First rose, and after him Meriones,  
 The brave companion of Idomeneus ;  
 And thus to both the swift Achilles said : —

“ O son of Atreus, for we know how far 1090  
 Thou dost excel all others, and dost cast  
 The spear with passing strength and skill, bear thou  
 This prize, as victor, to the roomy ships,  
 And if it please thee, let us, as I wish,  
 Give to our brave Meriones the spear.” 1095

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,  
 Complied, and gave Meriones in hand  
 The brazen spear, while to Talthybius,  
 The herald, he consigned the greater prize

## BOOK XXIV.

THE assembly was dissolved, the people all  
Dispersed to their swift galleys, and prepared  
With food and gentle slumber to refresh  
Their wearied frames. But still Achilles wept,  
Remembering his dear comrade. Sleep, whose  
sway  
Is over all, came not ; he turned and tossed,  
Still yearning for his strong and valiant friend  
Patroclus. All that they had ever done  
Together, all the hardships they had borne,  
The battles fought with heroes, the wild seas 10  
O'erpassed, came thronging on his memory.  
He shed warm tears, as now upon his sides,  
Now on his back, now on his face he lay.  
Then, starting from his couch, he wandered forth  
In sorrow by the margin of the deep. 15  
Nor did the morn that rose o'er sea and shore  
Dawn unperceived by him ; for then he yoked  
His fleet steeds to the chariot, and made fast  
The corse of Hector, that it might be dragged  
After the wheels. Three times around the tomb 20  
Of Menœtiades he dragged the slain,  
Then turned and sought his tent, again to rest,  
And left him there stretched out amid the dust  
With the face downward. Yet Apollo, moved

With pity for the hero, kept him free 25  
 From soil or stain, though dead, and o'er him held  
 The golden ægis, lest, when roughly dragged  
 Along the ground, the body might be torn.

So in his anger did Achilles treat

Unworthily the noble Hector's corse. 30

The blessed gods themselves with pity looked  
 Upon the slain, and bade the vigilant one,  
 The Argus-queller, bear him thence by stealth.  
 This counsel pleased the immortals all, except  
 Juno and Neptune and the blue-eyed maid, 35

And these persisted in their wrath. To them  
 Ilium, the hallowed city, and its king,  
 Priam, and all his people, from the first  
 Were hateful ; 't was for Alexander's fault,  
 Affronting the two goddesses what time 40  
 They sought his cottage, and preferring her  
 Who ministered to his calamitous love.

But now, when the twelfth morning from that day  
 Arose, Apollo spake among the gods :—

“Cruel are ye, O gods, and prone to wrong. 45

For was not Hector wont before your shrines  
 To burn the thighs of chosen bulls and goats?  
 And now that he is dead ye venture not  
 To rescue him, and let his wife and son  
 And mother and King Priam look again 50  
 Upon his face. Soon would they light the pile,  
 And burn the dead, and pay the funeral rite.  
 Ye seek to favor, O ye gods, that pest



Achilles, in whose breast there dwells no love  
 Of justice, nor a temper to be moved 55  
 By prayers, but who delights in savage deeds.  
 And as a lion, conscious of vast strength  
 And scornful of resistance, falls upon  
 The shepherd's flock, and slays for his repast,  
 Thus with Achilles neither mercy dwells 60  
 Nor shame, which often profits, often harms  
 Mankind. For when another man has met  
 A greater grief than he, — has lost, perchance,  
 A brother or a son, — he dries at length  
 His tears, and ceases to lament ; for fate 65  
 Bestows the power to suffer patiently.  
 But this Achilles, after he has spoiled  
 The godlike Hector of his life in war,  
 Hath bound him to his chariot, and hath dragged  
 The corse around his dear companion's tomb. 70  
 Unseemly is the deed, and small will be  
 The good it brings him. Brave although he be.  
 We may be angry with him when he thus  
 Insults a portion of insensible earth."

The white-armed Juno was incensed, and spake :  
 "So mightst thou say, God of the silver bow, 75  
 Were equal honor to Achilles due  
 And Hector. Hector is a mortal man,  
 And suckled at a woman's breast. Not so  
 Achilles ; he was born of one of us, 80  
 A goddess whom I nurtured and brought up  
 And gave to Peleus. Ye were present all,

Ye gods, when they were wedded. Thou wert there  
 To share the marriage banquet, harp in hand,  
 Thou plotter with the vile, thou faithless one!" 85

Then answered cloud-compelling Jove, and said:  
 "Let not thy anger rise against the gods,  
 O Juno, for the honor of the chiefs  
 Shall not be equal. Yet of all the race  
 Of mortals dwelling in the city of Troy 95  
 Was Hector dearest to the gods; to me  
 He ever was; and never did he fail  
 To offer welcome gifts. My altar ne'er  
 Lacked fitting feast, libation, and the fume  
 Of incense, — hallowed rites which are our due. 99  
 Yet seek we not to steal away the corse  
 Of valiant Hector; that we could not do  
 Without his slayer's knowledge, who by night  
 And day is ever near to him and keeps  
 Watch o'er him like a mother. Let some god 100  
 Call hither Thetis. I will counsel her  
 Prudently, that Achilles may receive  
 Ransom from Priam, and restore his son."

He ceased, and with the swiftness of the storm  
 Rose Iris up, to be his messenger. 105  
 Half-way 'twixt Samos and the rugged coast  
 Of Imbrus down she plunged to the dark sea,  
 Entering the deep with noise. Far down she sank  
 As sinks the ball of lead, that, sliding o'er  
 A wild bull's horn, bears into ocean's depths 110  
 Death to the greedy fishes. There she found

Thetis within her roomy cave, among  
 The goddesses of ocean, seated round  
 In full assembly. Thetis in the midst  
 Bewailed the fate of her own blameless son, 115  
 About to perish on the fertile soil  
 Of Troy, and far from Greece. The swift of wing,  
 Iris, approached her and addressed her thus : —

“ Arise, O Thetis. Father Jupiter,  
 Whose counsel stands forever, sends for thee.” 120

And silver-footed Thetis answered him :  
 “ Why should that potent deity require  
 My presence, who have many griefs, and shrink  
 From mingling with immortals? Yet I go,  
 Perforce, for never doth he speak in vain.” 125

So spake the goddess-queen, and, speaking, took  
 Her mantle, — darker web was never worn, —  
 And onward went. Wind-footed Iris led  
 The way ; the waters of the sea withdrew 130  
 On either side. They climbed the steepy shore,  
 And took their way to heaven. They found the son  
 Of Saturn, him of the far-sounding voice,  
 With all the blessed, ever-living gods  
 Assembled round him. Close to Father Jove  
 She took her seat, for Pallas yielded it, 135  
 And Juno put a beautiful cup of gold  
 Into her hand, and spake consoling words.  
 She drank and gave it back, and thus began  
 The father of immortals and of men : —

“ Thou comest to Olympus, though in grief, 140

O goddess Thetis, and I know the cause  
That makes thee sad and will not from thy thoughts ;  
Yet let me now declare why I have called  
Thee hither. For nine days the immortal gods  
Have been at strife concerning Hector's corse 145  
And Peleus' son, the spoiler. They have asked  
The vigilant Argus-queller to remove  
The dead by stealth. But I must yet bestow  
Fresh honor on Achilles, and thus keep  
Thy love and reverence. Now descend at once 150  
Into the camp and carry to thy son  
My message : say that it offends the gods,  
And me the most, that in his spite he keeps  
The corse of Hector at the beakèd ships,  
Refusing to restore it. He perchance 155  
Will listen, and, revering me, give back  
The slain. And I will send a messenger,  
Iris, to large-souled Priam, bidding him  
Hasten in person to the Grecian fleet,  
To ransom his beloved son, and bring 160  
Achilles gifts that shall appease his rage."

He spake : the goddess of the silver feet,  
Thetis, obeyed, and with precipitate flight  
Descended from the mountain-peaks. She came  
To her son's tent, and found him uttering moans 165  
Continually, while his beloved friends  
Were busy round him ; they prepared a feast,  
And had just slain within the tent a ewe  
Of ample size and fleece. She took her seat 169

Beside her son, and smoothed his brow, and said : —

“ How long, my son, wilt thou lament and grieve  
And pine at heart, abstaining from the feast  
And from thy couch? Yet well it is to seek  
A woman’s love. Thy life will not be spared  
Long time to me, for death and cruel fate 175  
Stand near thee. Listen to me ; I am come  
A messenger from Jove, who bids me say  
The immortals are offended, and himself  
The most, that thou shouldst in thy spite detain  
The corse of Hector at the beakèd ships, 180  
Refusing its release. Comply thou then,  
And take the ransom and restore the dead.”

And thus Achilles, swift of foot, replied :  
“ Let him who brings the ransom come and take  
The body, if it be the will of Jove.” 185

Thus did the mother and the son confer  
Among the galleys, and between them passed  
Full many a wingèd word, while Saturn’s son  
Bade Iris go with speed to sacred Troy : —

“ Fleet Iris, haste thee. Leave the Olympian  
seats, 190  
And send magnanimous Priam to the fleet,  
To ransom his dear son, and bear him back  
To Ilium. Let him carry gifts to calm  
The anger of Achilles. He should go  
Alone, no Trojan with him, save a man 195  
In years, a herald, who may guide the mules  
And strong-wheeled chariot, harnessed to bear back

Him whom the great Achilles has o'erthrown ;  
 And let him fear not death nor other harm,  
 For we will send a guide to lead him safe, 200  
 The Argus-queller, till he stand beside  
 Achilles ; and when once he comes within  
 The warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise  
 His hand to slay, but will restrain the rest.  
 Nor mad, nor rash, nor criminal is he, 205  
 And will humanely spare a suppliant man."

He spake, and Iris, the swift messenger,  
 Whose feet are like the wind, went forth with speed,  
 And came to Priam's palace, where she found  
 Sorrow and wailing. Round the father sat 210  
 His sons within the hall, and steeped with tears  
 Their garments. In the midst the aged man  
 Sat with a cloak wrapped round him, and much dust  
 Strewn on his head and neck, which, when he rolled  
 Upon the earth, he gathered with his hands. 215  
 His daughters and the consorts of his sons  
 Filled with their cries the mansion, sorrowing  
 For those, the many and brave, who now lay slain  
 By Grecian hands. The ambassadress of Jove  
 Stood beside Priam, and in soft, low tones, 220  
 While his limbs shook with fear, addressed him  
 thus :—

"Be comforted, and have no fear ; for I  
 Am come, Dardanian Priam, not to bring  
 Mischief, but blessing. I am sent to thee  
 A messenger from Jove, who, though afar, 225

Pities thee and will aid thee. He who rules  
Olympus bids thee ransom thy slain son,  
The noble Hector, carrying gifts to calm  
The anger of Achilles. Thou shouldst go  
Alone, no Trojan with thee, save a man 230  
In years, a herald, who shall guide the mules  
And strong-wheeled chariot, harnessed to bring back  
Him whom the great Achilles has o'erthrown.  
And have no fear of death or other harm ;  
A guide shall go with thee to lead thee safe, 235  
The Argus-queller, till thou stand beside  
Achilles, and when once thou art within  
The warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise  
His hand to slay, but will restrain the rest.  
He is not mad, nor rash, nor prone to crime, 240  
And will humanely spare a suppliant man."

Thus the swift-footed Iris spake, and then  
Departed. Priam bade his sons prepare  
The strong-wheeled chariot, drawn by mules, and  
bind

A coffer on it. He descended next 245  
Into a fragrant chamber, cedar-lined,  
High-roofed, and stored with many things of price,  
And calling Hecuba, his wife, he said :—

"Dear wife, a message from Olympian Jove  
Commands that I betake me to the fleet, 250  
And thence redeem my slaughtered son with gifts  
That may appease Achilles. Tell me now  
How this may seem to thee? for I am moved

By a strong impulse to approach the ships,  
And venture into the great Grecian camp." 255

He spake : his consort wept, and answered thus :  
" Ah me ! the prudence which was once so praised  
By strangers and by those who own thy sway,  
Where is it now ? Why wouldst thou go alone  
To the Greek fleet, to meet the eye of him 260  
Who slew so many of thy gallant sons ?  
An iron heart is thine. If that false man,  
Remorseless as he is, should see thee there  
And seize thee, neither pity nor respect  
Hast thou to hope from him. Let us lament 265  
Our Hector in these halls. A cruel fate  
Spun, when I brought him forth, his thread of life, —  
That far from us his corse should feed the hounds  
Near that fierce man, whose liver I could tear  
From out his bosom. Then the indignities 270  
Done to my son would be repaid, for he  
Was slain, not shunning combat, coward-like,  
But fighting to defend the men of Troy  
And the deep-bosomed Trojan dames. He fell  
Without a thought of flight or of retreat." 275

And thus the aged, godlike king rejoined :  
" Keep me not back from going, nor be thou  
A bird of evil omen in these halls,  
For thou shalt not persuade me. This I say :  
If any of the dwellers of the earth, 280  
Soothsayer, seer, or priest, had said to me  
What I have heard, I well might deem the words



A lie, and heed them not. But since I heard  
 Myself the mandate from a deity,  
 And saw her face to face, I certainly 285  
 Will go, nor shall the message be in vain.  
 And should it be my fate to perish there  
 Beside the galleys of the mail-clad Greeks,  
 So be it ; for Achilles will forthwith  
 Put me to death embracing my poor son, 290  
 And satisfying my desire to weep."

He spake, and, raising the fair coffer-lids,  
 Took out twelve robes of state most beautiful,  
 Twelve single cloaks, as many tapestried mats,  
 And tunics next and mantles twelve of each, 295  
 And ten whole talents of pure gold, which first  
 He weighed. Two burnished tripods from his store  
 He added, and four goblets and a cup  
 Of eminent beauty, which the men of Thrace  
 Gave him when, as an envoy to their coast, 300  
 He came from Troy, — a sumptuous gift, and yet  
 The aged king reserved not even this  
 To deck his palace, such was his desire  
 To ransom his dear son. And then he drave  
 Away the Trojans hovering round his porch, 305  
 Rebuking them with sharp and bitter words : —

" Hence with you, worthless wretches ! have ye  
 not

Scrow enough at home, that ye are come  
 To vex me thus ? Or doth it seem to you  
 Of little moment, that Saturnian Jove

Hath sent such grief upon me in the loss  
 Of my most valiant son? Ye yet will know  
 How great that loss has been ; for it will be  
 A lighter task for the beleaguering Greeks  
 To work our ruin, now that he is dead. 315

But I shall sink to Hades ere mine eyes  
 Behold the city sacked and made a spoil."

He spake, and with his staff he chased away  
 'The loiterers ; forth before the aged man  
 They went. With like harsh words he chid his sons.  
 Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon, 321  
 Pammon, Antiphonus, Deiphobus,  
 Polites, great in war, Hippothoüs,  
 And gallant Dios, nine in all he called,  
 And thus bespake them with reproachful words : —

"Make haste, ye idle fellows, my disgrace ! 326  
 Would ye had all been slain beside the fleet  
 Instead of Hector ! Woe is me ! the most  
 Unhappy of mankind am I, who had  
 The bravest sons in all the town of Troy, 330  
 And none of them, I think, are left to me.  
 Mestor, divine in presence, Troilus,  
 The gallant knight, and Hector, he who looked  
 A god among his countrymen, — no son  
 Of man he seemed, but of immortal birth, — 335  
 Those Mars has slain, but these who are my shame  
 Remain, — these liars, dancers, excellent  
 In choirs, whose trade is public robbery  
 Of lambs and kids. Why haste ye not to get

My chariot ready, and bestow these things 340  
 Within it, that my journey may begin?"

He spake, and they, in fear of his rebuke,  
 Lifted from out its place the strong-wheeled car,  
 Framed to be drawn by mules, and beautiful,  
 And newly built, and on it they made fast 345  
 The coffer. From its pin they next took down  
 The boxwood mule-yoke, fitted well with rings,  
 And carved with a smooth boss. With this they  
 brought

A yoke-band nine ells long, which carefully  
 Adjusting to the polished pole's far end, 350  
 They cast the ring upon the bolt, and thrice  
 Wound the long band on each side of the bolt  
 Around the yoke, and made it fast, and turned  
 The loose ends under. Then they carried forth  
 The treasures that should ransom Hector's corse ; 355  
 And having piled them in the polished car,  
 They yoked the hardy, strong-hoofed mules which  
 once

The Mysians gave to Priam, princely gifts.  
 To bear the yoke of Priam they led forth  
 The horses which the aged man himself 360  
 Fed at the polished manger. These the king  
 Yoked, aided by the herald, while in mind,  
 Within the palace court, they both revolved  
 Their prudent counsels. Hecuba, the queen,  
 Came to them in deep sorrow. In her hand 365  
 She bore a golden cup of delicate wine,

That they might make libations and depart.

She stood before the steeds, and thus she spake :—

“Take this, and pour to Father Jove, and pray  
That thou mayst safely leave the enemy’s camp 370  
For home, since ’t is thy will, though I dissuade,  
To go among the ships. Implore thou then  
The god of Ida and the gatherer  
Of the black tempest, Saturn’s son, who looks  
Down on all Troy, to send his messenger, 375  
His swift and favorite bird, of matchless strength,  
On thy right hand, that, with thine eye on him,  
Thou mayst with courage journey to the ships  
Of the Greek horsemen. But if Jupiter  
All-seeing should withhold his messenger, 380  
I cannot bid thee, eager as thou art,  
Adventure near the galleys of the Greeks.”

And thus the godlike Priam made reply :

“Dear wife, indeed, I will not disobey  
Thy counsel ; meet it is to raise our hands 385  
To Jove, and ask him to be merciful.”

He spake, and bade the attendant handmaid pour  
Pure water on his hands, for near him stood  
A maid who came and held a basin forth  
And ewer. When his hands were washed, he took  
The goblet from the queen, and then, in prayer, 391  
Stood in the middle of the court, and poured  
The wine, and, looking heavenward, spake aloud :—

“O Father Jove, most glorious and most great,  
Who rulest all from Ida, let me find 395

Favor and pity with Achilles. Send  
A messenger, thy own swift, favorite bird,  
Of matchless strength, on my right hand, that I,  
Beholding him, may confidently pass  
To where the fleet of the Greek horsemen lies ! ” 408  
Thus in his prayer he spake, and Jupiter,  
The All-disposer, hearkened, and sent forth  
An eagle, bird of surest augury,  
Named the Black Chaser, and by others called  
Percnos, with wings as broad as is the door 409  
Skilfully fashioned for the lofty hall  
Of some rich man, and fastened with a bolt.  
Such ample wings he spread on either side  
As townward on the right they saw him fly.  
They saw and they rejoiced ; their hearts grew light  
Within their bosoms. Then the aged king 411  
Hastened to mount the polished car, and drive  
Through vestibule and echoing porch. The mules,  
Harnessed to draw the four-wheeled car, went first,  
Driven by the sage Idæus ; after them, 415  
The horses, urged by Priam with the lash  
Rapidly through the city. All his friends  
Followed lamenting, as for one who went  
To meet his death. And now when they had reached  
The plain descending from the town, the sons 416  
And sons-in-law of Priam all returned  
To Ilium, and the twain proceeded on,  
Yet not unmarked by all-beholding Jove,  
Who, moved with pity for the aged man,

Turned to his well-beloved son and said :—

425

“Hermes, who more than any other god  
Delightest to consort with human kind,  
And willingly dost listen to their prayers,  
Haste, guide King Priam to the Grecian fleet,  
Yet so that none may see him, and no Greek 430  
Know of his coming, till he stand before  
Pelides.” Thus he spake: the messenger  
Who slew the Argus hearkened and obeyed;  
And hastily beneath his feet he bound  
The fair, ambrosial, golden sandals worn 435  
To bear him over ocean like the wind,  
And o’er the boundless land. His wand he took  
Wherewith he seals in sleep the eyes of men,  
And opens them at will. With this in hand,  
The mighty Argus-queller flew, and soon 440  
Was at the Troad and the Hellespont.  
Like to some royal stripling seemed the god,  
In youth’s first prime, when youth has most of grace.  
And there the Trojans twain, when they had passed  
The tomb of Ilus, halted with their mules 445  
And horses, that the beasts might drink the stream;  
For twilight now was creeping o’er the earth.  
The herald looked, and saw that Mercury  
Was near, and thus, addressing Priam, said:—  
“Be on thy guard, O son of Dardanus, 450  
For here is cause for wariness. I see  
A warrior, and I think he seeks our lives.  
Now let us urge our steeds and fly, or else

Descend and clasp his knees, and sue for grace."

He spake, and greatly was the aged king 455  
Bewildered by his words ; with hair erect  
He stood, and motionless, while Mercury  
Drew near, and took the old man's hand, and  
asked : —

"Whither, O father, guidest thou thy mules  
And steeds in the dim night, while others sleep? 460  
Fearest thou nothing from the warlike Greeks,  
Thy foes, who hate thee, and are near at hand?  
Should one of them behold thee bearing off  
These treasures in the swiftly darkening night,  
What wouldst thou do? Thou art not young, and he  
Who comes with thee is old ; ye could not make 466  
Defence against the foe. Fear nought from me,  
And I will save thee, since thou art so like  
To my own father, from all other harm."

Priam, the godlike ancient, answered thus : 470  
"Thou sayest true, dear son ; but sure some god  
Holds over me his kind, protecting hand,  
Who sends a guide like thee to join me here,  
So noble art thou both in form and air,  
And gracious are thy thoughts, and blessed they 475  
Who gave thee birth." With that the messenger,  
The Argus-queller, spake again, and said :  
"Most wisely hast thou spoken, aged man.  
But tell, and truly, why thou bearest hence  
This store of treasures among stranger men? 480  
Is it that they may be preserved for thee?

Or are ye all deserting in alarm  
 Your hallowed Troy? for such a man of might  
 Was thy brave son who died, that I may say  
 The Greeks in battle had no braver man." 485

And Priam, godlike ancient, spake in turn :  
 "Who then art thou, and of what parents born,  
 Excellent youth, who dost in such kind words  
 Speak of the death of my unhappy son?"

The herald, Argus-queller, answered him : 490  
 "I see that thou wouldst prove me, aged man,  
 By questions touching Hector, whom I oft  
 Have seen with mine own eyes in glorious fight,  
 Putting the Greeks to rout and slaying them  
 By their swift ships with that sharp spear of his. 495  
 We stood and marvelled, for Achilles, wroth  
 With Agamemnon, would not suffer us  
 To join the combat. I attend on him ;  
 The same good galley brought us to this shore.  
 And I am one among his Myrmidons. 500

Polyctor is my father, who is rich,  
 And now as old as thou. Six are his sons  
 Beside me, I the seventh. In casting lots  
 With them, it fell to me that I should come  
 To Ilium with Achilles. I am here 505  
 In coming from the fleet, for with the dawn  
 The dark-eyed Greeks are planning to renew  
 The war around the city. They have grown  
 Impatient of long idleness ; their chiefs  
 Seek vainly to restrain their warlike rage." 510



Then spake the godlike ancient, Priam, thus :

“ If thou indeed dost serve Pelides, tell,

And truly tell me, whether yet my son

Is at the fleet, or has Achilles cast,

Torn limb from limb, his body to the hounds ?” 524

The herald, Argus-queerier, thus replied :

“ O aged monarch, neither have the hounds

Devoured thy son, nor yet the birds of prey ;

But near the galleys of Achilles still

He lies neglected and among the tents. 525

Twelve mornings have beheld him lying there,

Nor hath corruption touched him, nor the worms

That make the slain their feast begun to feed.

’T is true that, when the holy morning dawns

Achilles drags him fiercely round the tomb 525

Of his dear friend ; yet that disfigures not

The dead. Shouldst thou approach him, thou

wouldst see

With marvelling eyes how fresh and dewy still

The body lies, the blood all cleansed away,

Unsoiled in every part, and all the wounds 530

Closed up wherever made ; for many a spear

Was thrust into his sides. Thus tenderly

The blessed gods regard thy son, though dead,

For dearly was he loved by them in life.”

He spake : the aged man was comforted, 531

And said : “ ’T is meet, O son, that we should pay

Oblations to the immortals ; for my son

While yet alive neglected not within

His palace the due worship of the gods  
Who dwell upon Olympus ; therefore they 546  
Are mindful of him, even after death.  
Take this magnificent goblet ; be my guard,  
And guide me, by the favor of the gods,  
Until I reach Pelides in his tent."

Again the herald, Argus-queller, spake : 548  
"Thou seekest yet to try me, aged man,  
Who younger am than thou. Yet think thou not  
That I, without the knowledge of my chief,  
Will take thy gifts ; for in my heart I fear  
Achilles, nor would wrong him in the least, 550  
Lest evil come upon me. Yet I go  
Willingly with thee, as thy faithful guide.  
Were it as far as Argos the renowned,  
In a swift galley, or on foot by land,  
Yet none would dare to harm thee while with me."

So Hermes spake, and leaped into the car, 556  
And took into his hands the lash and reins,  
And breathed into the horses and the mules  
Fresh vigor. Coming to the wall and trench  
About the ships, they found the guard engaged 561  
With their night-meal. The herald Argicide  
Poured sleep upon them all, and quickly flung  
The gates apart, and pushed aside the bars,  
And led in Priam, with the costly gifts  
Heaped on the car. They went until they reached  
The lofty tent in which Achilles sat, 566  
Reared by the Myrmidons to lodge their king,

With timbers of hewn fir, and over-roofed  
 With thatch, for which the meadows had been mown,  
 And fenced for safety round with rows of stakes. 574  
 One fir-tree bar made fast its gate, which three  
 Strong Greeks were wont to raise aloft, and three  
 Were needed to take down the massive beam.  
 Achilles wielded the vast weight alone ;  
 Beneficent Hermes opened it before 575  
 The aged man, and brought the treasures in,  
 Designed for swift Achilles. Then he left  
 The car and stood upon the ground, and said :—

“O aged monarch, I am Mercury,  
 An ever-living god ; my father, Jove, 580  
 Bade me attend thy journey. I shall now  
 Return, nor must Achilles look on me ;  
 It is not meet that an immortal god  
 Should openly befriend a mortal man.  
 Enter, approach Pelides, clasp his knees ; 585  
 Entreat him by his father, and his son,  
 And fair-haired mother ; so shall he be moved.”

Thus having spoken, Hermes took his way  
 Back to the Olympian summit. Priam then  
 Sprang from the chariot to the ground. He left 590  
 Idæus there to guard the steeds and mules,  
 And, hastening to the tent where, dear to Jove,  
 Achilles lodged, he found the chief within,  
 While his companions sat apart, save two, —  
 Automedon the brave, and Alcimius, 595  
 Who claimed descent from Mars. These stood  
 near by,

And ministered to Peleus' son, who then  
Was closing a repast, and had just left  
The food and wine, and still the table stood.  
Unmarked the royal Priam entered in, 604  
And, coming to Achilles, clasped his knees,  
And kissed those fearful slaughter-dealing hands,  
By which so many of his sons had died.  
And as, when some blood-guilty man, whose hand  
In his own land has slain a fellow-man, 605  
Flees to another country, and the abode  
Of some great chieftain, all men look on him  
Astonished, — so, when godlike Priam first  
Was seen, Achilles was amazed, and all  
Looked on each other, wondering at the sight. 610  
And thus King Priam supplicating spake : —  
“Think of thy father, an old man like me,  
Godlike Achilles ! On the dreary verge  
Of closing life he stands, and even now  
Haply is fiercely pressed by those who dwell 615  
Around him, and has none to shield his age  
From war and its disasters. Yet his heart  
Rejoices when he hears thou yet dost live,  
And every day he hopes that his dear son  
Will come again from Troy. My lot is hard, 620  
For I was father of the bravest sons  
In all wide Troy, and none are left me now.  
Fifty were with me when the men of Greece  
Arrived upon our coast ; nineteen of these  
Owned the same mother, and the rest were born 625

Within my palaces. Remorseless Mars  
 Already had laid lifeless most of these,  
 And Hector, whom I cherished most, whose arm  
 Defended both our city and ourselves,  
 Him didst thou lately slay while combating 634  
 For his dear country. For his sake I come  
 To the Greek fleet, and to redeem his corse  
 I bring uncounted ransom. O, revere  
 The gods, Achilles, and be merciful,  
 Calling to mind thy father ! happier he 635  
 Than I ; for I have borne what no man else  
 That dwells on earth could bear, — have laid my lips  
 Upon the hand of him who slew my son.”  
 He spake : Achilles sorrowfully thought  
 Of his own father. By the hand he took 640  
 The suppliant, and with gentle force removed  
 The old man from him. Both in memory  
 Of those they loved were weeping. The old king,  
 With many tears, and rolling in the dust  
 Before Achilles, mourned his gallant son. 641  
 Achilles sorrowed for his father’s sake,  
 And then bewailed Patroclus, and the sound  
 Of lamentation filled the tent. At last  
 Achilles, when he felt his heart relieved  
 By tears, and that strong grief had spent its force, 650  
 Sprang from his seat ; then lifting by the hand  
 The aged man, and pitying his white head  
 And his white chin, he spake these wingèd words : —  
 “ Great have thy sufferings been, unhappy king !

How couldst thou venture to approach alone 655  
The Grecian fleet, and show thyself to him  
Who slew so many of thy valiant sons?  
An iron heart is thine. But seat thyself,  
And let us, though afflicted grievously,  
Allow our woes to sleep awhile, for grief 660  
Indulged can bring no good. The gods ordain  
The lot of man to suffer, while themselves  
Are free from care. Beside Jove's threshold stand  
Two casks of gifts for man. One cask contains  
The evil, one the good, and he to whom 665  
The Thunderer gives them mingled sometimes falls  
Into misfortune, and is sometimes crowned  
With blessings. But the man to whom he gives  
The evil only stands a mark exposed  
To wrong, and, chased by grim calamity, 670  
Wanders the teeming earth, alike unloved  
By gods and men. So did the gods bestow  
Munificent gifts on Peleus from his birth,  
For eminent was he among mankind  
For wealth and plenty; o'er the Myrmidons 675  
He ruled, and, though a mortal, he was given  
A goddess for a wife. Yet did the gods  
Add evil to the good, for not to him  
Was born a family of kingly sons  
Within his house, successors to his reign. 680  
One short-lived son is his, nor am I there  
To cherish him in his old age; but here  
Do I remain, far from my native land,

In Troy, and causing grief to thee and thine.  
Of thee too, aged king, they speak, as one 68.  
Whose wealth was large in former days, when all  
That Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns was thine,  
And all in Phrygia and the shores that bound  
The Hellespont ; men said thou didst excel  
All others in thy riches and thy sons. 69c  
But since the gods have brought this strife on thee  
War and perpetual slaughter of brave men  
Are round thy city. Yet be firm of heart,  
Nor grieve forever. Sorrow for thy son  
Will profit nought ; it cannot bring the dead 69s  
To life again, and while thou dost afflict  
Thyself for him fresh woes may fall on thee."

And thus the godlike Priam, aged king,  
Made answer : " Bid me not be seated here,  
Nursling of Jove, while Hector lies among 70c  
Thy tents unburied. Let me ransom him  
At once, that I may look on him once more  
With my own eyes. Receive the many gifts  
We bring thee, and mayst thou possess them long,  
And reach thy native shore, since by thy grace 70s  
I live and yet behold the light of day."

Achilles heard, and, frowning, thus rejoined :  
" Anger me not, old man ; 't was in my thought  
To let thee ransom Hector. To my tent  
The mother came who bore me, sent from Jove, 71.  
The daughter of the Ancient of the Sea,  
And I perceive, nor can it be concealed,

O Priam, that some god hath guided thee  
To our swift galleys ; for no mortal man,  
Though in his prime of youthful strength, would dare  
To come into the camp ; he could not pass 716  
The guard, nor move the beams that bar our gates.  
So then remind me of my griefs no more,  
Lest, suppliant as thou art, I leave thee not  
Unharm'd, and thus transgress the laws of Jove." 720

He spake : the aged man in fear obeyed.  
And then Pelides like a lion leaped  
Forth from the door, yet not alone he went ;  
For of his comrades two — Automedon,  
The hero, and his comrade Alcimus, 725  
He whom Achilles held in most esteem  
After the slain Patroclus — followed him.  
The mules and horses they unyoked, and led  
The aged monarch's clear-voiced herald in,  
And bade him sit. Then from the polished car 730  
They took the costly ransom of the corse  
Of Hector, save two cloaks, which back they laid  
With a fair tunic, that their chief might give  
The body shrouded to be borne to Troy.  
And then he called the maidens, bidding them 735  
Wash and anoint the dead, yet far apart  
From Priam, lest, with looking on his son,  
The grief within his heart might rise uncurbed  
To anger, and Achilles in his rage  
Might stay him and transgress the laws of Jove. 740  
And when the handmaids finished, having washed



The body and anointed it with oil,  
And wrapped a sumptuous cloak and tunic round  
The limbs, Achilles lifted it himself  
And placed it on a bier. His comrades gave 744  
Their aid, and raised it to the polished car.  
When all was done, Achilles groaned, and called  
By name the friend he dearly loved, and said :—

“O my Patroclus, be not wroth with me  
Shouldst thou in Hades hear that I restore 750  
Hector to his dear father, since I take  
A ransom not unworthy ; but of this  
I yield to thee the portion justly thine.”

So spake the godlike warrior, and withdrew  
Into his tent, and took the princely seat 755  
From which he had arisen, opposite  
To that of Priam, whom he thus bespake :—

“Behold thy son is ransomed, aged man,  
As thou hast asked, and lies upon his bier.  
Thou shalt behold him with the early dawn, 760  
And bear him hence. Now let us break our fast,  
For even Niobe, the golden-haired,  
Refrained not from her food, though children twelve  
Perished within her palace, — six young sons  
And six fair daughters. Phœbus slew the sons 765  
With arrows from his silver bow, incensed  
At Niobe, while Dian, archer-queen,  
Struck down the daughters ; for the mother dared  
To make herself the peer of rosy-cheeked  
Latona, who, she boastfully proclaimed, 770

Had borne two children only, while herself  
Had brought forth many. Yet, though only two,  
The children of Latona took the lives  
Of all her own. Nine days the corpses lay  
In blood, and there was none to bury them, 775  
For Jove had changed the dwellers of the place  
To stone; but on the tenth the gods of heaven  
Gave burial to the dead. Yet Niobe,  
Though spent with weeping long, did not refrain  
From food. And now forever mid the rocks 780  
And desert hills of Sipylus, where lie,  
Fame says, the couches of the goddess-nymphs,  
Who lead the dance where Acheloüs flows,  
Although she be transformed to stone, she broods  
Over the woes inflicted by the gods. 785  
But now, O noble Ancient, let us sit  
At our repast, and thou mayst afterward  
Mourn thy beloved son, while bearing him  
Homeward, to be bewailed with many tears."

Achilles, the swift-footed, spake, and left 790  
His seat, and, slaying a white sheep, he bade  
His comrades flay and dress it. Then they carved  
The flesh in portions which they fixed on spits,  
And roasted carefully, and drew them back.  
And then Automedon distributed 795  
The bread in shapely canisters around  
The table, while Achilles served the flesh,  
And all put forth their hands and shared the feast.  
But when their thirst and hunger were appeased,

Dardanian Priam fixed a wondering look 800  
Upon Achilles, who in nobleness  
Of form was like the gods. Achilles fixed  
A look of equal wonder on his guest,  
Dardanian Priam, for he much admired  
His gracious aspect and his pleasant speech. 805  
And when at length they both withdrew their gaze,  
Priam, the godlike Ancient, spake, and said : —

“Nursling of Jove, dismiss me speedily  
To rest, that we may lie, and be refreshed  
With gentle slumbers. Never have these eyes 810  
Been closed beneath their lids, since by thy hand  
My Hector lost his life ; and evermore  
I mourn and cherish all my griefs, and writhe  
Upon the ground within my palace courts ;  
But I have taken food at last, and drunk 815  
Draughts of red wine, untasted till this hour.”

Achilles bade the attending men and maids  
Place couches in the porch, and over them  
Draw sumptuous purple mats on which to lay  
Embroidered tapestries, and on each of these 820  
Spread a broad, fleecy mantle, covering all.  
Forth went the train with torches in their hands,  
And quickly spread two couches. Then the swift  
Achilles pleasantly to Priam said : —

“Sleep, excellent old man, without the tent, 825  
Lest some one of our counsellors arrive,  
Such as oft come within my tent to sit  
And talk of warlike matters. Seeing thee

In the dark hours of night, he might relate  
 The tale to Agamemnon, king of men, 834  
 And hinder thus the ransom of thy son.  
 But say, and truly say, how many days  
 Requirest thou to pay the funeral rites  
 To noble Hector, so that I may rest  
 As many, and restrain the troops from war." 835

Then answered godlike Priam, aged king :  
 " Since, then, thou wilt, Achilles, that we pay  
 The rites of burial to my noble son,  
 I own the favor. Well thou knowest how  
 We Trojans are constrained to keep within 840  
 The city walls, for it is far to bring  
 Wood from the mountains, and we fear to dare  
 The journey. Nine days would we mourn the dead  
 Within our dwellings, and upon the tenth  
 Would bury him, and make a solemn feast, 845  
 And the next day would rear his monument,  
 And on the twelfth, if needful, fight again."

And swift Achilles, godlike chief, rejoined :  
 " Be it, O reverend Priam, as thou wilt,  
 And for that space will I delay the war." 850

He spake, and that the aged king might feel  
 No fear, he grasped his right hand at the wrist ;  
 And then King Priam and the herald went  
 To sleep within the porch, but wary still.  
 Achilles slumbered in his stately tent, 855  
 And all the other gods and men who fought

In chariots gave themselves to slumber, save  
 Beneficent Hermes ; sleep came not to him,  
 For still he meditated how to bring 86  
 King Priam back from the Achaian fleet  
 Unnoticed by the watchers at the gate.  
 So at the monarch's head he stood, and spake : —

“O aged king, thou givest little heed  
 To danger, sleeping thus amid thy foes, 865  
 Because Achilles spares thee. Thou hast paid  
 Large ransom for thy well-beloved son,  
 And yet the sons whom thou hast left in Troy  
 Would pay three times that ransom for thy life,  
 Should Agamemnon, son of Atreus, learn — 870  
 Or any of the Greeks — that thou art here.”

He spake : the aged king in fear awaked  
 The herald. Hermes yoked the steeds and mules,  
 And drave them quickly through the camp un-  
 marked

By any there. But when they reached the ford 875  
 Where Xanthus, progeny of Jupiter,  
 Rolls the smooth eddies of his stream, the god  
 Departed for the Olympian height, and Morn  
 In saffron robes o'erspread the Earth with light. 879  
 Townward they urged the steeds, and as they went  
 Sorrowed and wailed : the mules conveyed the dead,  
 And they were seen by none of all the men  
 And graceful dames of Troy save one alone.  
 Cassandra, beautiful as Venus, stood  
 On Pergamus, and from its height discerned 883

Her father, standing on the chariot-seat,  
 And knew the herald, him whose voice so oft  
 Summoned the citizens, and knew the dead  
 Stretched on a litter drawn by mules. She raised  
 Her voice, and called to all the city thus : — 890

“O Trojan men and women, hasten forth  
 To look on Hector, if ye e’er rejoiced  
 To see him coming from the field alive,  
 ‘The pride of Troy, and all who dwell in her.’”

She spake, and suddenly was neither man 895  
 Nor woman left within the city bounds.

Deep grief was on them all ; they went to meet,  
 Near to the gates, the monarch bringing home  
 ‘The dead. And first the wife whom Hector loved  
 Rushed with his reverend mother to the car 900

As it rolled on, and, plucking out their hair,  
 Touched with their hands the forehead of the dead,  
 While round it pressed the multitude, and wept,  
 And would have wept before the gates all day,  
 Even to the set of sun, in bitter grief 905

For Hector’s loss, had not the aged man  
 Addressed the people from his chariot-seat :

“Give place to me, and let the mules pass on,  
 And ye may weep your fill when once the dead  
 Is laid within the palace.” As he spake, 910

The throng gave way and let the chariot pass ;  
 And having brought it to the royal halls,  
 On a fair couch they laid the corse, and placed  
 Singers beside it, leaders of the dirge,

Who sang a sorrowful, lamenting strain, 91  
And all the women answered it with sobs.  
White-armed Andromache in both her hands  
Took warlike Hector's head, and over it  
Began the lamentation midst them all : —  
    “Thou hast died young, my husband, leaving me  
In this thy home a widow, and one son, 921  
An infant yet. To an unhappy pair  
He owes his birth, and never will, I fear,  
Bloom into youth ; for ere that day will Troy  
Be overthrown, since thou, its chief defence, 925  
Art dead, the guardian of its walls and all  
Its noble matrons and its speechless babes,  
Yet to be carried captive far away,  
And I among them, in the hollow barks ;  
And thou, my son, wilt either go with me, 931  
Where thou shalt toil at menial tasks for some  
Pitiless master ; or perhaps some Greek  
Will seize thy little arm, and in his rage  
Will hurl thee from a tower and dash thee dead,  
Remembering how thy father, Hector, slew 935  
His brother, son, or father ; for the hand  
Of Hector forced full many a Greek to bite  
The dust of earth. Not slow to smite was he  
In the fierce conflict ; therefore all who dwell  
Within the city sorrow for his fall. 941  
Thou bringest an unutterable grief,  
O Hector, on thy parents, and on me  
The sharpest sorrows. Thou didst not stretch forth

Thy hands to me, in dying, from thy couch,  
 Nor speak a word to comfort me, which I 945  
 Might ever think of night and day with tears."

So spake the weeping wife : the women all  
 Mingled their wail with hers, and Hecuba  
 Took up the passionate lamentation next :—

"O Hector, thou who wert most fondly loved 950  
 Of all my sons ! While yet thou wert alive,  
 Dear wert thou to the gods, who even now,  
 When death has overtaken thee, bestow  
 Such care upon thee. All my other sons  
 Whom swift Achilles took in war he sold 955  
 At Samos, Imbrus, by the barren sea,  
 And Lemnos harborless. But as for thee,  
 When he had taken with his cruel spear  
 Thy life, he dragged thee round and round the tomb  
 Of his young friend, Patroclus, whom thy hand 960  
 Had slain, yet raised he not by this the dead ;  
 And now thou liest in the palace here,  
 Fresh and besprinkled as with early dew,  
 Like one just slain with silent arrows aimed  
 By Phœbus, bearer of the silver bow." 965

Weeping she spake, and woke in all who heard  
 Grief without measure. Helen, last of all,  
 Took up the lamentation, and began :—

"O Hector, who wert dearest to my heart  
 Of all my husband's brothers, — for the wife 970  
 Am I of godlike Paris, him whose fleet  
 Brought me to Troy, — would I had sooner died !



And now the twentieth year is past since first  
I came a stranger from my native shore,  
Yet have I never heard from thee a word 973  
Of anger or reproach. And when the sons  
Of Priam, and his daughters, and the wives  
Of Priam's sons, in all their fair array,  
Taunted me grievously, or Hecuba  
Herself, — for Priam ever was to me 980  
A gracious father, — thou didst take my part  
With kindly admonitions, and restrain  
Their tongues with soft address and gentle words.  
Therefore my heart is grieved, and I bewail  
Thee and myself at once, — unhappy me ! 984  
For now I have no friend in all wide Troy, —  
None to be kind to me : they hate me all.”

Weeping she spake : the mighty throng again  
Answered with wailing. Priam then addressed  
The people : “ Now bring wood, ye men of Troy, 990  
Into the city. Let there be no fear  
Of ambush from the Greeks, for when of late  
I left Achilles at the dark-hulled barks,  
He gave his promise to molest no more  
The men of Troy till the twelfth morn shall rise.” 995

He spake, and speedily they yoked the mules  
And oxen to the wains, and came in throngs  
Before the city walls. Nine days they toiled  
To bring the trunks of trees, and when the tenth  
Arose to light the abodes of men, they brought 1000  
The corse of valiant Hector from the town

With many tears, and laid it on the wood  
High up, and flung the fire to light the pile.

Now when the early rosy-fingered Dawn  
Looked forth, the people gathered round the pile 1005  
Of glorious Hector. When they all had come  
Together, first they quenched the funeral fires,  
Wherever they had spread, with dark-red wine,  
And then his brothers and companions searched  
For the white bones. In sorrow and in tears, 1010  
That streaming stained their cheeks, they gathered  
them,

And placed them in a golden urn. O'er this  
They drew a covering of soft purple robes,  
And laid it in a hollow grave, and piled  
Fragments of rock above it, many and huge. 1015  
In haste they reared the tomb, with sentries set  
On every side, lest all too soon the Greeks  
Should come in armor to renew the war.  
When now the tomb was built, the multitude  
Returned, and in the halls where Priam dwelt, 1020  
Nursling of Jove, were feasted royally.  
Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

THE END.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

### I. THE STORY

**THE** action of the *Iliad* covers forty-nine days of the tenth year of the siege of Troy by the Greeks. It begins with the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon and ends with the death of Hector. Before reading the *Iliad*, the student should consult some good mythology in order to become familiar with the main points in the story of the Trojan War. He should know that Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, while on a visit to Menelaus, King of Sparta, abducted his wife, the beautiful Helen, and carried her off to Troy; that the Greek chiefs rushed to the aid of the insulted king and sailed with him across the sea for the Trojan city; that they encamped before the town, but, for ten long years, were unable to enter Troy. He should further learn that; the tenth year the Trojans finally issued from their walled city, and, led by the gallant Hector, drove the Greeks back to their ships; that the Greeks rallied only when the mighty Achilles, who had withdrawn from the struggle because of his quarrel with Agamemnon, came to their aid and sent the Trojans fleeing back to the refuge of their city; that the two hero-chiefs, Achilles and Hector, met in single combat, and that, after a valiant fight, Hector was slain by Achilles; that after the death of Hector the Greeks pretended to sail away toward home, leaving on the shore a colossal wooden horse; that the Trojans, lured by curiosity and false oracles, came forth from their city and brought the horse in triumph within their gates; and that then, by this

means, the city of Troy was taken at last by the army of Greeks which issued from the horse, to the utter confusion and undoing of the Trojans. And the student should follow, too, the fortunes of the heroes who survived the struggle, at least two of them, — Æneas, sailing away to found the city of Rome, and Ulysses, reaching home and his faithful Penelope only after ten long years of wandering. These things he should read if he would understand the *Iliad* aright, if he would find the "open sesame" to the treasures its pages contain.

## II. READING THE POEM

In taking up the study of the *Iliad*, the student is advised, first of all, to read the poem through aloud, so that he may get the story, absorb the atmosphere of that early age, hear the music of the lines, and become familiar with and master of the pronunciation of the Greek proper names. He can hardly go astray in this last respect, since the meter of the verse determines the sound of the name and a correct rhythmic reading and re-reading of the lines will make the pronunciation not only evident but easy. For verification he should then consult the Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names included in this volume.

In this first reading he will be impressed with the carefully wrought-out similes and the recurrent characteristic epithets. Such similes as the following, for instance, are to be found on almost every page :

"As when a forest on the mountain-top  
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame  
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,  
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed  
On every side and upward to the sky.

"And as when water-fowl of many tribes —  
Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans — disport themselves

In Asia's fields beside Caÿster's streams,  
 And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,  
 Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ;  
 So poured, from ships and tents, the swarming tribes  
 Into Scamander's plain, when fearfully  
 Earth echoed to the tramp of steeds and men ;  
 And there they mustered on the river's side,  
 Numberless as the flowers and leaves of spring.  
 And as when flies in swarming myriads haunt  
 The herdsman's stalls in spring-time when new milk  
 Has filled the pails, — in such vast multitudes  
 Mustered the long-haired Greek upon the plain  
 Impatient to destroy the Trojan race.

“ Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled flocks  
 Are in the pastures, know and set apart  
 Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs  
 Moving among them, marshal each his men.”

Book II, lines 561-84.

Here are four elaborate similes and a brief one within the space of twenty-four lines.

Another beautiful one is the famous simile of the moon and the stars at the end of the eighth book :

“ As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth  
 Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze  
 Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars  
 Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,  
 So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,  
 Lit by the sons of Troy between the ships  
 And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone  
 A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire  
 Sat in its light.”

Book VIII, lines 682-90.

The student may be led to write original Homeric similes in imitation of those he finds in the *Iliad*, and he will learn without effort the epithets applied over and over again to people and things, such as : “ ægis-bear

ing Jove"; "Hector of the beamy helm"; "Hector, the man-queller"; "Achilles, the swift-footed"; "Achilles, spoiler of walled towns"; "Æneas, the shepherd of the people"; "Juno, of the snow-white arms"; "the ever-living gods"; "seven-gated Thebes"; "wind-swept Troy"; "the early rosy-fingered Dawn."

And he will notice, no doubt, the Homeric pause which frequently delays the action of the story, when the poet looks backward or forward and gives detailed accounts of events long past or of those yet to come. As illustrations of this, note the account of the meeting of Diomed and Glaucus, Book VI, lines 151-304, in which the family history of the two heroes is recorded at length while the battle waits; and again, the interruption in the narrative, Book XII, lines 11-46, to foretell the doom of the wall erected by the Greeks for the defense of their ships.

Next he should begin all over again and this time set sail upon a voyage of discovery to see how many treasures he can bring back to port, the treasures being, in every case, lines of verse indicating the spoils collected. In this way he can gather for himself the details of the life of the early Greeks and the ideals determining that life. Significant facts in the domestic, social, economic, religious, and political régime of the people will thus be revealed and he can reconstruct in imagination the age in which the Trojan heroes lived. For instance: The Greeks and Trojans lived under an economy of war. It will be interesting, then, to discover first of all their method of warfare, to learn about the implements and devices used. The following lines throw light upon these points.

*Description of armor and weapons*

"Patroclus then in glittering brass  
Arrayed himself; and first around his thighs

He put the beautiful greaves, and fastened them  
 With silver clasps ; around his chest he bound  
 The breastplate of the swift Æcides,  
 With star-like points and richly chased ; he hung  
 The sword with silver studs and blade of brass  
 Upon his shoulders, and with it the shield  
 Solid and vast ; upon his gallant head  
 He placed the glorious helm with horse-hair plume,  
 That grandly waved on high. Two massive spears  
 He took, that fitted well his grasp, but left  
 The spear which great Achilles only bore. . . ."

(Book XVI, lines 168-80.)

### *Single combat*

"First Paris hurled his massive spear ; it smote  
 The round shield of Atrides, but the brass  
 Broke not beneath the blow ; the weapon's point  
 Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault  
 Atrides Menelaus made, but first  
 Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter.

. . . . .  
 He spake, and flung his brandished spear ; it smote  
 The round shield of Priamides ; right through  
 The shining buckler went the rapid steel,  
 And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank,  
 Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent  
 Sideways before it and escaped his death.  
 Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,  
 Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.  
 The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell :  
 He looked to the broad heaven, and thus exclaimed :—  
 'O Father Jove! thou art of all the gods  
 The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge  
 The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword  
 Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand  
 The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound.' "

(Book III, lines 426-51.)

*Use of chariots in battle*

“ . . . the indignant deity  
Took by the side of Diomed her place ;  
The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight  
Of that great goddess and that man of might.  
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,  
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drave  
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew  
Huge Periphas, the mightiest one of all  
The Ætolian band. . . .  
And now, when they were near, and face to face,  
Mars o’er the chariot-yoke and horses’ reins  
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take  
His enemy’s life ; but Pallas with her hand  
Caught it and turned it, so that it flew by  
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed  
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,  
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist  
Where girded by the baldric. . . . The furious god  
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,  
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.”

(Book v, lines 1048-76.)

*Battle formation*

“ So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece  
To battle, rank succeeding rank, each chief  
Giving command to his own troops ; the rest  
Marched noiselessly ; you might have thought no voice  
Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,  
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs,  
Their showy armor glittering as they moved  
In firm array.”

(Book iv, lines 540-47.)

“ Hector, . . . . . leaped to earth  
With all his arms, and left his car. The rest  
Rode with their steeds no more, but, hastily  
Dismounting, as they saw their noble chief,



Each bade his charioteer hold back his steeds,  
Reined at the trench, in ranks. And then, apart,  
They mustered in five columns, following close  
Their leaders.

• • • • •  
Then all, with their stout bucklers of bull's-hide  
Adjusted to each other, bravely marched  
Against the Greeks, who, as they deemed, must fly  
Before them, and must fall by their black ships."

(Book XII, lines 97-133.)

"The cavalry with steeds and cars he placed  
In front. A vast and valiant multitude  
Of infantry he stationed in the rear,  
To be the bulwark of the war. Between  
He made the faint of spirit take their place,  
That, though unwillingly they might be forced  
To combat with the rest. And first he gave  
His orders to the horsemen, bidding them  
To keep their coursers reined, nor let them range  
At random through the tumult of the crowd."

(Book IV, lines 378-87.)

We glean something of Greek political ideas, of the assembly as a political institution, from such passages as the following:

*Divine right of kings*

"We, the Greeks,  
Cannot be all supreme in power. The rule  
Of the many is not well. One must be chief  
In war, and one the King, to whom the son  
Of Saturn gives the sceptre, making him  
The lawgiver, that he may rule the rest."

(Book II, lines 252-57.)

*Council of elders*

"Agamemnon bade  
The shrill-voiced heralds call the long-haired Greeks

Together; they proclaimed his will, and straight  
The warriors came in throngs. But first he bade  
A council of large-minded elders meet  
On Pylia Nestor's royal bark, and there  
Laid his well-pondered thought before them thus: —"  
(Book II, lines 66-72.)

*The assembly*

"All the Greeks  
Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place.  
. . . . .  
And now, when they were met, the place was stunned  
With clamor; earth, as the great crowd sat down,  
Groaned under them; a din of mingled cries  
Arose; nine shouting heralds strove to hush  
The noisy crowd to silence, that at length  
The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard."  
(Book II, lines 111-26.)

The religious conceptions of these early peoples, — their belief in auguries and portents, their sacrifices and ceremonials, their submission to the will of the gods, and to an inevitable, all-controlling fate, above and beyond even the decrees of Jupiter, are all revealed in the following lines:

*Faith in auguries*

. . . . . "and next  
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief  
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past  
And present and to come. He, through the art  
Of divination, which Apollo gave,  
Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece."  
(Book I, lines 88-93.)

*Trust in portents*

"Let us not combat with the Greeks, to take  
Their fleet; for this, I think, will be the end, —

If now the omen we have seen be meant  
 For us of Troy who seek to cross the trench; —  
 This eagle, flying high upon the left,  
 Between the hosts, that in his talons bore  
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive,  
 Hath dropped it mid our host before he came  
 To his dear nest, nor brought it to his brood; —  
 So we, although by force we break the gates  
 And rampart, and although the Greeks fall back,  
 Shall not as happily retrace our way;  
 For many a Trojan shall we leave behind,  
 Slain by the weapons of the Greeks, who stand  
 And fight to save their fleet. Thus will the seer,  
 Skilled in the lore of prodigies, explain  
 The portent, and the people will obey."

(Book XII, lines 258-74.)

*Interference of gods with acts of mortals*

"And now had Menelaus dragged him [Paris] thence  
 And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,  
 Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.  
 She broke the ox-hide band; an empty helm  
 Followed the powerful hand; the hero saw,  
 Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks  
 And there his comrades seized it. He again  
 Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.  
 But Venus — for a goddess easily  
 Can work such marvels — rescued him."

(Book III, lines 457-66.)

*Submission to the will of the gods*

"O goddess, be the word thou bring'st obeyed,  
 However fierce my anger; for to him  
 Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear."

(Book I, lines 278-80.)

*Greek idea of fate*

"No living man can send me to the shades  
Before my time ; no man of woman born,  
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny."

(Book VI, lines 623-25.)

"and the dark night of death  
Came o'er his eyes : so cruel fate decreed."

(Book V, lines 99, 100.)

*Sacrifices to Apollo*

"When the prayers  
Were ended, and the salted meal was flung,  
Backward they turned the necks of the fat beeves,  
And cut their throats, and flayed the carcasses,  
And hewed away the thighs, and covered them  
With caul in double folds ; and over this  
They laid raw fragments of the other parts.  
O'er all the aged priest poured dark red wine,  
And burned them on dry wood. A band of youths  
With five-pronged spits, beside him, thrust these through  
The entrails, which they laid among the flames."

(Book I, lines 574-84.)

*Treaty-ceremonial*

"To the spot  
The illustrious heralds brought the sacred things  
That bind a treaty, and with mingled wine  
They filled a chalice, and upon the hands  
Of all the kings poured water. Then the son  
Of Atreus drew a dagger which he wore  
Slung by his sword's huge sheath, and clipped away  
The forelock of the lambs, and parted them  
Among the Trojan and Achaian chiefs,  
And stood with lifted hands and prayed aloud : —  
: : : : : and with the cruel steel  
Cut the lambs' throats, and laid them on the ground,

Panting and powerless, for the dagger took  
 Their lives away. Then over them they poured  
 Wine from the chalice, drawn in golden cups,  
 And prayed to the ever-living gods; and thus  
 Were Trojans and Achaïans heard to say:—  
 ‘O Jupiter most mighty and august!  
 Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths  
 So may their brains flow down upon the earth,—  
 Theirs and their children’s,—like the wine we pour,  
 And be their wives the wives of other men.’”

(Book III, lines 335-76.)

Light is shed upon the economic development of the Greeks and Trojans, their system of exchange, their method of barter, their standard of value, by the following illustrations:

“Then did the son of Saturn take away  
 The judging mind of Glaucus, when he gave  
 His arms of gold away for arms of brass  
 Worn by Tydides Diomed,—the worth  
 Of five score oxen for the worth of nine.”

(Book VI, lines 307-11.)

“The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,  
 And undecaying; from its edge there hung  
 A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,  
 And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.”

(Book II, lines 551-54.)

“But the long-haired Greeks  
 Bought for themselves their wines; some gave their brass  
 And others shining steel; some bought with hides,  
 And some with steers, and some with slaves, and thus  
 Prepared an ample banquet.”

(Book VII, lines 586-90.)

It is the universal human interest pervading the *Iliad* that makes it modern in the sense that Shakespeare is modern. We enjoy reading about the heroes of Homer

because they, too, though heroes, were human like ourselves. This human touch is particularly in evidence in passages like these:

*Andromache's appeal to Hector*

“Hector, thou  
Art father and dear mother now to me,  
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.  
In pity keep within the fortress here,  
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife  
A widow.”

*Hector's response*

“All this  
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand  
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames  
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun  
The conflict coward-like. . . .  
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,  
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those  
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait  
My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,  
• Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, —  
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek  
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee  
Thy day of freedom. . . .  
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him  
Who haply might have kept afar the day  
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth  
Be heaped above my head in death before  
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!”

(Book VI, lines 564-96.)

And where will you find a more genuine human reaction to the influence of the little child than in the following lines?

“So speaking mighty Hector stretched his arms  
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back

To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see  
 His father helmeted in glittering brass,  
 And eyeing with affright the horse-hair plume  
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.  
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed;  
 And hastily the mighty Hector took  
 The helmet from his brow and laid it down  
 Gleaming upon the ground and, having kissed  
 His darling son and tossed him up in play,  
 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:—  
 'O Jupiter and all ye deities,  
 Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become  
 Among the Trojans eminent like me,  
 And nobly rule in Ilium.'"

(Book VI, lines 597-612.)

The worldly-wise man is ubiquitous in literature as in life. He was with us in the days of Homer as he is to-day. What more interesting than to find in the *Iliad* crisp sayings that might have fallen from the lips of Benjamin Franklin or Bernard Shaw! In their reflections, the Homeric heroes often display sound common sense overruling superstition, and a true philosophic view of things, occasionally cynical, but usually frank, genuine, and without sophistry. Here are a few examples:

"Light is the task when many share the toil."

(Book XII, line 493.)

"We too must labor; for when we were born  
 Jove laid this hard condition on us all."

(Book X, lines 81, 82.)

"Disturbed with discord. Even the pleasant feast  
 Will lose its flavor when embittered thus."

(Book I, lines 729, 730.)

"Whatever in their grace the gods bestow  
 Is not to be rejected; 't is not ours  
 To choose what they shall give us."

(Book III, lines 80-82.)

"The younger men are of a fickle mood ;  
But when an elder shares the act he looks  
Both to the past and future, and provides  
What is most fitting and the best for all."

(Book III, lines 137-40.)

"The chance of war  
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain."

(Book XVIII, lines 388, 389.)

"No man can endure  
To combat all the day till set of sun,  
Save with the aid of food, however great  
The promptings of his valor."

(Book XIX, lines 199-202.)

"A wretch without a tie  
Of kin, a lawless man without a home,  
Is he who takes delight in civil strifes."

(Book IX, lines 73-75.)

"Thou . . . shouldst follow willingly  
Another's judgment when it best promotes  
The general weal."

(Book IX, lines 119-22.)

"My child, . . .  
But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,  
For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof  
From sharp contentions, that the old and young  
Among the Greeks may honor thee the more."

(Book IX, lines 315-20.)

"Like the race of leaves  
Is that of humankind. Upon the ground  
The winds strew one year's leaves ; the sprouting grove  
Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow  
In the spring season. So it is with man :  
One generation grows while one decays."

(Book VI, lines 186-91.)



"Thou dost ask  
 That I be governed by the flight of birds,  
 Which I regard not, whether to the right  
 And toward the morning and the sun they fly,  
 Or toward the left and evening. . . .  
 . . . . . One augury  
 There is, the surest and the best, — to fight  
 For our own land."

(Book XII, lines 283-91.)

"Equal is the meed  
 Of him who stands aloof and him who fights  
 Manfully ; both the coward and the brave  
 Are held in equal honor, and they die  
 An equal death, — the idler and the man  
 Of mighty deeds."

(Book IX, lines 393-98.)

So, on almost every page of the *Iliad*, we catch glimpses of the manner of life of the ancient Greeks, the usages of the time, the ideals of the people, their philosophy of life, and their stage of culture. The student should be urged to search each Book for treasures of this kind, for in this way, only, will he come to have an intimate knowledge of the characters on its pages.

My final suggestion as to reading is that there should be much reading of the story aloud in class by both teacher and pupils. For the *Iliad* is a tale that should be *heard*. Never should a poorly read passage be accepted, however ; and the teacher can always save the situation. If necessary he can re-read it to the class. Let the student every day hear parts of the story well read and soon the deeds of the heroes of Troy will ring in his ears so insistently that he will find himself reciting them or reading them of his own volition. As the Greek youth of old heard these hero-deeds sung again and again, so let the American youth of to-day *hear*

the recital of these acts of valor. And thus a love of Homer will be developed more naturally and more rapidly than is possible in any other way.

### III. ORIGINAL WORK

#### 1. *Dramatization*

Dramatization as a device for vitalizing literature has no equal. Nothing can vivify the past like actual representation of that past by living human beings. Hence dramatization of scenes from the *Iliad* is urged as a most satisfactory method of teaching interpretation. Let the pupils make their own dramatizations and then let them act them out. Classroom scenes may be given frequently during the study of the *Iliad*; and perhaps a more ambitious presentation in the assembly hall might be a fitting climax to such work. It is also suggested that a series of tableaux accompanied by dramatic readings be arranged.<sup>1</sup>

The following scenes lend themselves to effective dramatization: *The appeal of Chryses*; *The quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles*; *Priam's appeal to Achilles for the body of Hector*; *The parting of Hector and Andromache*; *At the palace with Paris and Helen*; *The episode of Glaucus and Diomed*; *Achilles receiving the embassy from Agamemnon*. This method of interpreting the masterpiece is suggested, for it has been found by actual experience to bring in rich returns.

#### 2. *Composition*

Much oral composition work should be done during the progress of the study of the *Iliad*. The pupil should

<sup>1</sup> For an elaboration of these ideas the student may be referred to *Dramatization*, by S. E. Simons and C. I. Orr. (Scott, Foresman and Company.)

be required to present graphically the setting of the story; to give briefly an account of the various incidents preliminary to the opening of the *Iliad*; to enumerate lists of the gods and goddesses taking part in the struggle (Book xx, lines 44-55); to recount the different incidents and episodes related in the *Iliad*; to sketch pictures in words of certain characters at certain times, as, for instance: *Helen watching the combats of the Greek and Trojan heroes* (Book III, lines 148-302); *Achilles, in his tent mourning for Patroclus* (Book xxiv, lines 4-15); *Hector, with his son, Astyanax* (Book vi, lines 597-618); *Hector, triumphant before the Grecian wall* (Book xii, lines 527-64). He should be asked to describe striking scenes, such as: *A council of the gods on Mount Olympus* (Book viii, lines 1-64); *Vulcan's workshop* (Book xviii, lines 463-90); *The forging of Achilles' armor* (Book xviii, lines 589-762); *Hector's visit to Paris and Helen* (Book vi, lines 409-77). And he should be encouraged to follow in imagination the heroes to other lands, to invent adventures, and to depict the inevitable reaction of the heroes to these new events. In all this work the pupil should make frequent use of characteristic epithets and Homeric similes; by deliberate imitation of these devices he will be enabled to breathe into his recital something of the spirit of Homer. The hints just given apply to written as well as to oral work, but oral composition should claim a far larger share of attention than written in a study like this. A searching reading of the text, such as was advised above, will yield further topics for both oral and written discussion. For example: *The Greek idea of fate* (Book vi, lines 623-25); *The interference of the gods in the affairs of men* (Book iii, lines 457-69); *Sacrificial rites among the Greeks and Trojans* (Book i, lines 574-99); *Building arts of the Greeks* (Book vi,

lines 319-27); *Household arts* (Book VI, lines 626-29); *Knowledge of sanitation and health* (Book IV, lines 269-83); *Amusements of the heroes of the Iliad* (Book II, lines 971-73); *Greek laws of friendship* (Book VI, lines 293-311); *Domestic economy among the Greeks and Trojans* (Book VI, lines 483-504); *Life within the walls of Troy* (Book VI, lines 312-674); *The place of woman in the social scheme* (Book VI, lines 417-77); *Family life* (Book VI, lines 483-616); *The Greek ideal of character* (Book XVIII, lines 65-75); *Personal habits and dress* (Book II, lines 53-63); *The Greek assembly as a political institution* (Book II, lines 66-188); *Methods of warfare in the Iliad* (Book III, lines 426-51); *Glimpses of Helen* (Book III, lines 153-302); *The human touch in Homer* (Book XXII, lines 46-116); *The child in Homer* (Book VI, lines 597-616); *The worldly-wise man in Homer* (Book IX, lines 119-22); *Music in the Iliad* (Book IX, lines 228-34).<sup>1</sup> This work is to be wholly concrete and inductive, based entirely on the student's study of the text of the *Iliad*. Every statement made must be supported by illustrative passages from the poem,—otherwise it will be valueless from the point of view of dynamic achievement.

<sup>1</sup> In each case but a single reference is given. The student should search out many more.

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(Translated from the German of Professor H. Blümner.)

# PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES

IN

## BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD OF HOMER

The Diacritical Marks given below are those found in Webster's New International Dictionary.

### EXPLANATION OF MARKS.

A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.

A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ādd, ĕnd, ĭll, ōdd, ŭp.

A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pāst, ābāte, Āmērīcā.

A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in fāther, ālms.

A Double Dot (..) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in bāll.

A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hēr.

A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowels o or u denotes the sound of o in ōrb or of u in tūrn.

ē sounds like the first e in dēpēnd.

ō sounds like the first o in prōpōse.

z sounds like z.

ç sounds like s.

ġ is soft as in ġem.

ġ̃ is hard as in ġet.

Ābārbā'rēiā

Ā'bās

Āblē'rūs

Ābrān'tēg

Ābŷ'dōs

Āc'āmās

Ac'ānūs

Achaia (ā-kā'yā)

Achaians (ā-kā'yānz)

Achilles (ā-kī'lēz)

Actæa (āk-tē'ā)

Āc'tōr

Ādrās'tūs

Æacides (ē-ās'ī-dēz)

Æacus (ē'ā-kūs)

Ægæ (ē'jē)

Ægeon (ē-jē'ōn)

Ægeus (ē-jē'ūs)

Ægialeia (ē-jī-ā-iē'ā)

Ægis (ē'jīs)

Æneas (ē-nē'ās or ē'nē-ās)

Ænus (ē'nūs)

Æpeia (ē-pē'á)  
 Æsculapius (ēs-kū-lā'pY-ūs)  
 Æsepus (ē-sē'pūs)  
 Æsyeta (ē-sī-ē'tá)  
 Æsymba (ē-sī'má)  
 Æthē (ē'thē)  
 Æthiopians (ē-thī-ō'pY-ānz)  
 Æthon (ē'thōn)  
 Æthra (ē'thrá)  
 Ætolian Trechus (ē-tō'ly-án trē'kūs)  
 Æg'aclēg  
 Ægámēm'nōn  
 Æg'áthōn  
 Ægā'vē  
 Ægēlā'ūs  
 Ægē'nōr  
 Æjā'cēg  
 Æ'jāx  
 Ælās'tōr  
 Ælcām'dēr  
 Ælcāth'ōūs  
 Æl'cīán  
 Æl'cīm'ēdōn  
 Æl'cīmūs  
 Alcmaon (ālk-mā'ōn)  
 Ælcý'ōnē  
 Alexander (āl-ēg-zān'dēr)  
 Ælō'ōūs (or Æ-lō'ūs)  
 Alpheius (āl-fē'yūs)  
 Æl'tēg  
 Althæa (āl-thē'á)  
 Æmārýn'cūs (or Æm-ā-rīm'sūs)  
 Æmāthē'ia  
 Æm'ázōng  
 Æmīsō'dárūs  
 Amphiēus (ām-fī'ūs)  
 Amphictus (ām-fīk'lūs)  
 Amphidamaa (ām-fīd'á-mās)  
 Amphinomē (ām-fīn'ē-mē)  
 Amphithoē (ām-fīth'ō-ē)  
 Amphitryon (ām-fīt'rY-ōn)  
 Amphoterus (ām-fōt'ē-rūs)  
 Æm'y'dōn  
 Æmýn'tōr  
 Ancæus (ān-sē'ūs)  
 Anchialus (ān-kī'á-lūs)  
 Anchises (ān-kī'sēz)  
 Andremōn (ān-drēmōn)  
 Andromache (ān-drōm'á-kē)  
 Anthē'ia  
 Antē'nōr

Anthē'ia  
 Anthē'mYōn  
 Antilochus (ān-tfl'ō-kūs)  
 Antimachus (ām-tīm'á-kūs)  
 Antiphates (ān-tīf'á-tēz)  
 Antiphonus (ām-tīf'ē-nūs)  
 Antiphus (ām'tīf-ūs)  
 Aphareus (ā-lā'rē-ūs or ā'l'á-rūs)  
 Āpō'lō  
 Apseudes (āp-sū'dēz)  
 Ārcā'diāng  
 Archelochus (ār-kāl'ō-kūs)  
 Archeptolemus (ār-kēp-tōl'ē-mūs)  
 Archilochus (ār-kīl'ō-kūs)  
 Areilochus (ā-rē-īl'ō-kūs)  
 Areithoūs (ā-rē-īth'ō-ūs)  
 Ārgi'ās  
 Ār'gYcīde  
 Ār'gīve  
 Ār'gōs  
 Ār'gūs  
 Ār'iād'nē  
 Ār'fīmY  
 Ār'īs'bá  
 Ār'nē  
 Ārsīn'ōūs  
 Ascalaphus (ās-kāl'á-fūr)  
 Asia (ā'shī-á)  
 Ā'sūs  
 Āsō'pūs  
 Āssār'acūs  
 Asteropeus (ās-tēr-ō-pē'ūs)  
 Āstý'alūs  
 Āstý'ánāx  
 Āstýn'ōūs  
 Ā'tē  
 Athē'nīān  
 Ā'trēūs (or ā'trūs)  
 Ātrī'dēg  
 Ātým'nīūs  
 Au'līs  
 Autō'Ycūs  
 Āutōm'ēdōn  
 Āutōn'ōūs  
 Autophonus (ā-tōf'ō-nōs)  
 Āx'lūs  
 ĀxY'lūs  
 Bacchus (bāk'ūs)  
 Bā'lYūs  
 Bāthýc'lēg

Bātīē'ā  
 Bellerophon (bēl-lēr'ō-fōn)  
 Bēllō'nā  
 Bī'ās  
 Boeotians (bē-ō'shānz)  
 Bō'rēās  
 Bō'rūs  
 Brīā'rēūs (or brī'ā-rūs)  
 Brīsē'īs  
 Būcō'līōn  
 Būdē'iūm  
 Būprā'siūm  
  
 Cābē'sūs  
 Cādmiē'ān  
 Cād'mūs  
 Cæneus (sē'nē-ūs or sē'nūs)  
 Calchas (kāl'kās)  
 Cālīānās'sā  
 Cālīānī'rā  
 Cāl'ydōn  
 Cāpā'nēūs (or cāp'ā-nūs)  
 Cā'pys  
 Cārdām'ylē  
 Cārē'sūs  
 Cā'rīā  
 Cā'rīān  
 Cāssān'drā  
 Cāstīānī'rā  
 Castor (kās'tēr)  
 Cāu'cōng  
 Cāys'tēr  
 Čēbrī'ōnēg  
 Čēl'ādōn  
 Čēn'tāurg  
 Cephalonians (sēf-āl-lō'nī-ānz)  
 Cephissus (sē-fīs'sūs)  
 Čērēg  
 Chalcodon (kāl-kō'dōn)  
 Chaleon (kāl'kōn)  
 Charis (kā'rīs)  
 Chimæra (kī-mē'rā)  
 Chimera (kī-mē'rā)  
 Chiron (kī'rōn)  
 Chromius (krō'mī-ūs)  
 Chrysa (krī'sā)  
 Chryseis (krī-sē'īs)  
 Chryses (krī'sēz)  
 Chrysothemis (krī-sōth'ē-mīs)  
 Cilicia (sī-lī'shā)  
 Cilicians (sī-lī'shānz)

Čīl'ā  
 Čīs'sēūs (or sīs'sūs)  
 Clēōbū'lūs  
 Clēōpā'trā  
 Clēm'enē  
 Clýtēmnēs'trā  
 Clýt'īūs  
 Clýtómē'dēg  
 Cō'ōn  
 Coronæa (kōr-ō-nē'ā)  
 Crē'ōn  
 Crē'tāng  
 Crē'tē (*English Crête*)  
 Crē'thōn  
 Cūrē'tēg  
 Čymōd'ōčē  
 Čymōth'ōē  
 Čythērē'ān  
  
 Dædalus (dēd'ā-lūs)  
 Dætor (dē'tōr)  
 Dāmās'tōr  
 Dām'āsūs  
 Dār'dān  
 Dārdā'nīā  
 Dārdā'nīān  
 Dār'dānūs  
 Dā'rēs  
 Dēlc'ōōn  
 Deiphobus (dē-īf'ō-būs)  
 Dēīp'ylūs  
 Dēīp'yrūs  
 Dēmōc'ōōn  
 Dēmō'lēōn  
 Demuchus (dē-mū'kūs)  
 Deucalion (dū-kā'lī-ōn)  
 Dēxām'ēnē  
 Dēx'īūs  
 Dī'ān  
 Dīān'ā  
 Dī'ōclēg  
 Dī'ōmēd  
 Dī'ō'nē  
 Dī'ō'rēg  
 Dī'ōs  
 Dōdō'nā  
 Dōdō'nīān  
 Dō'lōn  
 Dōlō'pīāng  
 Dōlō'pī'ōn  
 Dō'rīs



Dō'tō  
Drē'sūs  
Drū'ās  
Dry'ās  
Dry'ōpg  
Dy'mās  
Dy'nām'enē

Echeclus (ēk'ē-klūs)  
Echemon (ēk-ē'mōn)  
Echepolus (ēk-ē-pō'lūs)  
Echius (ē-ki'ūs)  
Eē'tiōn  
Egypt (ē'jīpt)  
Eiō'nēūs (or ē-i'ō-nūs)  
Ēl'āsūs  
Ēl'ātūs  
Ē'lēōn  
Elephenor (ēl-ē-fē'nōr)  
Eniō'pēūs (or ē-ni'ō-pūs)  
Ēn'ōpē  
Ē'nōpg  
Ēpāl'tēg  
Ēpē'an  
Ēpē'āng  
Epeigeus (ē-pīj'ēūs or ē-pīj'ūs)  
Ēpē'iūs  
Ephialtes (ēf-i-āl'tēz)  
Ephyra (ēf'i-rā)  
Ēp'yclēg  
Ēp'is'tōr  
Ēr'ēbūs  
Ereuthalion (ēr-ū-thā'lī-ōn)  
Eribōea (ēr-i-bē'ā)  
Erichthonius (ēr-īk-thō'nī-ūs)  
Ērīn'nys  
Ērjā'lūs  
Ēr'ymās  
Ērj'n'nīs  
Ētē'ōclēg  
Ēthiō'pīāng  
Eudorus (ū-dō'rūs)  
Euippus (ū-īp'pūs)  
Euneūs (ū-nē'ūs)  
Euphorbus (ū-fōr'būs)  
Euryalus (ū-rī'ā-lūs)  
Eurybates (ū-rīb'ā-tēz)  
Eurydamas (ū-rīd'ā-mās)  
Eurymedon (ū-rīm'ē-dōn)  
Eurynomē (ū-rīn'ō-mē)  
Eurypylus (ū-rīp'ī-lūs)

Eurystheus (ū-rīs'thē-ūs or ū-rīs-  
thūs)  
Eusorus (ū-sō'rūs)  
Eussorus (ū-s-ō'rūs)  
Evæmon (ē-vē'mōn)  
Ēvē'nūs  
Ēxā'dīūs

Galateia (gāl-ā-tē'ā)  
Gān'ymē'dē (or gān'ī-mēd)  
Gār'gārūs  
Gērē'nīān  
Glaucē (glā'sē)  
Glau'cūs  
Gnossus (nōs'ūs)  
Gōr'gōn  
Gōrgj'thīōn  
Grānī'cūs  
Gygæan (jīj'ē-ān)

Hā'dēg  
Hæmon (hē'mōn)  
Hā'līā  
Hā'līūs  
Hālīzō'nīāng  
Hāmōpā'ōn  
Härmō'nīūs  
Hār'pŷ  
Hē'bē  
Hēc'tōr  
Hēc'ūbā  
Helemes (hēl'ē-mēz)  
Hēl'ēn  
Hēl'ēnūs  
Hēlīcā'ōn  
Hēl'īcē  
Hēlīcō'niān  
Hēl'lās  
Hēl'lēspōnt  
Hēptāp'ōrūs  
Hēr'cūlēg  
Hēr'mēs  
Hēr'mūs  
Hēs'pēr  
Hīcētā'ōn  
Hīppō'cōōn  
Hīppōd'āmās  
Hīppōd'āmūs  
Hippolochus (hīp-pōl'ō-kūs)  
Hippomachus (hīp-pōm'ā-kūs)  
Hīppōth'ōūs

Hī'rā  
 Hō'dīūs  
 H̄y'ādēs  
 H̄y'dā  
 H̄y'lā  
 H̄y'lūs  
 H̄ypē'nōr  
 Hypereian (h̄yp-ērē'án)  
 H̄ypōplā'cīán  
 H̄ypsē'nōr  
 H̄ypsīp'ýlē  
 H̄yr'tácūs  
  
 Iæra (ī-ē'rā)  
 Īāl'mēnūs  
 Īām'enūs  
 Īāp'ētūs  
 Īār'dán  
 Īcā'rīán  
 Ī'dā  
 Idæan (ī-dē'án)  
 Idæus (ī-dē'ūs)  
 I'dās  
 Īdōmēnē'ūs  
 Īl'īūm  
 Ī'lūs  
 Īlithian (Īl-ī-thī'yán)  
 Īm'brāsūs  
 Īm'brūs  
 Iphæus (Īf'ē-ūs *or* Ī'fūs)  
 Iphianassa (Īf-ī-ā-nās'sá)  
 Iphiclus (Īf'ī-clūs)  
 Iphinoūs (Ī-fīn'ō-ūs)  
 Iphition (Ī-fīt'ī-ōn)  
 Iphitus (Īf'ī-tūs)  
 Ī'rīs  
 Īsān'drūs  
 Īth'ácá  
 Ithæmenes (Ī-thē'mē-nēz)  
  
 Jānās'sá  
 Janeira (jā-nī'rā)  
 Jā'sōn  
 Jōve  
 Jū'nō  
 Jū'pītēr  
  
 Lacedæmon (lās-ē-dē'mōn)  
 Lāēr'cēūs  
 Lāēr'tēs  
 Lām'pūs

Laodameia (lā-ōd-āmī'á)  
 Lāōd'Yçē  
 Lāōd'ōcūs  
 Lāōg'ōnūs  
 Lāōm'ēdōn  
 Lāōth'ōē  
 Lapithæ (lāp'ī-thē)  
 Lātō'nā  
 Lē'ītūs  
 Lēl'ēgāns  
 Lēl'ēgēs  
 Lēm'nōs  
 Lēōn'tēūs (*or* lē-ōn'tūs)  
 Lēs'bīāng  
 Lēs'bōs  
 Leucus (lū'kūs)  
 Līmnōrē'á  
 Lȳcā'ōn  
 Lȳ'çīá (*or* lȳsh'yá)  
 Lȳ'çīāng (*or* lȳsh'yāns)  
 Lycomedes (lȳk-ē-mē'dēz)  
 Lȳ'cōn  
 Lycophontes (lȳk-ō-fōn'tēz)  
 Lȳcūr'gūs  
 Lȳrnēs'sūs  
  
 Mā'cār  
 Machaon (mā-kā'ōn)  
 Mæmalus (mēm'á-lūs)  
 Mæonia (mē-ō'nī-á)  
 Mæonian (mē-ō'nī-án)  
 Mæra (mē'rā)  
 Maion (mā'yōn)  
 Mārpēs'sá  
 Mārg  
 Mēçīs'tēūs (*or* mē-sīs'tūs)  
 Mē'gēs  
 Mēlānīp'pūs  
 Mēlān'thīūs  
 Mēlēā'gēr  
 Mēl'ītá  
 Mēnēlā'ūs  
 Mēnēs'thēs  
 Mēnēs'thēūs (*or* mē-nēs'thūs)  
 Menætiades (mēn-ē-tī'á-dēz)  
 Menætius (mēn-ē'tī-us)  
 Mē'non  
 Mēō'nīān Bō'rūs  
 Mēr'cūrý  
 Mērī'ōnēs  
 Mēssē'īs

Mēs'tôr  
Mīnēr'vā  
Mō'lūs  
Mū'līūs  
Mycenæ (mī-sē'nē)  
Mȳ'dōn  
Mȳ'g'dōn  
Mȳ'nēs  
Mȳr'nā  
Myrmidons (mēr'mī-dōnz)  
Mysia (mīsh'ī-ā)  
Mysians (mīsh'ī-ānz)

Naiad (nā'yād)  
Nēlē'ian (nē-lē'ān)  
Nē'lēūs (or nē'lūs)  
Nēmēr'tēs  
Nēōptōl'ēmūs  
Nēp'tūne  
Nē'rē-īdēs  
Nē'rē-ūs (or nē'rūs)  
Nesæa (nē-sē'ā)  
Nēs'tôr  
Nī'ōbē  
Nōē'mōn  
Nȳs'sā

Ōçē'ānūs  
Ochesius (ō-kē'sī-ūs)  
Œdipus (ēd'ī-pūs)  
Œneus (ē'nē-ūs or ē'nūs)  
Œnides (ē-nī'dēz)  
Œnomaūs (ē-nō-mā'ūs)  
Œnops (ē'nōps)  
Ōlīē'ān  
Ōlī'ēūs (or ō-ī'lūs)  
Ōlȳm'pīān  
Ōlȳm'pūs  
Ōnē'tôr  
Ophelstes (ō-fē-lēs'tēz)  
Opheltius (ō-fēl'tī-ūs)  
Ō'pūs  
Orchomenus (ōr-kōm'ē-nūs)  
Ōrēs'bīūs  
Ōrēs'tēs  
Ōrī'ōn  
Ōrīthȳ'ā  
Ōr'mēnūs  
Ōrsilochus (ōr-sīl'ō-kūs)  
Ō'trēūs (or ō'trūs)  
Ōtrȳn'tēūs (or ō-trīn'tūs)  
Ų'tūs

Pæan (pē'ān)  
Pæon (pē'ōn)  
Pæonia (pē-ō'nī-ā)  
Pæonian (pē-ō'nī-ān)  
Pæsus (pē'sūs)  
Pāl'lās Āthē'nē  
Pām'mōn  
Pān'dārūs  
Pāndī'ōn  
Panomphæan (pān-ōm-fē'ān)  
Pān'ōpē  
Pān'ō'pēūs (or pān'ō-pūs)  
Pān'thōūs  
Paphlagonian (pāf-lā-gō'nī-ān)  
Pār'īs  
Pātrō'clūs  
Pedæus (pē-dē'ūs)  
Pēd'āsūs  
Pēl'āgōn  
Pēlās'gīān  
Pē'lēūs (or pē'lūs)  
Pē'lī'ān  
Pēlī'dēs  
Pē'lī'ōu (mountain)  
Pēlī'ōn (son of Peleus)  
Pē'lōps  
Pēnē'lēūs  
Percnos (pēr'k'-nōs)  
Percosian (pēr-kō'shān)  
Pēr'gāmūs  
Pēr'gāsīs  
Pērīē'rēs  
Pēr'īmūs  
Periphas (pēr'ī-fās)  
Pē'tēūs  
Phæa (fē'ā)  
Phænops (fē'nōps)  
Phæstus (fēs'tūs)  
Phegeus (fē'jē-ūs or fē'jūs)  
Phæræ (fē'rē)  
Phereclus (fēr'ē-clūs)  
Pherusa (fē-rū'sā)  
Philetor (filē'tōr)  
Philomedusa (fil-ō-mē-dū'sē)  
Phœbus (fē'būs)  
Phœnicia (fē-nīsh'ī-ā)  
Phoenix (fē'nīx)  
Phradmon (frād'mōn)  
Phrygia (frīj'ī-ā)  
Phrygian (frīj'ī-ān)  
Phthia (thī'ā)

<b>Phylacus</b> (fīl'á-kūs)	Sāl'ámĭs
<b>Phylas</b> (fī'lás)	Sā'mōs
<b>Phyleus</b> (fīl'ē-ūs <i>or</i> fī'lūs)	Sāngā'rĭŭs
<b>Pídŷ'tēg</b>	Sārpē'dōn
<b>Piē'rĭá</b> , a country.	Sāt'nĭō
<b>Piē'rĭ'á</b> , a nymph.	Sāt'ŭrn
<b>Pirĭth'ōūs</b>	Sātŭr'nĭán
<b>Pĭr'ōūs</b>	Sātŭr'nĭūs
<b>Pisān'dēr</b>	Scæan (sē'án)
<b>Pĭt'thēūs</b> ( <i>or</i> pĭt'thūs)	Scāmān'dēr
<b>Plā'cōs</b>	Scāmān'drĭŭs
<b>Pleiades</b> (plē'yá-dēz)	Scandeia (skān-dē'á)
<b>Pleuronian</b> (plū-rō'nĭ-án)	Scyros (sĭ'rōs)
<b>Plū'tō</b>	Sēl'ágŭs
<b>Pōdār'gē</b>	Sēllē'ĭs
<b>Pōdār'gŭs</b>	Sēl'lĭ
<b>Pōlĭ'tēg</b>	Sicyon (sĭsh'ĭ-ōn)
<b>Pōl'lŭx</b>	Sidō'nĭán
<b>Polyæmon</b> (pōl-ŷ-ē'mōn)	Sĭ'dōn
<b>Pōlŷc'tōr</b>	Sĭm'ōĭ
<b>Pōlŷd'ámās</b>	Sĭmōĭs'lūs
<b>Pōlŷdō'rá</b>	Sĭn'tĭáng
<b>Pōlŷdō'rŭs</b>	Sĭp'ŷlŭs
<b>Pōlŷeĭ'dŭs</b>	Sisyphus <b>Æolides</b> (sĭs'ĭ-fŭs ē-ōl'ĭ dēz)
<b>Pōlŷmē'lá</b>	Smĭn'thēūs ( <i>or</i> smĭn'thūs)
<b>Pōlŷmē'lūs</b>	Sōl'ŷmĭ
<b>Pōlŷnĭ'cēg</b>	Spār'tá
<b>Polypheme</b> (pōl-ŷ-fē'mē)	Speio (spĭ'o)
<b>Polypætes</b> (pōl-ŷ-pē'tēz)	Spercheius (spēr-kĭ'ŭs)
<b>Prĭ'ām</b>	Sperchius (spēr-kĭ'ŭs)
<b>Prĭām'ĭdēg</b>	Stēn'tōr
<b>Prætus</b> (prē'tŭs)	Sthēnēlā'ŭs
<b>Prōn'ōūs</b>	Sthēn'ēlŭs
<b>Prōsēr'pĭnē</b>	Strophius (ftrō'fĭ-ŭs)
<b>Prōtēsĭlā'ŭs</b>	Stŷx
<b>Prō'tō</b>	
<b>Prŷt'ánŷs</b>	Tālā'ŭōn
<b>Ptolemy Piraidēs</b> (tōl'ē-mĭ pĭ-rĭ'dēz)	Tālthŷb'ŷŭs
<b>Pylæmenes</b> (pĭ-lēm'ē-nēz)	Tār'ná
<b>Pŷlār'tēg</b>	Tār'tárŭs
<b>Pŷl'fán</b>	Tēl'ámōn
<b>Pŷ'lōn</b>	Tēlámō'nĭán
<b>Pŷ'lōs</b>	Telemachus (tē-lēm'á-kŭs)
<b>Pŷ'lŭs</b>	Tēn'ēdōs
<b>Pyræchmes</b> (pĭ-rēk'mēz)	Teucer <b>Arætaon</b> (tū'sēr ār-ē-tā ōn)
<b>Pŷr'ĭs</b>	Teuthras (tū'thrás)
<b>Pŷ'thō</b>	Thaleia (thā-lē'á)
	Thālŷs'ŷŭs
<b>Rhesus</b> (rē'sŭs)	Thēā'nō
<b>Rhodus</b> (rō'dĭ-ŭs)	Thebæus (thē-bē'ŭs)
<b>Rĭg'mŭs</b>	

Thē'bán	Trítō'níán
Thē'bē	Trō'ăd
Thebes (thēbz)	Trō'ăs
Thē'măis	Trō'ilūs
Thē'sēūs (or thē'sūs)	Trō'ján
Thēs'tôr	Trōs
Thē'tīs	Troy (troi')
Thō'ă	Tychius (tĭk'ĭ-ūs)
Thō'ăs	Týd'ēūs (or tŷ'dūs)
Thō'ôn	Týdī'dēg
Thōō'tēg	Typhoeus (tĭ-fō'ē-ūs or tĭ-fō'ūs)
Thrāce	Ūcāl'ēgôn
Thracian (thrā'shán) Thăm'ŷrĭs	Ūlŷs'sēg
Thrāsŷmē'dēg	Ū'ránūs
Thrāsŷmē'lūs	
Thŷēs'tēg	Vē'nūs
Thŷm'brá	Vŭl'cán
Thymoetes (thĭ-mē'tēz)	
Tĭthō'nūs	Xanthus (zăn'thūs)
Tlepolemus (lē-pōl'ē-mūs)	
Tmolus (mō'lūs)	Zealeia (zē-lĭ'ă)
Triccae (trĭk'kē)	Zephyr (zēf'ēr)
Trítō'nĭá	Zephyrus (zēf'ĭ-rūs)









march —

Read the rest of the Iliad  
and outline it.





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